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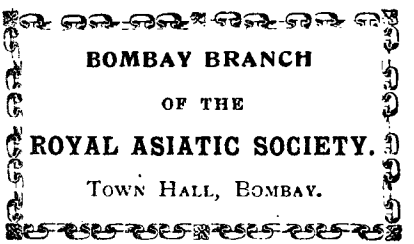

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READINGS IN RABELAIS

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BY

WALTER BESANT

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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INTRODUCTION.

In these Readings I have set myself especially to illustrate the wisdom of Rabelais. As for his stout heart, his cheerfulness, and his brave face, these are apparent in every page, and need no one to point them out. The stories, however, with which he sought to enliven his readers will be found sparingly represented here. They are neither better nor worse (though much better told) than the stories in the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,' those of Desperiers, or the 'Heptameron'; but the tales of Brother Tappecoue and the Sieur Dindenault may serve as favourable specimens.

In the Comédie Humaine of Rabelais, we are taught, by allegory, by parable, or by direct admonition, in every page. The man's head is full of learning, and his heart is full of his fellow-creatures. Even in his maddest and most extravagant moments, there drops a word of wisdom, unexpected, in the midst. In Rabelais there is no pure fooling.

He takes the old nursery giant Gargantua, whom every French child knew, and interweaves with the tales of his miraculous birth and childhood such thoughts and counsels as the world had never before heard. First, it is a scheme of education in which body and mind alike are trained and perfected. This scheme has never been surpassed, nor will it ever be even equalled until professors of education recognise some of the conditions of success, as taught by Rabelais. Thus, first of all, there is the absolute devotion of the tutor to the pupil; so that education does not consist in formal lessons, or in books and school only: nor can any system of education be considered complete which does not include riding, dancing, music, singing, gymnastics, work for the hands, knowledge of manufactures and industries, and intelligent study of GOD'S glorious works on the earth and in the heavens, and these not singly (which makes a boy unpractical and *doctrinaire*), but in company with others. But in this scheme applied to modern ideas, football and cricket would play a very small part in the day's exercises. It makes one sad and sorry to think how glorious a creature a perfectly trained young man might be, and what ignorant, stunted, deformed, under-taught creatures

are we who have had the "best" education of our day. Another condition of success in the system of Rabelais is that there are no holidays. The young Prince and his companion never, for instance, get four weeks at Christmas and eight in the summer, nor a week extra at any time. But then the tutors ask for none. Surely there is something wrong in a system of education which leaves a fourth part of the year,—think of it, the solid fourth part!—thirteen weeks,—in idleness. Again, in the same book Rabelais teaches the folly of ambition and the wickedness of unprovoked wars, and the righteous destruction which falls upon kings who wage them; and he portrays, in his Community of perfectly well-bred and cultivated men and women, the most delightful society ever imagined or described. Strange that this monk, sprung from the people, reeking of the soil, should have been able to arrive at such a Vision! We might have expected it of the knightly Charles of Orleans or of King René, but not of this recluse, this monk, of Fontenay-le-Comte. How, in the Limousin scholar, Rabelais ridicules the pedants and prigs of the time: in the library of St Victor, the old, worn-out scholastic disputations and treatises: in the attempts made by Panurge to get an answer to

his question, the folly of those who expect aught of oracles, astrology, seers, sorcerers, or any who pretend to read the future: how in the great Voyage the travellers go from island to island learning many things, but all leading up to, and preparing the way for, the reply of the Dive Bouteille,—all this will be found by him who reads what follows. I may be permitted to add that the Readings are designed to conform with the book on Rabelais which is one of the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers." For that reason there is no necessity for a long introduction. One thing, however, I would wish to point out. Rabelais continually returns to, and again and again insists upon, the mutual obligation of man to man; the dependence of one upon the other, the necessity that one should understand the other, the duty of working for each other. This is the teaching which lies nearest to his heart. He strikes this note in his education of the Prince; he dwells upon it again in the Abbey of Thelema; he allows himself to be wholly carried away with it in his praises of Prodigality and Debt; he touches on it in his account of great Gaster; it lies hidden behind his account of the Court of Queen Entelecheia; and lastly, in the Oracle, he sums up his teaching, and in a manner delivers his soul completely of this

divine message which he had to give. "We place," says the Priestess, "the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; and we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, but rather if we are always imparting to others and giving much."

The translation made by Urquhart has one grave fault: the translator allows himself continually to improve and enlarge upon the author. I have therefore compared every word of the parts selected with the original, and in many cases have retranslated whole passages. If Urquhart sins in this respect, much more does Motteux. In the translation of the verses of Raminagrobis, I have to thank Mr Joseph Knight, who has permitted me to use the admirably correct and dexterous translation which has already appeared in the 'Recreations of the Rabelais Club.'

I have been told that I shall never succeed in making Rabelais popular. Very likely not. Shakespeare is not popular,—that is to say, he is not commonly read, nor is Milton. But there will always be among us some who love the method of parable and allegory. I desire only that Rabelais should be "recognised," and that people who ought to know better should leave off talking nonsense

about him. It is time that the wisest and kindliest of all Frenchmen should at length cease to be regarded and spoken of as a buffoon with a foul mouth and mind. On this subject I have said what I had to say elsewhere. Buffoon or not, this man, who belonged to the fifteenth as well as the sixteenth century, had things to say and lessons to teach which concern humanity in all ages, and shall be read with profit by generation after generation until the Golden Age comes back again, and then we shall all be educated like unto Gargantua, laden with debt like Panurge, courteous as a Brother of Thelema, wise and stately as Pantagruel, as free from superstition as Rabelais himself, and, like the disciples of the Dive Bouteille, continually occupied in imparting and giving to others out of our own abundance. Even then it will be pleasant to read this old book, if only to wonder how men and women should need to be reminded of things so simple, so elementary, and so necessary for the maintenance of that better life which will be indeed the kingdom of heaven upon this earth.

W. B.

United University Club,
October 1883.

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READINGS FROM RABELAIS.

BOOK I.

THE MOST HORRIFIC LIFE OF THE GREAT GARGANTUA,

FATHER OF PANTAGRUEL.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

MOST illustrious drinkers—for to you, and none else, do I dedicate my writings—Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's, which is entitled "The Banquet," whilst he was setting forth the praises of his master Socrates, without all question the prince of philosophers, amongst other things, said that he resembled the Sileni. Sileni of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the upper part with wanton toyish figures, as harpies, satyrs,

bridled geese, horned hares, ducks with pack-saddles, flying goats, harts in shafts, and other such pictures counterfeited at pleasure to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the master of the good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within were carefully preserved fine drugs, such as balm, ambergris, amomon, musk, civet, with precious stones, and other things of great price. Such, he said, was Socrates: for to have eyed his outside, and esteemed him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the beard of an onion for him, so ugly he was in body, and ridiculous in his mien. He had a sharp-pointed nose, the look of a bull, and countenance of a fool; he was in his manners simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poor, unhappy in his wife, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth; always drinking, always carousing with every one, always mocking, always dissimulating his divine knowledge. But, opening this box, you would have found within a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more tha human understanding, admirable virtues, invi cible courage, unequalled sobriety, certain co tentment, perfect assurance, an incredible disr gard of all that for which men commonly do s much watch, run, toil, navigate, and do battle.

Whereunto, in your opinion, doth this little flourish of a preamble tend? Forasmuch as you, my good disciples, and some other fools of leisure,

reading the joyous titles of some books of our invention, as 'Gargantua,' 'Pantagruel,' 'Whippot,' 'Pease and Bacon, with a commentary,' are too ready to judge, that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, and recreative lies; because the outside ensign—which is the title—is commonly received without further inquiry with scoffing and derision. But truly it is unbeseeming with such frivolity to estimate the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit that makes the monk,—and such an one is accoutred in habit monachal who inwardly is nothing less than monachal; and such an one is clothed in Spanish cape, who in valour in no way belongs to Spain. Therefore is it that you must open the book, and seriously weigh the matter treated in it. Then shall you find that the drug therein contained is of far higher value than the box did promise; that is to say, that the matters herein treated are not so foolish as the title above might pretend.

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with matters merry enough, and correspondent to the title; yet must not you stop there as at the song of the Sirens, but interpret in a higher sense that which possibly you thought said in gaiety of heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a bottle? Call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or, did you ever see a dog when he met with a marrow-bone? He is the beast

of all others in the world (says Plato, lib. 2, De Republica) the most philosophical. If you have seen him, you have remarked with what devotion he watches it; with what care he guards it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? What are the hopes of his labour? What doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is that this little is more delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow (as Galen testifieth, iii. Facult. Nat., and xi. De Usu Partium) is a nourishment most perfectly elaboured by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise to smell, feel, and have in estimation these fair books, *de haulte gresse*, light in the pursuit, and bold at the encounter. Then you must, by a curious reading and frequent meditation, break the bone and suck out the substantific marrow,—that is what I mean by these Pythagorean symbols,—with assured hope of becoming well-advised and valiant by the said reading; for in it you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine more profound, which will disclose unto you deep doctrines and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth our religion as matters of the public state and life economical.

THE FEAST AT THE BIRTH OF GARGANTUA.

[Gargantua was the son of Grandgousier—"a *bon raillard* in his wine, who loved to drink neat as much as any man who then was in the world, and willingly would eat salt meat"—and Gargamelle, his wife, daughter to the king of the Parpaillos. It would appear that Grandgousier was a Tourangeau by birth, and that he lived in or near the town of Chinon, because, on the day of his son's birth, he had invited to drink with him the good folk of Seuilly, Cinais Marçay, La Roche Clermault, Coudray-Montpensier, and other places, all of which lie around that illustrious city, to a feast of tripe with immeasurable drink.]

Grangousier was, in his time, a notable jester, loving to drink neat, as much as any man that then was in the world, and would willingly eat salt meat. To this intent he was ordinarily well furnished with gammons of bacon, both of Mayence and Bayonne, with store of dried neats' tongues, plenty of chitterlings in their season; together with salt beef and mustard, great provision of sausages from Bigorre, from Longaulnay, from Brene, and from Rouargue. In the vigour of his age he married Gargamelle, daughter to the king of the Parpaillons, a good wench and fair of phiz.

It happened that on the day when Gargantua was born, they all went out in a hurle to La Saulsaye, where, on the thick grass, to the sound of merry flutes and pleasant bagpipes, they danced

so merrily that it was a heavenly pastime to see them so frolic.

After this did they fall upon the chat of victuals. Forthwith began flagons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, glasses to ting. Draw, reach, fill, mix. Give it me without water. So my friend, so; whip me off this glass gallantly; bring me hither claret, yea, a weeping glass. A truce with thirst! Ha, thou false fever, wilt thou not be gone? By my faith, gammer, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry. You are chilled, gammer? Yea, forsooth. *Ventre* Saint Quenet! let us talk of drink: I never drink but at my hours, like the Pope's mule. And I never drink but in my breviary, like a fair father guardian. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst; for who in the time of innocence would have drunk without being athirst? Drinking; for *privatio præsupponit habitum.* I am a clerk: *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* We poor innocents drink but too much without thirst. Not I, who am a sinner, without thirst,—if not present, then future thirst preventing, as you understand. I drink eternally. It is to me an eternity of drinking, and a drinking of eternity. Let us sing, let us drink. An anthem, let us strike up. Do you wet yourselves to dry, or do you dry to wet you? Pish! I understand not the theoric, but I help myself somewhat by the practice. Enough! I wet, I humect, I drink, and all for

fear of dying. Drink always and you shall never die. If I drink not, I am dry, I am dead. My soul will fly away among the frogs: the soul never dwells in a dry place. O butlers, creators of new forms, make me of no drinker a drinker, everlastingness of sprinkling, through these my parched and sinewy bowels. He drinks in vain that feels not the pleasure of it. This entereth into my veins.

Our fathers drank lustily, and emptied their cans. Well sung! Come, let us drink! I drink no more than a sponge. I drink like a templar. And I, *tanquam sponsus.* And I, *sicut terra sine aqua.* Hey, now, boys! hither some drink, some drink! There is no trouble in it. *Respice personam, pone pro duo, bus non est in usu.* If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the air.

> Jacques Cœur grew rich by drinking so:
> Thus green leaves spring and spring woods grow:
> Thus great god Bacchus conquered Inde,
> Philosophy thus learned Melinde.

A little rain allays a great deal of wind: long tippling breaks the thunder. Here, page, fill! Drink, Guillot, there is still another pot. I appeal from thirst, as an abuse. Page, draw out my appeal in form. I was wont heretofore to drink all, now I leave nothing. Let us not haste, let us gather in all. Drink, or I will——. No, no; drink, I beseech

you. Sparrows will not eat unless you bob them on the tail, nor can I drink if I be not fairly spoke to. There is not a rabbit-hole in all my body, where this wine doth not ferret out thirst. Ho! this will bang it soundly. This shall banish it utterly. Let us wind our horns by the sound of flagons and bottles, and cry aloud, that whoever hath lost his thirst come not hither to seek it. The stone called Asbestos is not more unquenchable than the thirst of my paternity. Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston, but thirst goes away with drinking. A remedy against thirst? It is quite contrary to that which is good against the biting of a mad dog. Keep running after a dog, and he will never bite you; drink always before the thirst, and it will never come upon you. There I have you! There I wake you up! Butler everlasting, keep us from sleep. Argus had a hundred eyes for seeing; a butler should have, like Briareus, a hundred hands to pour out wine indefatigably. Hey! let us moisten ourselves—it will be time to dry hereafter. White wine here! Pour out all—pour in the name of Lucifer, pour here,—full. My tongue peels. To thee, countryman, I drink to thee, good fellow, comrade to thee, lusty, lively! Ha, la, la! bravely gulped down. *O lachryma Christi!* it is wine of La Devinière: it is Touraine wine. O the fine white wine! on my soul, it is taffetas wine; hen, hen, it is wine of one ear, well wrought, and of

good stuff. Courage, comrade! O the drinkers! O poor thirsty souls! Good page, my friend, fill me here some, and crown the wine, I pray thee. A redbrim, a cardinal! *Natura abhorret vacuum.* Would you say that a fly could drink in this? This is after the fashion of Brittany. Neat, neat, for this dram.

—o—

THE CHILDHOOD OF GARGANTUA.

Gargantua, from three years to five, was nourished and instructed in all proper discipline by the commandment of his father, and spent that time like the other little children of the country,—that is, in drinking, eating, and sleeping; in eating, sleeping, and drinking; and in sleeping, drinking, and eating. Still he wallowed in the mire, blackened his face, trod down his shoes at heel; at the flies he did oftentimes yawn, and willingly ran after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He sharpened his teeth with a slipper, washed his hands with his broth, combed his head with a bowl, sat down between two stools and came to the ground, covered himself with a wet sack, drank while eating his soup, ate his cake without bread, would bite in laughing, laugh in biting, hide himself in the water for fear of rain,

go cross, fall into dumps, look demure, skin the fox, say the ape's *paternoster*, return to his sheep, turn the sows into the hay, beat the dog before the lion, put the cart before the horse, scratch where he did not itch, shoe the grasshopper, tickle himself to make himself laugh, know flies in milk, scrape paper, blur parchment, then run away, pull at the kid's leather, reckon without his host, beat the bushes without catching the birds, and thought that bladders were lanterns. He always looked a gift-horse in the mouth, hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall, and made a virtue of necessity. Every morning his father's puppies ate out of the dish with him, and he with them. He would bite their ears, and they would scratch his nose.

The good man Grangousier said to Gargantua's governesses: "Philip, King of Macedon, knew the wit of his son Alexander, by his skilful managing of a horse; for the said horse was so fierce and unruly that none durst adventure to ride him, because he gave a fall to all his riders, breaking the neck of this man, the leg of that, the brain of one, and the jawbone of another. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the walking and running of horses) he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow; whereupon, getting on

his back he ran him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father recognised the divine judgment that was in him, and caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that as regards my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity, so keen, subtle, profound, and clear do I find him; and if he be well taught, he will attain to a sovereign degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost." Whereupon they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Maitre Tubal Holophernes, who taught him his A B C so well that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus *in parabolis*. About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark, that in the meantime he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use. After that he read unto him the book *De Modis significandi*, with the commentaries of Hurtebise, of Fasquin, of Tropditeux, of Gaulehaut, of John le Veau, of Billonio,

of Brelingandus, and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it, that, at the examination, he would recite it by heart backwards, and did sometimes prove on his fingers to his mother, *quod de modis significandi non erat scientia.* Then did he read to him the *Compost,* on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that justly at the time that his said Preceptor died, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got another old fellow with a cough to teach him, named Maitre Jobelin Bridé, who read unto him Hugutio, Hebrard's *Grecisme,* the *Doctrinal,* the *Parts,* the *Quid est,* the *Supplementum,* Marmotret, *De Moribus in mensa servandis;* Seneca *De quatuor virtutibus cardinalibus;* Passavantus *cum commento,* and *Dormi securè,* for the holidays, and some other of suchlike stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we have ever baked in an oven.

At the last his father perceived that indeed he studied hard, and that, although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish; whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip des Marays, Viceroy of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all than to be taught suchlike books under such schoolmasters; because their know-

ledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but toys, bastardising good and noble spirits, and corrupting the flower of youth. "That it is so, take," said he, "any young boy of the present time, who hath only studied two years; if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me for ever a chawbacon of La Brene." This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his, from Ville-gouges, called Eudemon, so well combed, so well dressed, so well brushed, so sweet in his behaviour, that he resembled a little angel more than a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, "Do you see this child? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it pleaseth you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting dreamers of old time and the young lads that are now." The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the viceroy his master so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, stood up straight on his feet and began to commend and magnify him, first,

for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily beauty; and, in the fifth place, sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up. In the end he prayed him that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favour at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service.

All this was by him delivered with gestures so proper, pronunciation so distinct, a voice so eloquent, language so well turned, and in such good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, than a youth of his age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap, nor could they possibly draw one word from him. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed, that he would have killed Maitre Jobelin; but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should make him drink theologically, after which he was to go to all the devils. "At least," said he, "to-day shall it not cost his host much, if by chance he should die as drunk as an Englishman." Maitre Jobelin being

gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what tutor they should choose for Gargantua; and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should all go together to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

THE EDUCATION OF GARGANTUA.

[The mare on which Gargantua rode to Paris was as big as six elephants: she was brought by sea in three corvettes and a brigantine. With the whisking of her tail she laid low a whole forest. Mounted on her, Gargantua was received with great admiration by the Parisians, who, says Rabelais, are more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher—a peculiarity which they still preserve. The young giant rewarded their admiration by carrying away the bells of Nôtre Dame, to hang round the neck of his mare. To recover these bells the Parisians sent their most esteemed orator, Maître Janotus de Bragmardo, who came, like the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, duly preceded by three bedells, and followed by six Masters of Arts—Artless Masters—"Maistres Inerts," Rabelais calls them. His oration is a parody on the pretensions of the old-fashioned scholars, the ostentatious parade of bad Latin, and the learned discourses of doctors. The bells are restored, and the orator rewarded. Then we leave the realms of the miraculous and become human again. Gargantua ceases, except at intervals, to be

a giant, and Rabelais develops—it is the best, the wisest, the most useful chapter of his book—his theory of what the education of a prince should be.]

Ponocrates appointed that, for the beginning, he should do as he had been accustomed, to the end he might understand by what means, for so long a time, his old masters had made him so foolish, simple, and ignorant. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not, for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up his vital spirits, and apparelled himself according to the season: but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, lined with fox fur. Afterwards he combed his head with the German comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb; for his preceptors said, that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then, to suppress the dew and bad air, he breakfasted on fair fried tripe, fair grilled meats, fair hams, fair hashed capon, and store of sippet brewis. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I rolled

myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of the envious. My first masters have used me to it, saying that breakfast makes a good memory, wherefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maitre Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me that it is not everything to run a pace, but to set forth well betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking *atas, atas,* like ducks, but on drinking well in the morning; whence the verse—

To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure."

After he had thoroughly broken his fast, he went to church, and they carried for him in a great basket, a huge breviary. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his sayer of hours, lapped up about the chin like a tufted whoop, and his breath perfumed with good store of syrup. With him he mumbled all his kyriels, which he so curiously picked that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn by oxen, a heap of *paternosters* of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or

garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but, as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and, because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

Then heavily mumbling a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a pig, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought great store of cards, dice, and chess-boards.

After having well played, revelled, passed and spent his time, it was proper to drink a little, and that was eleven goblets the man; and immediately

after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the meantime they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Fathers; for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so much ham." Then began he to study a little, and the *paternosters* first, which the better and more formally to despatch, he got up on an old mule which had served nine kings, and so mumbling with his mouth, doddling his head, would go see a coney caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast-meat was on the spit; and supped very well, upon my conscience, and commonly did invite some of his neighbours that were good drinkers—with whom carousing, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels — that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards—with little small banquets, intermixed with collations and reer-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious

manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature does not endure sudden changes without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Maitre Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyran hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men who were there, in emulation of whom a great desire and affection came to him to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a train of study that he lost not any hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked, then, about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were rubbing him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to revere, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose

word did show His majesty and marvellous judgments. Then his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. They then considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was apparelled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours there was reading. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the reading, and disported themselves at ball, tennis, or the *pile trigone*, gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well dried and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently recite some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the

meal there was read some pleasant history of ancient prowess, until he had taken his wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of flesh, fish, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages that on these subjects are to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Œlian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and ending their repast with some conserve of quince, he washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticle, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as

pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice: so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practice thereof, that Tonstal the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he understood nothing but double Dutch; and not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music. For while waiting for the digestion of his food, they made a thousand joyous instruments and geometrical figures, and at the same time practised the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he mounted on any kind of horse, which he made to bound in the air, to jump the ditch, to leap the palisade, and to turn short in a ring both

to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolishness in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, strong, and stiff lance would he usually force a door, pierce a harness, uproot a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded that he was passed knight of arms in the field and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow-deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the great ball, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran,

jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor at hopping, nor yet at the German jump; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use:" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, climb after this fashion up against a window, the height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his face, on his back, sidewise, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in his course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the bulwarks, set the compass, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the

great boughs and branches, like another Milo; then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, traversed the cannon; shot at the butts, at the papegay, before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then came down again so sturdily and firmly that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing; would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running.

Then, to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils. I heard him once call Eudemon from the Porte St Victor to Mont-

martre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then for the strengthening of his nerves, they made him two great pigs of lead, each in weight 8700 quintals. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet, that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old, — in imitation of whom he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him.

The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, and refreshed with other clothes, they returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rhizotomos had charge—together with hoes, picks, spuds, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herborising. Being come

to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and frugal, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach; but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him: which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of fond physicians counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good: the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, they set themselves to sing musically, and play upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with cards, dice, or cups, —thus made merry till it was time to go to bed; and sometimes they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travellers in strange countries. At full night they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the stars.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him, and glorifying Him for His boundless bounty; and, giving thanks unto Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to His divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they entered upon their repose.

If it happened that the weather were rainy and inclement, the forenoon was employed according to custom, except that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and, by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling hay, in cleaving and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique game of knucklebones, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. While playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance: they went to see the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones, the alchemists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers, and, every-

where giving them wine, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn Acts, the repetitions, the declamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters at all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea more than they. And instead of herborising, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, and strange unguents, as also how they did compound them. He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and smooth tongues, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave gibers of fibs, in matter of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise. Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education, from day to

day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of good sense, with such discipline so continued, may do. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intention of spirit, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St Cloud, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crayfish. But although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's Agriculture, of Hesiod, and of Politian's Husbandry; would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into *rondeaux* and *ballades* in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed—as Cato teacheth, *De re rustica*, and Pliny—with an ivy cup: would wash the wine in a basin full of water, then take it out again with a

funnel: would make the water go from one glass to another, and would contrive little automatic engines—that is to say, machines moving of themselves.

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THE ROUT OF SEUILLÉ.

[The education of Gargantua was interrupted by the breaking out of the war with King Picrochole, commencing in no more than the squabble between certain shepherds and a party of cake-sellers of Lerné, who quarrelled and broke each other's heads. The Lerné people complain to their king Picrochole, who instantly, and without further debate or consideration, commands the *ban* and *arrière-ban* to be sounded through all the country, that all his vassals, of whatever condition, should come with what arms they have to the great Place before his castle. The army thus hastily summoned is quickly collected, and immediately sets out upon an invasion of Grandgousier's territory, all marching in loose and undisciplined order, pillaging, cattle-lifting, beating down the trees, and committing every kind of outrage.]

So much they did, and so far they went pillaging and stealing, that at last they came to Seuillé, where they robbed both men and women, and took all they could catch: nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them. Although the plague was there in the most part of the houses, they nevertheless entered everywhere, and plundered all that was within, and yet for all this not one

of them took any hurt — which is a most wonderful case. For the vicars, curates, preachers, physicians, chirurgeons, and apothecaries, who went to visit, dress, cure, preach unto, and admonish those that were sick, were all dead with the infection; and these devil of robbers and murderers caught never any harm at all. Whence comes this to pass, my masters? I beseech you, think upon it. The town being thus pillaged, they went unto the abbey with a horrible tumult, but they found it shut and made fast against them. Whereupon the body of the army marched forward towards the Ford of Véde, except seven companies of foot and two hundred lancers, who, staying there, broke down the walls of the close, in order to destroy all the vines within the place. The poor devils of monks knew not to which of all their sancts they should vow themselves. Nevertheless, at all adventures they rang *ad capitulum capitulantes*. There it was decreed that they should make a fair procession, stuffed with good preachers *contra hostium insidias*, and fair responses *pro pace*.

There was then in the abbey a claustral monk called Friar John des Entommeures, young, gallant, frisk, lusty, nimble, bold, adventurous, resolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, a fair despatcher of "hours," a fair unbridler of masses, a fair runner over vigils; and, to conclude summarily in a word, a true monk, if ever there was any, since the monk-

ish world went monking in monkery: for the rest, a clerk to the teeth in matter of breviary. This monk, hearing the noise that the enemy made in the close of the vineyard, went out to see what they were doing; and perceiving that they were gathering their grapes, wherein was founded all their next year's drink, returned unto the quire of the church where the other monks were, all amazed and astonished like so many bell-melters. And when he heard them sing, "*im, pe, e, e, e, e, tum, um, in, i, ni, i, mi, io, co, o, o, o, o, rum, um,*" he cried, "Well sung! By the Lord! why do not you sing 'Panniers farewell, vintage is done'? The devil take me if they be not already within the middle of our close, and have so well chopped both vines and grapes that there will not be found for these four years to come so much as a gleaning in it! Ventre St Jacques! what shall we poor devils drink the while? Seigneur Dieu, *da mihi potum.*" Then cried the claustral prior: "What should this drunken fellow do here? let him be carried to prison. Thus to trouble divine service!" "Nay," said the monk, "the wine service—let us act so, that it be not troubled; for you yourself, my lord prior, love to drink of the best, and so doth every honest man. Never yet did a man of worth dislike good wine—that is a monastic proverb. But these responses that you chant here are not in season. Wherefore is it, that our devotions were instituted

to be short in the time of harvest and vintage, and long in the advent and all the winter? The late friar, Macé Pelosse, of good memory, a truly zealous man of our religion, told me, and I remember it well, how the reason was, that in this season we might press and make the wine, and in winter whiff it up. Hark ye, my masters, you that love the wine — Cordieu! — follow me; St Anthony burn me if those taste one drop of the liquor who will not fight for the vine. Ventre Dieu! the goods of the Church? Ha! no, no. What the devil, St Thomas of England was well content to die for them! if I died in the same cause, should not I be a saint likewise? Nevertheless I shall not die there for them, for it is I who shall make others do that same."

As he spake this, he threw off his great monk's habit, and laid hold upon the staff of the cross, which was made of the heart of a sorb-apple-tree, as long as a lance, round, of a full grip, and a little powdered with lilies called *fleurs de lys*, almost all defaced and worn out. Thus went he out in a fair jacket, putting his frock scarfwise athwart his breast, and with his shaft of the cross, laid on lustily upon his enemies, who, without order or ensign, trumpet or drum, were gathering the grapes of the vineyard. For the cornets and ensigns had laid down their standards by the wall-sides; the drummers had knocked out the heads of their drums at one

end, to fill them with grapes; the trumpeters were loaded with bunches: every one of them was in disorder. He hurried, therefore, upon them so rudely, without crying *gare*, that he tumbled them over like pigs, striking athwart and alongst, after the old fashion of fencing. The brains of some he scattered, the legs and arms of others he broke; for some he disjointed the spondyles of the neck, for others he broke the reins, smashed the nose, pulled out the eyes, cleft the mandibules, thrust the teeth down the throat, shook apart the omoplates, sphacelated the shins, caved in the ribs, broke the joints. If any offered to hide himself amongst the thickest of the vines, he broke the ridge of his back, and smashed his reins like a dog. If any thought by flight to escape, he made his head to fly in pieces by the lambdoidal commissure. If any one did scramble up into a tree, thinking there to be safe, he impaled him with his staff. If any of his old acquaintance happened to cry out "Ha, Friar John! my friend, Friar John, I yield myself!" "So thou shalt," said he, "and must withal render and yield up thy soul to all the devils," then suddenly gave him dronos. If any was so rash and full of temerity as to resist him to his face, then was it he did show the strength of his muscles, for he did transpierce him, by running him in at the breast, through the mediastine and the heart. Believe me, that it was the most hor-

rible spectacle that ever one saw. Some cried upon St Barbe; others on St George: some on St Nitouche; others on our Lady of Cunault, on our Lady of Laurette, on our Lady of Bonnes Nouvelles, of La Lenou, of Rivière. Some vowed a pilgrimage to St James, and others to the holy handkerchief at Chambery; but three months afterwards that was burned so well in the fire that they could not get one thread of it saved. Others to St Cadouin, others to St John d'Angely, others to St Eutropius of Xaintes, to St Mexme of Chinon, St Martin of Candes, St Clouaud of Sinays, the holy relics of Jourezay, with a thousand other good little saints. Some died without speaking, others spoke without dying; some died while they were speaking, others spoke while they were dying. Others shouted as loud as they could, "Confession, confession, *confiteor, miserere, in manus!*" So great was the cry of the wounded, that the prior of the abbey with all his monks came forth, and when they saw these poor wretches so slain amongst the vines, and wounded to death, confessed some of them. But whilst the priests were amusing themselves in confessing, the little monkitos ran to the place where Friar John was, and asked him, wherein he would be pleased to require their assistance? To which he answered, that they should cut the throats of those he had thrown down upon the ground. Thereupon, leaving their outer habits

upon a trellis, they began to throttle and make an end of those whom he had already crushed. Can you tell with what instruments they did it? With fair gullies, which are little demi-knives, wherewith the little boys in our country cut ripe walnuts in two. In the meantime Friar John, with his baton of the cross, got to the breach which the enemies had made. Some of the monkitos carried the standards and colours into their cells and chambers to make garters of them. But when those who had been shriven would have gone out at the said breach, the monk felled them down with blows, saying, "These men have had confession and are repentant, they have got their absolution: they go into Paradise as straight as any sickle." Thus by his prowess and valour were discomfited all those of the army that entered into the close of the abbey unto the number of thirteen thousand six hundred twenty and two, besides the women and little children, which is always to be understood. Never did Maugis the Hermit (of whom it is written in the Acts of the Four Sons of Aymon) bear himself more valiantly with his bourdon against the Saracens, than did this monk against his enemies with the staff of the cross.

THE DREAM OF PICROCHOLE.

[The peace-loving King Grandgousier exhausts every means of preventing a conflict, but in vain. Having rejected the last overtures, King Picrochole holds a council of war.]

The cakes being unloaded, there came before Picrochole the Duke of Menuail, the Count Spadassin, and Captain Merdaille, who said unto him, "Sire, this day we make you the happiest, the most chivalrous prince that ever was since the death of Alexander of Macedonia." "Be covered, be covered," said Picrochole. "We thank you," said they; "we do but our duty. The manner is thus. You shall leave some captain here to have the charge of this garrison, with a small party to keep the place, which, besides its natural strength, is made stronger by the ramparts of your devising. Your army you will divide into two parts, as you know very well how to do. One part thereof shall fall upon Grangousier and his forces. By it shall he be easily at the very first shock routed, and then shall you get money by heaps, for the clown hath store. Clown we call him, because a generous prince hath never a penny. To hoard up treasure is a clown's trick. The other part of the army in the meantime shall draw towards Onys, Saintonge, Angoumois, and Gascony; then to

Perigord, Medoc, and the Landes. Without resistance they will take towns, castles, and forts. At Bayonne, St Jean de Luz, Fontarabia, you will seize upon the ships, and coasting along Gallicia and Portugal, will pillage all the maritime places, even unto Lisbon, where you will be supplied with all necessaries befitting a conqueror. Par la Corbieu! Spain will yield, for they are but a race of lubbers. Then are you to pass by the Straits of Gibraltar, where you will erect two pillars more stately than those of Hercules, to the perpetual memory of your name, and it shall be called the Picrocholinal Sea. Having passed the Picrocholinal Sea, behold, Barbarossa yields himself your slave."

"I will," said Picrochole, "give him fair quarter." "Yea," said they, "so that he be content to be christened. Then you will conquer the kingdoms of Tunis, of Hippo, Algiers, Bona, Corona, yea, all Barbary. Furthermore, you shall take into your hands Majorca, Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, with the other islands of the Ligustic and Balearic seas. Going along on the left hand, you shall rule all Gallia Narbonensis, Provence, the Allobroges, Genoa, Florence, Lucca, and then good-bye Rome. Poor Monsieur the Pope already dies for fear." "By my faith," said Picrochole, "I will not kiss his slipper!"

Italy being thus taken, behold Naples, Calabria,

Apulia, and Sicily all ransacked, and Malta too. I should like to see the pleasant Knights heretofore of Rhodes trying to resist you! "I would," said Picrochole, "very willingly go to Loretto." "No, no," said they, "that shall be at our return. Thence we will sail eastwards, and take Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Cyclades, and set upon the Morea. It is ours, by St Trenian! The Lord preserve Jerusalem! for the great Soldan is not comparable to you in power." "I will then," said he, "cause Solomon's Temple to be built." "No," said they, "not yet; have a little patience, stay a while—be never too sudden in your enterprises. Do you know what Octavian Augustus said? *Festina lentè.* It is requisite that you first have the Lesser Asia, Caria, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Lydia, Phrygia, Mysia, Bithynia, Carazia, Satalia, Samagaria, Castamena, Luga, Savasta, even unto Euphrates." "Shall we see," said Picrochole, "Babylon and Mount Sinai?" "There is no need," said they, "at this time. Has there not been enough toil in having passed over the Hircanian Sea, ridden across the two Armenias, and the three Arabias?" "By my faith," said he, "we are undone! Ha, poor souls!" "What's the matter?" said they. "What shall we have," said he, "to drink in these deserts? for Julian Augustus with his whole host died there for thirst, as they say." "We have already," said they, "given order for that. In the Syrian Sea

you have nine thousand and fourteen great ships laden with the best wines in the world. They arrived at the port of Jaffa. There are found two-and-twenty thousand camels, and sixteen hundred elephants, which you shall have taken at one hunting about Sigelmes, when you entered into Lybia; and besides this, you had all the Mecca caravan. Did not they furnish you sufficiently with wine?" "Yes; but," said he, "we did not drink it fresh." "By the virtue," said they, "not of a fish, a valiant man, a conqueror, who pretends and aspires to the monarchy of the world, cannot always have his ease. God be thanked that you and your men are come safe and sound unto the banks of the river Tigris!" "But," said he, "what doth that part of our army in the meantime, which overthrows that unworthy swill-pot Grangousier?" "They are not idle," said they; "we shall meet with them by-and-by. They shall have won you Brittany, Normandy, Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, Artois, Holland, Zealand; they have passed the Rhine over the bellies of the Switzers and Lansquenets, and a part of them hath conquered Luxemburg, Lorraine, Champagne, and Savoy, even to Lyons, in which place they have met with your forces returning from the naval conquest of the Mediterranean Sea; and have rallied again in Bohemia, after they had plundered and sacked Suabia, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Austria,

Moravia, and Styria. Then they set fiercely together upon Lubeck, Norway, Sweden, Rugen, Denmark, Gothia, Greenland, the Easterlings, even unto the Frozen Sea. This done, they conquered the Isles of Orkney, and subdued Scotland, England, and Ireland. From thence sailing through the sandy sea, and by the Sarmatians, they have vanquished and overcome Prussia, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turquey, and are now at Constantinople." "Come," said Picrochole, "let us go join with them quickly, for I will be Emperor of Trebizonde also. Shall we not kill all these dogs, Turks and Mahometans?" "What a devil should we do else?" said they. "And you shall give their goods and lands to such as shall have served you honestly." "Reason," said he, "will have it so—that is but just. I give unto you Caramania, Syria, and all Palestine." "Ha, sire!" said they, "it is out of your goodness; we thank you. God grant you may always prosper!"

There was there present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in wars, and who had been in many hazards, named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said,—"I do greatly doubt that all this enterprise will be like the tale of the pitcher full of milk, wherewith a shoemaker made himself rich in conceit; but when the pitcher was broken, he had not whereupon to dine. What

do you pretend by these large conquests? What shall be the end of so many labours and crosses?" "Thus it shall be," said Picrochole, "that when we are returned, we shall sit down, rest, and be merry." "But," said Echephron, "if by chance you should never come back—for the voyage is long and dangerous—were it not better for us to take our rest now, without exposing ourselves to dangers?" "Par Dieu!" said Spadassin, "here is a good dotard; come, go hide ourselves in the corner of a chimney, and there let us spend the whole time of our life amongst ladies, threading of pearls, or spinning, like Sardanapalus. 'Who nothing ventures, hath neither horse nor mule,' says Solomon." "Who ventures too much," said Echephron, "loseth both horse and mule, as answered Malchon." "Enough," said Picrochole; "go forward. I fear nothing but these devilish legions of Grangousier: whilst we are in Mesopotamia, should they come up on our rear, what course should we take?" "A very good one," said Merdaille: "a pretty little commission, which you must send unto the Muscovites, shall bring you into the field in an instant four hundred and fifty thousand choice men of war. I fret, I charge, I strike, I take, I kill, I swear." "On, on," said Picrochole: "make haste, my lads; let him that loves me follow me."

FRIAR JOHN AT SUPPER.

[Meantime Gargantua, a giant again, is speeding on his great mare to his father's help. He tears up a whole tree for lance and club, receives cannon-balls as if they were grape-kernels, and entirely destroys the castle at the Ford of Véde, and stops up the river with dead bodies of the enemy. Then he arrives at his father's castle, where they have a grand feast, the *menu* of which is preserved for us by the author. An accident, which might have been attended with serious consequences, befell six pilgrims who were unfortunately hiding in the salad, and would have been swallowed by Gargantua, but that they stuck in his teeth. How they escaped, what further misfortunes overtook those pilgrims, and how they consoled themselves, may be sought in the original text.]

When Gargantua was set down at table, after all of them had somewhat stayed their stomachs, Grangousier began to relate the source and cause of the war raised between him and Picrochole; and came to tell how Friar John des Entommeures had triumphed at the defence of the abbey close, and extolled him for his valour above Camillus, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar, and Themistocles. Then Gargantua desired that he might be presently sent for, to the end that with him they might consult of what was to be done. Whereupon, by his command, his *maître d'hôtel* went for him, and to God, but mocking of God. The Lord help them if they pray for us, and not through fear of losing

their good fat pottage. All true Christians, of all conditions, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the Spirit prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John, therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot, he is not in rags, but honest, jovial, resolute, and a good fellow. He travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, he helps the suffering, he guards the abbey close.

"I do," said the monk, "more than this; for while working off matins and anniversaries by heart, I twist strings for an arbalest, or I polish up the stock and the bolt. I make nets and traps to catch coneys. Never am I idle. But, ho, there—drink!"

Supper being ended, they consulted of the business in hand; and it was concluded that about midnight they should fall unawares upon the enemy, to know what manner of watch and ward they kept, and that in the meanwhile they should take a little rest, the better to refresh themselves. But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, "I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers. Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep." The conceit pleased Gargantua very well, and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as

they came to the words, *Beati quorum,* they fell asleep both the one and the other. But the monk being accustomed to the hour of claustral matins, failed not to awake a little before midnight. Being up himself, he awaked all the rest, in singing aloud, and with a full clear voice, the song—

"Ho! Regnault, resveille toy!
Veille, O Regnault, resveille toy!"

When they were all roused and up, he said: "My masters, they say that we begin matins with coughing, and supper with drinking. Let us now, in doing clean contrarily, begin our matins with drinking, and at night before supper we shall cough as hard as we can."

"What!" said Gargantua, "to drink so soon after sleep? This is not to live according to the diet and prescript rule of the physicians."

"Oh, well physicked," said the monk; "a hundred devils leap into my body, if there be not more old drunkards than old physicians! I have made this paction and covenant with my appetite, that it always lieth down and goes to bed with myself, for to that I every day give very good order; then the next morning it also riseth with me, and gets up when I am awake. Mind your cures as you will. I will get me to my breviary, for by taking this merry little breviary in the morning, I scour all my lungs, and am presently ready to drink."

"After what manner," said Gargantua, "do you say these fair hours and prayers of yours?"

"After the manner of Fecan," said the monk; "by three psalms and three lessons, or nothing at all, he that will. I never tie myself to hours; they are made for man, and not man for hours. Therefore is it that I make my prayers in fashion of stirrup-leathers; I shorten or lengthen them when I think good. *Brevis oratio penetrat cœlos et longa potatio evacuat scyphos.* Where is that written?"

"By my faith," saith Ponocrates, "I cannot tell, my pillicock; but thou are more worth than gold."

"Therein," said the monk, "I am like you: but, *venite, apotemus.*"

Then made they ready store of carbonadoes and good fat soups; and the monk drank what he pleased. Some kept him company, and the rest did forbear. Afterwards every man began to arm and befit himself for the field. And they armed the monk against his will; for he desired no other armour before his breast but his frock, nor any other weapon in his hand but the staff of the cross. Yet at their pleasure was he completely armed *cap-a-pie,* and mounted upon a good Naples charger with a good sword by his side; and with him were Gargantua, Ponocrates, Gymnast, Eudemon, and five-and-twenty of the most adventurous of Grangousier's house, all armed at proof with their

lances in their hands, mounted like St George, and every one of them having a harquebusier behind him.

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

[Picrochole, so far from realising his great dream of universal conquest, is routed with great slaughter by the valiant Gargantua and his companions.]

Picrochole, thus in despair, fled towards Bouchard l'Isle, and on the road to Rivière his horse stumbled and fell, whereat he was so incensed that he with his sword without more ado killed him in his choler; then, not finding any that would remount him, he was about to have taken an ass at the mill that was there by, but the miller's men basted his bones, stripped him of all his clothes, and gave him a stable jacket. Thus went this poor choleric wretch, who, passing the water at Port-Huaux, and relating his misadventurous disasters, was foretold by an old hag that his kingdom should be restored to him at the coming of the Cocquecigrues. What is become of him since we cannot certainly tell, yet was I told that he is now a porter at Lyons, as choleric as before. And always he inquires of all strangers of the coming of the Cocquecigrues, expecting assuredly, according to the old woman's prophecy, that at their

coming he shall be re-established in his kingdom. After their retreat Gargantua called the muster-roll of his men, which when he had done, he found that there were very few either killed or wounded, only some few foot of Captain Tolmere's company, and Ponocrates, who was shot with a musket-ball through the doublet. Then he caused them all to take refreshment, and gave order to the treasurers to pay for and defray that repast, and that there should be no outrage at all, nor abuse committed in the town, seeing it was his own. And furthermore commanded, that immediately after the repast the soldiers should appear before the castle, there to receive six months' pay. All which was done. After this, by his direction, were brought before him in the said place all those that remained of Picrochole's party, unto whom, in the presence of the princes, nobles, and officers of his court and army, he spoke as followeth:—

"Our forefathers and ancestors of all times have been of this nature and disposition, that, upon the winning of a battle, they have chosen rather, for a sign and memorial of their triumphs and victories, to erect trophies and monuments in the hearts of the vanquished by clemency, than by architecture in the lands which they had conquered. For they did hold in greater estimation the lively remembrance of men, purchased by liberality, than the dumb inscription of arches, pillars, and pyramids,

subject to the injury of storms and tempests, and to the envy of every one. You may very well remember the courtesy which by them was used towards the Bretons on the day of St Aubin of Cormier, and at the demolishing of Partenay. You have heard, and hearing admire, their gentle comportment towards those at the barbarians of Spain, who had plundered, wasted, and ransacked the maritime borders of Olone and Thalmondois. All the heavens were filled with the praises and congratulations which yourselves and your fathers made, when Alpharbal, King of Canarre, not satisfied with his own fortunes, did most furiously invade the land of Onys, and with cruel piracies molest all the Armorick Islands and neighbouring regions. Yet was he in a set fight overthrown by my father, whom God preserve and protect. But what? Whereas other kings and emperors, yea, those who entitle themselves Catholics, would have dealt roughly with him, kept him a close prisoner, and put him to high ransom, he entreated him courteously, lodged him kindly with himself in his own palace, and out of his incredible gentle disposition sent him back with a safe-conduct, laden with gifts, laden with favours, laden with all offices of friendship. What fell out upon it? Being returned into his country, he called a parliament, where all the princes and states of his kingdom being assembled, he showed them the humanity

which he had found in us, and therefore wished them to take such course by way of compensation therein, as that the whole world might be edified by the example, as well of their honest graciousness to us as of our gracious honesty towards them. The result hereof was, that it was voted and decreed by a unanimous consent, that they should offer up entirely their lands, dominions, and kingdoms, to be disposed of by us according to our pleasure.

"Alpharbal in his own person presently returned with nine thousand and thirty-eight great ships of burden, bringing with him the treasures not only of his house and royal lineage, but almost of all the country besides. For when he embarked to set sail with a west-north-east wind, every one in heaps did cast into the ship gold, silver, rings, jewels, spices, drugs, aromatic perfumes, parrots, pelicans, monkeys, civet-cats, and porcupines. He was accounted no good mother's son that did not cast in all the rare and precious things he had.

"Being safely arrived, he would have kissed my feet. That action was found unworthy, and therefore was not permitted, but in exchange he was most cordially embraced. He offered his presents; they were not received, because they were too excessive: he yielded himself voluntarily a servant and vassal, and was content his whole posterity should be liable to the same bondage; this was

not accepted of, because it seemed not equitable: he surrendered, by virtue of the decree of his states, his whole countries and kingdoms to him, offering the deed and conveyance, signed, sealed, and ratified by those that were concerned in it; this was altogether refused, and the parchments cast into the fire. In the end, this free goodwill and simple meaning of the Canarrines wrought such tenderness in my father's heart that he could not abstain from shedding tears, and wept most profusely; then, by choice words and becoming sentences, strove in what he could to diminish the estimation of the good offices which he had done them, saying that any courtesy he had conferred upon them was not worth a rush, and what favour soever he had showed them, he was bound to do it. But so much the more did Alpharbal augment the repute thereof. What was the issue? Whereas for his ransom, in the greatest extremity of rigour and most tyrannical dealing, could not have been exacted above twenty times a hundred thousand crowns, and his eldest sons detained as hostages till that sum had been paid, they made themselves perpetual tributaries, and obliged to give us every year two millions of gold at four-and-twenty carats fine. The first year we received the whole sum of two millions; the second year, of their own accord they paid freely to us three-and-twenty hundred thousand crowns; the third year,

six-and-twenty hundred thousand; the fourth year, three millions,—and do so increase it always out of their own goodwill, that we shall be constrained to forbid them to bring us any more. This is the nature of gratitude and true thankfulness. For time, which gnaws and diminishes all things else, augments and increases benefits; because a noble action of liberality, done to a man of reason, doth grow continually, by his generous thinking of it and remembering it.

"Being unwilling, therefore, any way to degenerate from the hereditary mildness and clemency of my parents, I do now forgive you, deliver you, and set you at liberty. Moreover, at your going out of the gate, you shall have every one of you three months' pay to bring you home into your houses and families, and shall have a safe convoy of six hundred cuirassiers and eight thousand foot under the conduct of Alexander, my equerry, that the peasants may not do you any injury. God be with you! I am sorry from my heart that Picrochole is not here; for I would have given him to understand that this war was undertaken against my will, and without any hope to increase either my goods or renown. But seeing he is lost, and that no man can tell where, nor how he went away, it is my will that this kingdom remain entire to his son; who, because he is too young—he not being yet full five years old—shall be brought up and

instructed by the ancient princes and learned men of the kingdom. And because a realm thus desolate may easily come to ruin, if the covetousness and avarice of those who administrate it be not curbed and restrained, I ordain that Ponocrates be viceroy over all these governors, with whatever power and authority is requisite thereto, and that he be continually with the child, until he find him able and capable to rule and govern by himself.

"Now I must tell you, that you are to understand how a too feeble and dissolute facility in pardoning evil-doers giveth them occasion to commit wickedness afterwards more readily, upon this pernicious confidence of receiving favour. I consider how Moses, the meekest man that was in his time upon the earth, did severely punish the mutinous and seditious people of Israel. I consider likewise how Julius Cæsar—who was so gracious an emperor that Cicero said of him that his fortune had nothing more excellent than that he could, and his virtue nothing better than that he would, always save and pardon every man,—he, notwithstanding all this, did in certain places most rigorously punish the authors of rebellion. After the example of these good men, it is my will and pleasure that you deliver over unto me, before you depart hence, first, the fellow Marquet, who was the prime cause and origin of this war, by his vain presumption; secondly, his fellow cake-bakers,

who were negligent in checking his folly on the spot; and lastly, all the counsellors, captains, officers, and domestics of Picrochole, who have incited him, flattered him, and counselled him to come out of his limits thus to trouble us."

When Gargantua had finished his speech, the seditious men whom he required were delivered up unto him, except three captains, who ran away six hours before the battle, and two of the cake-bakers who were slain in the fight. Gargantua did them no other hurt, but that he appointed them to pull the presses of his printing-house, which he had newly set up. Then those who died there he caused to be honourably buried in the valley of Noirettes and the field of Bruslevieille, and gave order that the wounded should be dressed and had care of in his great hospital. After this, considering the great prejudice done to the town and its inhabitants, he reimbursed them for all the losses stated by confession and upon oath; and for their better defence and security in times coming against all sudden uproars and invasions, commanded a strong citadel to be built there, with a competent garrison to maintain it. At his departure he did very graciously thank all the soldiers of the brigades that had been at this overthrow, and sent them back to their winter quarters in their several stations and garrisons; some of the decumane legion only

excepted, whom in the field on that day he saw do some great exploit, and their captains also, whom he brought along with himself unto Grangousier.

At the sight and coming of them, the good man was so joyful that it is not possible fully to describe it. He made them a feast the most magnificent, plentiful, and delicious that ever was seen since the time of the King Ahasuerus. At the taking up of the table he distributed amongst them his whole cupboard of plate, which weighed eighteen hundred thousand and fourteen besants of gold, in great antique vessels, great pots, great basins, great cups, goblets, candlesticks, baskets, and other such plate, all of pure massy gold, besides the precious stones, enamelling, and workmanship, which by all men's estimation was more worth than the matter of the gold. Then unto every one of them out of his coffers caused he to be given the sum of twelve hundred thousand crowns ready money. And further, he gave to each of them for ever and in perpetuity, unless they should die without heirs, such castles and neighbouring lands of his as were most commodious for them. To Ponocrates he gave La Roche Clermauld; to Gymnast, Coudray; to Eudemon, Montpensier; Rivau, to Tolmere; to Ithybole, Montsoreau; to Acamas, Cande; Varenes, to Chironacte; Gravot, to Sebaste; Quinquenais, to Alexander; Ligré, to Sophrone,—and so of his other places.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA.

There was left only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you, any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. "First, then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about. Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custom is, if any women come in—I mean honourable and honest women—they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any

man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in other monasteries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their works should be disposed of; for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater folly in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.

"Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either one-eyed, lame, humpbacked, ill-favoured, misshapen, foolish, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly, ill-bred, clownish, and the trouble of the house." "Apropos," said the monk,—"a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts." "Therefore," Gargantua said, "was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet

disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and also of a sweet disposition.

"Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

"Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the year of their novitiate were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was ordered that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

"Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows—to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience; it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honourably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimate age, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen."

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money twenty-seven hundred thousand, eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those long-woolled rams; and for every year until the whole work was completed

he allotted threescore nine thousand gold crowns, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the river Dive. For the foundation and maintenance thereof he settled in perpetuity three-and-twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, taxes exempted from all in landed rents, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and for this gave them fair letters patent.

The building was hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower, sixty paces in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran the river Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east there was another called Calaer, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Between each tower was the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was built in six storeys, reckoning the cellars under ground for one. The second was vaulted after the fashion of a basket-handle, the rest were coated with Flanders plaster, in the form of a lamp foot. It was roofed with fine slates of lead, carrying figures of baskets and animals; the ridge gilt, together with the gutters, which issued without the wall between the windows, painted diagonally in gold and blue down to the ground, where they

ended in great canals, which carried away the water below the house into the river.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonivet; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a closet, a wardrobe, a chapel, and a passage into a great hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a winding stair, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark-red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, and part of serpentine marble, each of those steps being two-and-twenty feet in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every landing-place. On every landing were two fair antique arcades where the light came in: and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and they mounted above the roof and ended in a pavilion. By this winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed on different storeys, according to their languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in an arch, six fathoms broad. It was made in such symme-

try and largeness that six men-at-arms, lance on thigh, might ride abreast all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair great galleries, all painted with the ancient prowess, histories and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side.

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, and eyes. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonian stone, and porphyry in fair ancient arches. Within these were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures—the horns of bucks and unicorns; of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the hippodrome, the theatre, the swimming-bath, with most admirable baths in three stages, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the

river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that a fair labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the tennis and fives courts. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincunx. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of game. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts for arquebus, cross-bow, and arbalist. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by falconers very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmatians, with all sorts of excellent birds, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, falcons, sparrow-hawks, merlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well trained that, flying from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery was a little further off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and cabinets were hung with tapestry of divers sorts, according to the seasons of the year. All the pavements were covered with green cloth. The beds were embroidered. In every back chamber there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold garnished with pearls, and of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole person. At the going out of the halls belonging to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and hairdressers,

through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the ladies. These did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with rose-water, musk, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little smelling-bottle breathing the choicest aromatical scents.

The ladies on the foundation of this order were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking. But since, of their own free-will, they were reformed in manner as followeth: They wore stockings of scarlet which reached just three inches above the knee, having the border beautified with embroideries and trimming. Their garters were of the colour of their bracelets, and circled the knee both over and under. Their shoes and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, cut *à barbe d'écrévisse.*

Next to their smock they put on a fair corset of pure silk camblet: above that went the petticoat of white, red, tawny, or grey taffety. Above this was the *cotte* in cloth of silver, with needlework either (according to the temperature and disposition of the weather) of satin, damask, velvet, orange, tawny, green, ash-coloured, blue, yellow, crimson, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, according to the day.

Their gowns, correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold with silver edging; of red satin, covered with gold purl; of taffety, white,

blue, black, or tawny, of silk serge, silk camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, velvet, or figured satin, with golden threads.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore fair mantles of the above-named stuff, or capes of violet velvet with edging of gold, or with knotted cord-work of gold embroidery, garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair plume of feathers, of the colour of their muff, bravely adorned with spangles of gold. In the winter time they had their taffety gowns of all colours, as above-named, and those lined with the rich furrings of wolves, weasels, Calabrian martlet, sables, and other costly furs. Their beads, rings, bracelets, and collars were of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and pearls. Their head-dressing varied with the season of the year. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honourable, and better befits the modesty of a matron.

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockings, or very near,

embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colours, the tags were of gold enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold, tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the colour of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, &c.

But so great was the sympathy between the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what colours the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste

any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And, to have those accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Thelema a row of houses half a league long, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid friars and nuns. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any pearls began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lustre, those by their art they did renew, by tendering them to cocks to be eaten, as they use to give casting unto hawks.

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free-will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so

had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed—

FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS.

Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go for our delight into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies mounted upon well-paced nags, carried on their lovely fists, miniardly begloved every one of them, either a sparrow-hawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the gallants carried the other kinds of birds. So nobly were they taught,

that there was not one amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen knights so valiant, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful both on foot and a-horseback, more active, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper, so miniard, less forward, or more ready with hand and needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex than were there.

For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thelema lived in devotion and amity, much more did they continue therein in the state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

BOOK II.

PANTAGRUEL.

THE BIRTH OF PANTAGRUEL.

[The First Book of Pantagruel, commonly called Book II., was written before the Book of Gargantua, called Book I. (in its present form). The incidents and general treatment are very much alike in both; but the former contains, as a finished study, the education of a wise prince, which is only indicated in the latter. The Book of Pantagruel is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of Panurge, the scholar who speaks a Latin jargon then affected by pedants; the burlesque library of a theologian; and a hasty review of the French universities,—all of which will be found in the following extracts.]

NOW, that we may fully understand the cause and reason of the name of Pantagruel, son of Gargantua and Badebec his wife, you are to remark, that in that year there was so great drought over all the country of Africa, that there passed thirty and six months, three weeks, four days, thirteen hours, and a little more, without rain, but with a heat so

vehement, that the whole earth was parched and withered by it. Neither was it more scorched in the days of Elijah than it was at that time; for there was not a tree on the earth that had either leaf or bloom upon it. The grass was without verdure or greenness, the rivers were drained, the fountains dried up, the poor fishes, forsaken by their proper element, wandering and crying upon the ground most horribly. The birds did fall down from the air for want of dew, the wolves, foxes, harts, wild-boars, fallow-deer, hares, coneys, weasels, brocks, badgers, and other such beasts, were found dead in the fields with their mouths open. In respect of men, there was the pity, you should have seen them lay out their tongues like hares that have been run six hours. Many did throw themselves into the wells. Others entered within a cow's belly to be in the shade; those Homer calls Alibantes. All the country was idle. It was a most lamentable case to see the labour of mortals in defending themselves from this horrific drought; for they had work enough to do to save the holy water in the churches from being wasted; but there was such order taken by the counsel of my Lords the Cardinals, and of the Holy Father, that none did dare to take above one lick. Yet, when any one came into the church, you should have seen above twenty poor thirsty wretches hang upon him that was the distributor

of the water, and that with a wide-open throat, gaping for some little drop, like Dives, lest anything should be lost. Oh how happy was he in that year, who had a cellar fresh and well plenished!

Now on a certain Friday, when the whole people were engaged in their devotions, and made goodly processions, with store of litanies, and fair preachings, and beseechings of God Almighty to look down with his eye of mercy upon their miserable condition, there were visibly seen issue out of the ground great drops of water, such as fall from a man in a copious sweat, and the poor people began to rejoice, as if it had been a thing very profitable unto them; for some said that there was not one drop of moisture in the air, whence they might have any rain, and that the earth did supply the default of that. Other learned men said, that it was a shower of the Antipodes, as Seneca saith in his fourth book *Quæstionum naturalium*, speaking of the source and spring of the Nile. But they were deceived; for the procession being ended, when every one went about to gather of this dew, and to drink of it with full bowls, they found that it was nothing but brine, more brackish in taste than the saltest water of the sea. And because in that very day Pantagruel was born, his father gave him that name; for *Panta* in Greek is as much as to say all, and *Gruel*, in the Hagarene language doth signify thirsty; inferring thereby, that at his

birth the whole world was a-dry and thirsty, and foreseeing that he would be some day sovereign of the thirsty.

When Pantagruel was born, there was none more astonished and perplexed than was his father Gargantua; for of the one side, seeing his wife Badebec dead, and on the other side his son Pantagruel born, so fair and so great, he knew not what to say, nor what to do. And the doubt that troubled his brain was to know whether he should cry for the death of his wife, or laugh for the joy of his son. On the one side and the other he had sophistic arguments which suffocated him, for he framed them very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not solve them, remaining pestered by this means, like a mouse caught in a trap, or kite snared in a gin. "Shall I weep?" said he. "Yes; for why? My so good wife is dead, who was the most this, the most that, that was ever in the world. Never shall I see her, never shall I recover such another: it is unto me an inestimable loss! O my good God, what had I done that thou shouldest thus punish me? Why didst thou not take me away before her, seeing that for me to live without her is but to languish. Ah, Badebec! Badebec my minion, my dear heart, never shall I see thee! Ah, poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother, thy sweet nurse, thy well-beloved lady! O false death, how despiteful hast thou

been to me! How outrageous art thou in taking from me her to whom immortality did of right belong!"

With these words he did cry like a cow; but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. "Ha, my little son," said he, "how jolly thou art! and how much I am bound to God, who hath bestowed on me a son, so fair, so joyous, so smiling, so jolly! Ho! ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink, ho! and put away melancholy! Bring of the best, rinse the glasses, lay the cloth, drive out these dogs, blow this fire, light candles, shut that door there, cut this bread in sippets, send away these poor folks in giving them what they ask, hold my gown. I will strip myself into my doublet, the better to make the gossips merry, and keep them company."

As he spake this, he heard the litanies and the mementos of the priests who carried his wife to be buried, upon which he left his good discourse, and was suddenly ravished another way, saying, "Lord God, must I again contrist myself? This grieves me. I am no longer young, I grow old, the weather is dangerous; I may perhaps take some fever, then shall I be undone. *Foi de gentilhomme!* it were better to cry less, and drink more. My wife is dead, well, *par Dieu!* (*da jurandi*) I shall not raise her again by my crying: she is well —she is in Paradise, at least, if there is no better:

she prayeth to God for us; she is happy, she is above the sense of our miseries, nor can our calamities reach her. The Lord preserve the survivors; for I must now cast about how to get another wife. But I will tell you what you shall do," said he to the midwives. "Go you to my wife's interment, and I will the while rock my son; for I find myself somewhat distempered, and should be in danger of falling sick; but drink one draught first—you will be the better for it, believe me upon mine honour."

Then grew Pantagruel from day to day, and to every one's eye waxed more and more, which made his father to rejoice by natural affection. Then Gargantua sent him to school to learn, and to spend his youth. In which design he came first to Poictiers, where, as he studied and profited very much, he saw that the scholars were oftentimes at leisure, and knew not how to bestow their time, which moved him to take such compassion on them, that one day he took from a great rock, called Passelourdin, a huge great stone, of about twelve fathom square, and fourteen hands thick, and set it upon four pillars in the midst of a field, to no other end but that the said scholars, when they had nothing else to do, might pass their time in getting up on that stone, and feast with store of gammons, pasties, and flagons, and carve their names upon it with a knife: they call it now the

Pierre Levée. And in remembrance hereof, there is none entered on the register of the said university till he have first drunk at the Caballine fountain of Croustelles, passed to Passelourdin, and climbed upon the Pierre Levée.

Afterwards, reading the delectable Chronicles of his Ancestors, he found that Geoffrey of Lusignan, called Geoffrey à la Grand Dent, grandfather to the cousin-in-law of the eldest sister of the aunt of the son-in-law of the uncle of the daughter-in-law of his stepmother, was interred at Maillezais; therefore one day he went to visit the place, as an honest man should. And going from Poictiers with some of his companions, they passed by Legugé, visiting the noble Abbot Ardillon: then by Lusignan, by Sansay, by Celles, by Colonges, by Fontenay le Comte, saluting the learned Tiraqueau, and from thence arrived at Maillezais, where he visited the sepulchre of the said Geoffrey à la Grand Dent; which made him somewhat afraid, looking upon the picture, wherein he was represented as a man in extreme fury, drawing his great falchion Malchus half-way out of his scabbard. When the reason hereof was demanded, the canons of the said place told him that there was no other cause of it, but that *Pictoribus atque poetis*, &c.—that is to say, that painters and poets have liberty to paint and devise what they list after their own fancy. But he was not satisfied with their answer, and

said, "He is not thus painted without a cause; and I suspect that at his death there was some wrong done him, whereof he requireth his kindred to take revenge. I will inquire fully into it, and then do what shall be reasonable." Then he returned not to Poictiers, but would visit the other universities of France. Therefore, going to Rochelle, he took shipping and arrived at Bordeaux, where he found no great exercise, except the mariners playing by the river-side. From thence he came to Toulouse, where he learned to dance very well, and to play with the two-handed sword, as is the fashion of the scholars of the said university; but he stayed not long there, when he saw that they caused their regents to be burned alive like red-herrings, saying, "God forbid that I should die this death! for I am by nature sufficiently dry already, without heating myself any further."

He went then to Montpellier, where he met with the good wife of Mirevaux, and jovial company withal, and thought to have set himself to the study of physic; but he considered that that calling was too troublesome and melancholic, and that physicians did smell of glisters like old devils. Therefore he resolved he would study the laws; but seeing that there were but three scauld and one bald-pated legist in that place, he departed thence. On the road he made the Pont de Gard, and, in less than three hours, the amphitheatre of

Nismes, which seems to be a more divine than human work. After that he came to Avignon, where he was not above three days before he fell in love; which his tutor Epistemon perceiving, he drew him out of that place, and brought him to Valence in Dauphiné, where he saw no great matter of recreation,—only that the lubbers of the town did beat the scholars, which incensed him, and the more when, upon a certain fair Sunday, everybody was dancing in the open air, one of the scholars offered to put himself into the ring, and the aforesaid lubbers would not permit him. He drove them all before him, even to the brink of the river Rhone, and would have there drowned them, but that they did squat to the ground like moles, and there lay close a full half-league under the river. The hole is to be seen there yet.

After that he departed, and in three steps and a jump came to Angers, where he found himself very well, and would have continued there some space, but that the plague drove them away. Thence he came to Bourges, where he studied a good long time, and profited very much in the faculty of the laws.

Going from Bourges, he came to Orleans, where he found store of roystering scholars that made him great cheer on his coming, and with whom he learned to play at tennis so well, that he was a master at that game. As for breaking his head

with overmuch study, he did not do it at all, for fear of spoiling his eyes.

THE LIMOUSIN.

[The scholar talks a new language made up of Latin words newly copied without any modifications, such as those undergone by that very large part of the French tongue which is Latin by descent. There is a work called 'Le Champfleury,' by a learned printer and scholar called Geoffroy Tory, published in 1530, in which some of the phrases used by the scholar of Limoges are found exactly. It was, however, probably the pedantry of the practice rather than the book which Rabelais ridiculed. But the ridicule did not kill the fashion.]

Upon a certain day, I know not when, Pantagruel walking after supper with some of his fellow-students by the gate of the city on the road to Paris, encountered with a young spruce scholar that was coming upon the very same way, and after they had saluted one another, asked him thus, "My friend, whence comest thou?"

The scholar answered, "From the alme, inclyte and celebrate academy, which is vocitated Lutetia."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Pantagruel of one of his men.

"It is," answered he, "from Paris."

"Thou comest from Paris, then?" said Panta-

gruel; "and how do you spend your time there, you students of Paris?"

The scholar answered: "We transfretate the Sequane at the dilucul and crepuscul; we deambulate by the compites and quadrivies of the urb; we despumate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimilary amorabons, we captat the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal fœminine sex. Then do we cauponisate in the meritory taberns of the Pomme de Pin, the Castel, the Magdalene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrosil. And if by fortune there be rarity, or penury of pecune in our marsupies, and that they be exhausted of ferruginean metal, for the shot we demit our codices and opignerated vestments, whilst we prestolate the coming of the Tabellaries from the penates and patriotic lares."

To which Pantagruel answered, "What devilish language is this? By the Lord, thou art some kind of heretic!"

"My lord, no," said the scholar; "for libentissimally, as soon as it illucesceth any minutule slice of the day, I demigrate into one of these so well architected minsters, and there, irrorating myself with fair lustral water, I mumble off little parcels of some missic precation of our sacrificuls. And, submurmurating my horary precules, I elave and absterge my anime from its nocturnal inquina-

tions. I revere the olympicols. I latrially venere the Supernal Astripotent. I dilige and redame my proxims. I observe the decalogical precepts, and, according to the facultatule of my virés, I do not discede from them one late unguicule. Nevertheless it is veriform, that because Mammon doth not supergurgitate anything in my loculs, that I am somewhat rare and lent to supererogate the elemosynes to those egents, that hostially queritate their stipe."

"Prut, tut!" said Pantagruel, "what doth this fool mean to say? I think he is upon the forging of some diabolical tongue, and that enchanter-like he would charm us."

To whom one of his men said: "Without doubt, sir, this fellow would counterfeit the language of the Parisians, but he doth only flay the Latin, thinking thus to Pindarise, and conceiting himself to be a great orator in the French, because he disdaineth the common manner of speaking."

To which Pantagruel said, "Is this true?"

The scholar answered: "My worshipful lord, my genie is not apt nate to that which this flagitious nebulon saith, to excoriate the cuticle of our vervacular Gallic, but viceversally I gnave opere, and by veles and rames enite to locupletate it with the Latinicome redundance."

"*Par Dieu!*" cried Pantagruel, "I will teach you

to speak. But first come hither, and tell me whence thou art?"

To this the scholar answered: "The primeval origin of my aves and ataves was indigenary of the Lemovick regions, where requiesceth the corpor of the hagiotat St Martial."

"I understand thee very well," said Pantagruel. "When all comes to all, thou art a Limousin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians. Well now, come hither, I must show thee a new trick."

With this he took him by the throat, saying to him, "Thou flayest the Latin,—by St John, I will make thee flay the fox, for I will now flay thee alive!"

Then began the poor Limousin to cry, "Vee dicou gentilastre, O Saint Marsault, ajuda my, hau! hau!"

"Now," said Pantagruel, "thou speakest naturally." And so let him go.

But this hug of Pantagruel's was such a terror to him all the days of his life, and took such deep impression in his fancy, that very often he would say that Pantagruel held him by the neck. Besides that, it procured him a continual drought and desire to drink, so that after some few years he died Roland's death, that is, thirst,—a work of divine vengeance, showing us that which saith the philosopher, and Aulus Gellius, that it becometh

us to speak according to the common language; and, as said Octavian Augustus, that we should avoid unknown words with as much heedfulness as pilots of ships use to avoid rocks at sea.

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THE LIBRARY OF ST VICTOR.

["The titles of books were often far-fetched and strange. For example: The 'Rosebush of Wars,' the 'Whip of Inquisitors,' the 'Goad of Divine Love,' the 'Antidotory of the Soul,' the 'Matches of Divine Fire,' the 'Spiritual Sugar to Soften the Sharp Misfortunes of the Time,' the 'Sword of Goliath,' the 'Fall of the Devil,' the 'Morning Call of the Calvinists,' the 'Turtle-Dove of Widowhood,' &c. The books of theology and devotion were especially distinguished by these strange titles. Rabelais amuses himself with giving a list—some of which are real titles slightly altered, some are invented."—FLEURY, i. 327.]

After that Pantagruel had studied very well at Orleans, he resolved to see the great University at Paris. And at his entry every one came out to see him, and beheld him with great astonishment, mixed with no less fear, that he would carry away the courts into some other country, *à remotis*, and far from them, as his father formerly had done the bells of Notre Dame, to tie about his mare's neck. Now after he had stayed there a pretty space, and studied very well in all the seven liberal arts, he

said it was a good town to live in, but not to die; for that the beggars of St Innocent are used to warm themselves with dead men's bones. And there he found the library of St Victor, very magnificent, especially as regards certain books which he found there, of which followeth the Catalogue, *Et primò*:—

The Two-horse Tumbrel of Salvation.

Pantofla decretorum.

The Pomegranates of Vice.

The Round Ball of Theology.

The Vistempenard of Preachers, composed by Turlupin.

Elephantine.

The Henbane of Bishops.

Marmotretus de babonis et cingis, cum Commento Dorbellis.

Decretum Universitatis Parisiensis super gorgiasitate muliercularum ad placitum.

The Apparition of Saint Gertrude to a Nun of Poissy, being then in travail.

The Mustard-pot of Penance.

The Gamashes, *alias* the Boots of Patience.

Formicarium artium.

The Scriveners' Waste-paper Basket.

The Marriage-packet.

The Crucible of Contemplation.

The Fariboles of the Law.

The Goad of Wine.

The Spur of Cheese.
Decrotatorium scholarium.
The Fanfaronades of Rome.
Bricot de Differentiis Soupparum.
The Shoe of Humility.
The Trivet of good Thoughts.
The Cauldron of Magnanimity.
The Vicar's Rap over the Knuckles.
Reverendi patris fratris Lubini, provincialis Bavardiæ, de croquendis lardonibus libri tres.
Pasquilli Doctoris Marmorei, de capreolis cum chardoneta comedendis, tempore Papali ab Ecclesia interdicto.
The invention of the Holy Cross, for six persons, played by the Clerks of Finesse.
Spectacles for Pilgrims to Rome.
Majoris de modo faciendi puddinos.
The Prelates' Bagpipe.
Bedá de optimitate triparum.
The Lawyers' Furred Cat.
Of Peas and Bacon, *cum Commento.*
The Crackarades of Bullists, or Stone-throwing Engines, Contrepate Clerks, Scriveners, Brief-writers, Rapporters, and Papal Bull-despatchers, lately compiled by Regis.
A perpetual Almanack for those that have the gout.
The Tradesman's Packthread.
The Ease of the Monastic Life.

The Hodge-podge of Hypocrites.
The History of Hobgoblin.
The Trictrac of the Knocking Friars.
Lyrippii Sorbonici Moralisationes, per M. Lupoldum.
The Bibbings of the tippling Bishops.
Tarrabalationes Doctorum Coloniensium adversus Reuchlin.
The Hotch-pot of the Perpetuals.
The Heretic Morris-dance.
Sixty-nine fat Breviaries.
The Night-mare of the five Mendicant Orders.

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PANURGE.

[In this chapter is introduced Panurge, the most completely original character in Rabelais. He begins by answering in a dozen languages, one after the other. His answers are given here, with the exception of the Greek, word for word after the text in Jacob's edition, though some of them are full of mistakes.]

One day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city, towards St Anthony's abbey, discoursing and philosophising with his people and some scholars, he met with a man of comely stature, and well proportioned in all the lineaments of his body, but in several parts pitifully

wounded; in such bad equipage in matter of his apparel, that he seemed to have escaped from dogs, or, to say better, he resembled an apple-gatherer of Le Perche.

As far off as Pantagruel saw him, he said to those that stood by, "Do you see that man who is coming hither by the Pont Charenton? By my faith, he is only poor in fortune; for I may assure you, that by his physiognomy it appeareth that nature hath extracted him from a rich and noble race, but that the accidents which befall curious people have reduced him to this want and penury."

Now as he was just amongst them, Pantagruel said unto him, "Let me entreat you, friend, that you may be pleased to stop here a little, and answer me to that which I shall ask you, and I am confident you will not think your time ill bestowed; for I have an extreme desire, according to my ability, to give you some help in this distress wherein I see you are, because you move me to great pity. Therefore, my friend, tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, what you desire, and what your name is."

The companion answered him in the German tongue, thus:

"Junker, Gott geb euch glück und heil zuvor. Lieber Junker, ich lasz euch wissen, das da ihr mich von fragt, ist ein arm und erbärmlich Ding, und wer viel darvon zu sagen, welches euch ver-

drüssig zu hören, und mir zu erzelen wer, wiewol die Poeten und Oratorn vorzeiten haben gesagt in ihren Sprüchen und Sèntenzen, das die gedechtnus des elends und armuths vorlängst erlitten ist eine grosse lust."

"My friend," said Pantagruel, "I have no skill in that gibberish; therefore, if you would have us to understand you, speak some other language."

Then did the companion answer him thus (in Arabic):

"Albarildim gotfano dechmin brin alabo dordio falbroth ringuam albaras. Nin portzadikin almucatin milko prin alelmin en thoth dalheben ensouim: kuthim al dum alkatim nim broth dechoth porth min michais im endoth, pruch dalmaisoulum hol moth danfrihim lupaldas im voldemoth. Nin hur diavosth mnarbotim dalgousch palfrapin duch im scoth pruch galeth dal chinon, min foulchrich al conin brutathem doth dal prin."

"Do you understand any of this?" asked Pantagruel of the company.

"I believe," said Epistemon, "that this is the language of the Antipodes; the devil himself knows not what to make of it."

Then said Pantagruel: "Gossip, I know not if the walls do comprehend the meaning of your words, but none of us here understands one syllable of them."

Then said the companion (in Italian):

"Signor mio, voi vedete per essempio, che la cornamusa non suona mai, s'ella non ha il ventre pieno. Cosi io parimente non vi saprei contare le mie fortune, se prima il tribulato ventre non ha la solita refettione. Al quale è adviso che le manì et li denti habbiano perso il loro ordine naturale et del tutto annichilati."

To which Epistemon answered: "As much of the one as of the other."

Then said Panurge in English:

"Lord, if you be so vertuous of intelligence, as you be naturally releaved to the body, you should have pity of me. For nature hath made us equal, but fortune hath some exalted, and others deprived; nevertheless is vertue often deprived, and the vertuous men despised; for before the last end none is good."

"Yet less," said Pantagruel.

Then said Panurge (in Basque):

"Jona andie guaussa goussy etan beharda er remedio beharde versela ysser landa. Anbat es otoy y es nausu ey nessassust gourray proposian ordine den. Non yssena bayta facheria egabe gen herassy badia sadassu noura assia. Aran hondavan gualde cydassu naydassuna. Estou oussyc eg vinan soury hien er darstura eguy harm. Genicoa plasar vadu."

"Are you there," said Eudemon, "Genicoa?"

Then answered Panurge:

"Prust frest frinst sorgdmand strochdi drhds pag brlelang Gravot Chavigny Pomardiere rusth pkaldracg Deviniere pres Nays. Couille kalmuch monach drupp del meupplist rincq drlnd dodelb up drent loch minc stz rinq jald de vins pers cordelis bur jocst stzampenards."

"Do you speak Christian," said Epistemon, "or the buffoon language, otherwise called Patelinois? Nay, it is Lantern tongue."

Then said Panurge (in Dutch):

"Heere, ik en spreeke anders geen tael dan kersten taele: my dunkt noghtans, al en seg ik u niet een wordt, mynen noot verklaert genoegh wat ik begeere: geeft my uyt bermhertigheyt yets, waar van ik gevoet magh zyn."

To which answered Pantagruel, "As much of that."

Then said Panurge (in Spanish):

"Señor, de tanto hablar yo soy cansado, por que yo suplico a vuestra reverentia que mire a los preceptos evangelicos, para que ellos movan vuestra reverentia a lo que es de conscientia; y si ellos non bastaren, para mover vuestra reverentia a piedad, yo suplico que mire a la piedad natural, la qual yo creo que le movera como es de razon: y con esso non digo mas."

"Truly, my friend," said Pantagruel, "I doubt not but you can speak divers languages; but tell us

that which you would have us to do for you in some tongue which you conceive we may understand."

Then said the companion (in Danish):

"Min Herre, endog ieg med ingen tunge talede, ligesom bærn, oc uskellige creatuure: Mine klædebon oc mit legoms magerhed uduiser alligeuel klarlig huad ting mig best behof gioris, som er sandelig mad oc dricke: Huorfor forbarme dig ofuer mig, oc befal at giue mig noguet, af huilcket ieg kand slyre min giæendis mage, ligeruiis som mand *Cerbero* en suppe forsetter: Saa skalt du lefue længe oc lycksalig."

"I think really," said Eusthenes, "that the Goths spoke thus."

Then again said Panurge (in Hebrew):

"Adon, scalom lecha: im ischar harob hal hebdeca bimeherah thithen li kikar lehem: chanchat ub laah al Adonai cho nen ral."

To which answered Epistemon, "At this time have I understood him very well; for it is the Hebrew tongue most rhetorically pronounced."

Then again said the gallant:

Δέσποτα, τινὼν, παναγαθὲ, διότι σὺ μοὶ οὐκ ἀρτοδοτεῖς; ὁρᾷς γὰρ λιμῷ ἀναλισκόμενον, ἐμὲ ἄθλιον, καὶ ἐν τῷ μεταξὺ με οὐκ ἐλέεις οὐδαμῶς, ζητεῖς δὲ παρ' ἐμοῦ ἃ οὐ χρὴ. Καὶ ὅμως φιλολόγοι πάντες ὁμολογοῦσι τότε λόγους τε καὶ ῥήματα περιττὰ ὑπαρχεῖν, ὁπότε πρᾶγμα αὐτό πᾶσι δῆλον ἐστί. Ἔνθα γὰρ ἀνάγκη μόνὸν λόγου ἐστίν, ἵνα πράγματα ᾧν πέρι ἀμφισβητοῦμεν μοι προσφορῶς ἐπιφαίνητε.

"What!" said Carpalim, Pantagruel's footman; "it is Greek—I have understood him. And how? hast thou dwelt in Greece?"

Then said the companion again (perhaps in Breton):

"Agonou dont oussys vous dedagnez algarou: nou den farou zamist vous mariston ulbrou, fousques voubrol tant bredaguez moupreton den goulhoust, daguez daguez non cropys fost pardonnoflist nougrou. Agou paston tol nalprissys hourtou los echatonous, prou dhouquys brol pany gou den bascrou noudous caguons goulfren goul oustaroppassou."

"Methinks I understand him," said Pantagruel; "for either it is the language of my country of Utopia, or sounds very like it."

And as he was about to have begun some argument, the companion said:

"Jam toties vos per sacra, perque deos deasque omneis obtestatus sum, ut si qua vos pietas permovet, egestatem meam solaremini, nec hilum proficio clamans et ejulans. Sinite, quæso, sinite, viri impii, quo me fata vocant abire; nec ultra vanis vestris interpellationibus obtundatis, memores veteris illius adagii, quo venter famelicus auriculis carere dicitur."

"*Dea!* my friend," said Pantagruel, "cannot you speak French?"

"That I can do, sir, very well," said the com-

panion. "It is my natural language and mother tongue; for I was born and bred in my younger years in the garden of France, to wit, Touraine."

"Then," said Pantagruel, "tell us what is your name, and whence you are come: for, by my faith, I have already stamped in my mind such a deep impression of love towards you, that, if you will condescend unto my will, you shall not depart out of my company, and you and I shall make up another couple of friends, such as Æneas and Achates were."

"Sir," said the companion, "my true and proper Christian name is Panurge, and now I come out of Turkey, to which country I was carried away prisoner at that time, when they went to Metelin with a mischief. And willingly would I relate unto you my fortunes, which are more wonderful than those of Ulysses; but, seeing that it pleaseth you to retain me with you, and that I heartily accept the offer, protesting never to leave you, should you go to all the devils, we shall have more leisure at another time wherein to report them. At this present I am in a very urgent necessity to feed; my teeth are sharp, my throat dry, and my stomach fierce—all is ready. If you will but set me to work, it will be balm to see me eat. For God's sake, give order for it."

Then Pantagruel commanded that they should carry him home, and provide him good store of

victuals; which being done, he ate very well that evening, and went early to bed, and slept until dinner-time the next day, so that he made but three steps and a jump from bed to board.

Now at the drinking poor Panurge tippled valiantly, for he was as lean as a red-herring, and went on his feet like a starved cat: so that, by some one being admonished in the midst of his draught of a great bowl full of red wine, with these words, "Fair and softly, gossip; you suck as if you were mad"—"Go to the devil," said he; "thou hast not found here thy little sippers of Paris, that drink no more than a chaffinch, and never take in their liquor till they be bobbed on the tail like sparrows. O companion, if I could mount up as well as I swallow down, I had been long ere this above the sphere of the moon with Empedocles. But I cannot tell what a devil this means. This wine is good and delicious, but the more I drink thereof, the more I am athirst. I believe that the shadow of my lord Pantagruel engendereth thirst, as the moon causeth catarrhs."

At which word the company began to laugh, which Pantagruel perceiving, said, "Panurge, what is that which moves you to laugh so?"

"Sir," said he, "I was telling them that these devils of Turks are very unhappy, in that they can never drink one drop of wine; and that though there were no other harm in Mohammed's Coran.

yet for this would I never submit myself unto their law."

"But now tell me," said Pantagruel, "how you escaped out their hands."

"*Par Dieu, seigneur*," said Panurge, "I will not lie to you in one word.

"The rascally Turks had broached me upon a spit all larded like a rabbit—for I was so thin, that, otherwise, of my flesh they would have made but very bad meat—and in this manner began to roast me alive. Now, as they were roasting me, I recommended myself unto the divine grace, having in my mind the good St Lawrence, and always hoped in God that he would deliver me out of this torment. Which came to pass, and that very strangely. For, as I did commit myself with all my heart unto God, crying, 'Lord God, help me; Lord God, save me; Lord God, take me out of this torment, wherein these traitorous dogs detain me for my maintenance of thy law!' the roaster fell asleep by the divine will, or else by the virtue of some good Mercury, who cunningly put into sleep the hundred-eyed Argus. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep. Then took I up in my teeth a firebrand by the end where it was not burned, and cast it into the lap of my roaster, and another did I throw as well as I could under a bed near the chimney, whereon was the straw mat-

tress of my turnspit. Presently the fire took hold of the straw, and from the straw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked with fir. But the best was, that the fire which I had cast into the lap of my rascal roaster burned his groin. Then he suddenly sprang up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the streets as high as he could, 'Dal baroth! dal baroth! dal baroth!' which is as much as to say, 'Fire! fire! fire!' Incontinently turning about, he came straight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet, when the master of the house hearing the cry of fire, and smelling the smoke from the street where he was walking with other Bashaws and Mustaphas, ran with all speed to give help and to carry away his jewels. As soon as he arrived he caught the broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my roaster stark dead, of which wound he died there for want of regimen or otherwise; for he ran him in with the spit about the middle, towards the right flank, and pierced the third lobe of his liver, and the blow slanting upwards, penetrated the diaphragm, and passing through the capsule of his heart, came out above at his shoulders, betwixt the spondyls and the left homoplat.

"True it is, for I will not lie, that, in drawing

the spit from my body, I fell to the ground near the andirons, and so by the fall took some hurt, but not much, for the lardons, or slices of bacon, kept off the blow. My bashaw then seeing the case to be desperate, his house burnt without remission, and all his goods lost, gave himself over unto all the devils, calling Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus, and Gribouillis, nine several times. Which when I saw, I had more than five penny-worth of fear, dreading that the devils would come at once to carry away this fool, and would perhaps snatch me up too. I am already, thought I, half roasted; my lardons will be the cause of my mischief; for these devils are fond of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the philosopher Jamblicus, and Murmelius, in the Apology *De Bossutis et contrefactis pro magistros nostros.* But for my better security I made the sign of the cross, crying, '*Hagios, athanatos, ho theos,*' and none came. Seeing which, my villain of a bashaw would have killed himself with the spit; indeed he put it to his breast, but it would not pierce him, being too blunt, so that although he pushed as much as he could he profited nothing. Whereupon I came to him and said, 'Master, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, for thou wilt never kill thyself thus. Perhaps thou mayest do thyself some hurt, so as to make thee languish all thy lifetime in the hands of the chirurgeons; but, if thou wilt, I will kill thee

clear outright, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it, and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themselves very well after it.' 'Ha! my friend,' said he, 'I prithee do so, and for thy pains I give thee my purse. Take, here it is; there are six hundred seraphs in it, and diamonds and rubies.'"

"And where are they?" asked Epistemon.

"By St John," said Panurge, "they are a good way hence, if they always keep going. 'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?' This was the greatest care that Villon the Parisian poet had."

"Make an end," said Pantagruel, "that we may know how thou didst dress thy bashaw."

"By the faith of an honest man," said Panurge, "I do not lie in one word. I swaddled him in a scurvy cloth, which I found lying there half burnt, and tied him both hand and foot with my cords, in such sort that he was not able to move; then passed my spit through his throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great hooks, upon which they did hang their halberds; and then kindling a fair fire under him, did flame you up Milord, as they dry herrings in a chimney. With this, taking his purse and a little javelin that was upon the hooks, I ran away a fair gallop.

"When I came down into the street, I found everybody came to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me so half-roasted, they did

naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which joyously refreshed me. Then did they present me with some victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villanous Turk, knob-breasted, furtively snatched away some of my lardons, but I gave him dronos on the fingers with all the weight of my javelin, so that he came no more the second time. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a sciatica, whereunto I had been subject above seven years before, upon that side which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

"Now, whilst they were busy about me, the fire triumphed, never ask how. For it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying cried out, 'Ventre Mahom! all the city is on fire, and we amuse ourselves here.' Upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, I took my way towards the gate. When I was got upon the knap of a little hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did Lot's wife, and looking back, saw all the city burning in a fair fire, whereat I was glad. But God punished me well for it."

"How?" asked Pantagruel.

"Thus," said Panurge; "for when with pleasure I beheld this jolly fire, jesting with myself, and saying, 'Ha, poor flies! ha, poor mice! you will have

a bad winter of it this year, the fire is in your bed-straw,' out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs, great and small, altogether out of the town, flying away from the fire. At the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the scent of my half-roasted flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good angel had not well inspired me with the instruction of a remedy, very sovereign against the toothache."

"And wherefore," asked Pantagruel, "wert thou afraid of the toothache? Wert thou not cured of thy rheums?"

"By Palm Sunday," said Panurge, "is there any toothache worse than when the dogs have got you by the legs? Suddenly I remembered my lardons, and threw them in the midst of the dogs; then the dogs began to rive and to fight with one another as fair teeth, which should have the lardon. Thus they left me, and I left them also tearing each other's skin. Thus did I escape galliard and of good cheer, *et vive la rotisserie!*"

Panurge was of a middle stature, not too high nor too low, and had somewhat an aquiline nose, made like the handle of a razor. He was at that time five-and-thirty years old, or thereabouts, fine to gild like a leaden dagger. He was a very gallant and proper man of his person, only that he

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was a little inclined to gallantry, and naturally subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called *Faulte d'argent, c'est douleur sans pareille.* Always he had threescore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the most honourable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving and secret purloining: cozener, drinker, roysterer, rover, and dissolute fellow, if there were any in Paris. *Au demourant le meilleur fils du monde.* And he was still contriving some mischief against the serjeants and the watch.

At one time he assembled three or four roaring boys; made them in the evening drink like Templars, afterwards led them till they came under St Geneviève, or about the college of Navarre, and at the hour that the watch was coming up that way, which he knew by putting his sword upon the pavement, and his ear by it, and when he heard his sword shake, it was an infallible sign that the watch was near at that instant,—then he and his companions took a tumbrel, and gave it the brangle, hurling it with all their force down the hill, and so overthrew all the poor watchmen like pigs, and then ran away upon the other side; for in less than two days he knew all the streets, lanes, and turnings in Paris as well as his *Deus det.*

At another time he laid, in some fair place where the said watch was to pass, a train of gunpowder, and, at the very instant that they went

along, set fire to it, and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away, thinking that St Anthony's fire had caught them by the legs. As for the poor Masters of Arts and theologians, he did persecute them above all others. When he encountered any of them in the street, he would never fail to put some trick or other upon them, pinning to them little fox-tails, or hares' ears behind them, or some such other prank. One day that they were appointed all to meet in the Sorbonne, he made a Borbonnais tart, made of garlic, of assafœtida, of castoreum, which he steeped, tempered, and liquefied in horrible messes; and, very early in the morning, therewith anointed all the pavement, in such sort that the devil could not have endured it. And all these good people vomited before all the world, as if they had flayed the fox; ten or twelve of them died of the plague, fourteen became lepers, eighteen became covered with boils, but he did not care a button for it. He commonly carried a whip under his gown, wherewith he whipped without remission the pages whom he found carrying wine to their masters, to make them mend their pace. In his coat he had about six-and-twenty little fobs and pockets always full, one with some lead-water, and a little knife as sharp as a glover's needle, wherewith he used to cut purses: another with verjuice, which he threw into the eyes of those he met: another with burrs,

penned with little geese' or capons' feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people, and often made them fair horns, which they wore about the city, sometimes all their life. In another he had little horns full of fleas, which he borrowed from the beggars of St Innocent, and cast them with small quills into the necks of the daintiest gentlewomen that he could find, yea, even in the church; for he never seated himself above in the choir, but always sat in the nave among the women, both at mass, vespers, and sermon.

In another pocket he used to have good store of hooks and buckles, wherewith he would couple men and women together that sat in company close to one another, but especially those that wore gowns of crimson taffaties, that, when they were about to go away, they might rend all their gowns. In another he had a squib furnished with tinder, matches, stones to strike fire, and all other tackle necessary for it. In another, two or three burning-glasses, wherewith he made both men and women sometimes mad, and in the church put them quite out of countenance.

In another he had needles and thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish pranks. One time, at the entry of the Courts of Law unto the great Hall, where a certain cordelier was saying mass to the Judges, he did help to apparel him

and put on his vestments; but in the accoutreing of him, he sewed on his alb to his gown and shirt, and then withdrew himself when the Judges came to hear the said mass. But when it came to the *Ite, missa est*, that the poor Frater would have laid by his stole or surplice, as the fashion then was, he plucked off withal both his frock and shirt, which were well sewed together. From henceforth it was ordained that the poor fathers should never disrobe themselves any more before the world, but in their vestry-room, or sextry, as they call it.

Item, he had another pocket full of itching powder, called stone-allum, whereof he would cast some into the backs of those women whom he saw to be most beautiful and stately, which did so gall them, that some would dance like a cock upon hot embers, or a drumstick on a tabour. Others, again, ran about the streets, and he would run after them.

Item, in another he had a little bottle full of old oil, wherewith, when he saw any man or woman in a handsome suit, he would grease and spoil all the best parts, under pretence of touching them, saying, "This is good cloth, this is good satin, good taffaties, madam; God give you all that your noble heart desireth! You have a new suit, pretty sir; God give you joy of it," and with this would lay his hand upon their shoulder, and

with it a stain which remained for ever was left behind.

"Si enormément engravée
En l'ame, en cors, et renommée,
Que le diable ne l'eust ostie."

Another he had all full of euphorbium, very finely pulverised. In that powder did he lay a fair handkerchief, curiously wrought, which he had stolen from a pretty sempstress of the Courts, and when he came into the company of some good ladies, he would trifle them into a discourse of fine linen, and then immediately put his hand into their bosom, asking them, "And this work, is it of Flanders, or of Hainault?" and then drew out his handkerchief, and said, "Hold, hold! look what work here is!" and shaking it hard at their nose, made them sneeze for four hours without ceasing.

In another he had a picklock, a pelican, a cramp-iron, a crook, and some other iron tools, wherewith there was no door nor coffer which he could not pick open. He had another full of little cups, wherewith he played very artificially, for he had his fingers made to his hand, like those of Minerva or Arachne. And when he changed a teston, or any other piece of money, the changer would have been subtle indeed if Panurge had not at every time made five or six sols vanish away visibly, openly, and manifestly, without making any hurt

or lesion, whereof the changer should have felt nothing but the wind.

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EPISTEMON'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[There is no need to follow Pantagruel in his war with the Dipsodes and the Giants. Enough that he discomfited them, with Loupgarou their captain; but that Epistemon, one of his followers, had his head taken off in the battle.]

This gigantal victory being ended, Pantagruel withdrew himself to the place of the flagons, and called for Panurge and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except Eusthenes, whom one of the giants had scratched a little in the face whilst he was cutting of his throat, and Epistemon, who appeared not at all. Whereat Pantagruel was so aggrieved, that he would have killed himself. But Panurge said unto him, "Dea! Seigneur, stay a while, and we will search for him amongst the dead, and find out the truth of all."

Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his head between his arms all bloody. Then Eusthenes cried out, "Ah, cruel death! hast thou taken from us the perfectest amongst men?"

At which words Pantagruel rose up with the greatest grief that ever any man did see. But

Panurge answered, "Children, weep not one drop more; he is yet all hot; I will make him as sound as ever he was." In saying this, he took the head, and held it warm, that the wind might not enter into it. Eusthenes and Carpalim carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that Pantagruel might see it.

Nevertheless Panurge gave them good comfort, saying, "If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my head, which is a fool's wager. Leave off crying, and help me." Then cleansed he the neck very well with pure white wine, and after that the head, and into it synapised some powder of wild sage, which he always carried about him in one of his pockets. Afterwards he anointed it with I know not what ointment, and set it on very just, vein against vein, sinew against sinew, and spondyl against spondyl, that he might not be wry-necked,—for such people he mortally hated. This done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen stitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again, then all around he put on a little ointment, which he called resuscitative.

Suddenly Epistemon began to breathe, then opened his eyes, yawned, and sneezed. Whereupon Panurge said, "Now, certainly, he is healed," —and therefore gave him to drink a glass of strong white wine, with a sugared toast. In this fashion

was Epistemon finely healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three weeks, and had a dry cough of which he could not be rid but by force of drinking. Then he began to speak, and said that he had seen the devil, had spoken with Lucifer familiarly, and had been very merry in hell and in the Elysian fields. And he affirmed before them all, that the devils were merry fellows. But, in respect of the damned, he said he was very sorry that Panurge had so soon called him back into this world again; "For," said he, "I took wonderful delight to see them." "How so?" said Pantagruel. "Because they do not use them there," said Epistemon, "so badly as you would think. But their condition changed after a very strange manner; for I saw Alexander the Great there, mending and patching old breeches, and thus got his humble living.

Xerxes was a crier of mustard.
Romulus, a seller of salt.
Numa, a nailsmith.
Sylla, a ferryman.
Cyrus, a cowherd.
Themistocles, a glass-maker.
Epaminondas, a maker of mirrors.
Brutus and Cassius, land-surveyors.
Demosthenes, a vine-dresser.
Fabius, a threader of paternosters.
Artaxerxes, a rope-maker.

Æneas, a miller.
Ulysses, a hay-mower.
Nestor, a dealer in old iron.
Ancus Martius, a ship-tarrer.
Camillus, a cobbler.
Marcellus, a sheller of beans.
Asdrubal, a lantern-maker.
Hannibal, a cook.
Priam sold old clothes.
Lancelot of the Lake skinned dead horses.

"All the Knights of the Round Table were poor day-labourers, employed to row over the rivers of Cocytus, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, and Lethe, when my lords the devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the water, as do the boatmen at Lyons, and the gondoliers of Venice.

'Mais pour chacune passade,
Ilz n'ont qu'une nazarde,'

and in the morning a lump of mouldy bread.
Trajan was a fisher of frogs.
Antoninus, a lackey.
Commodus, a bagpiper.
Pertinax, a peeler of walnuts.
Lucullus sold cherries.
Justinian, a pedlar.
Paris was a poor ragamuffin.
Cambyses, a muleteer.
Nero, a fiddler; and Fierabras was his serving-

man, but he played Nero a thousand tricks, and would make him eat stale bread and drink turned wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and Pompey were shipwrights.

Godfrey de Bouillon, a maker of dominoes.

Baldwin was a churchwarden.

Huon of Bordeaux, a cooper.

Pyrrhus, a kitchen-scullion.

Antiochus was a chimney-sweeper.

Perce-Forest, a carrier of fagots.

The four sons of Aymon were all tooth-drawers.

Pope Urban, a bacon-picker.

Melusina was a kitchen drudge-wench.

Cleopatra, a crier of onions.

Dido did sell mushrooms.

Penthesilea sold water-cress.

Lucretia was an ale-house keeper.

"After this manner, those that had been great lords and ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched living there below. And, on the contrary, the philosophers and others who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great lords there in their turn. I saw Diogenes there strutting in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown, and a golden sceptre in his right hand. And he doth make Alexander the Great mad when he has not well patched his breeches; for he pays him with sound bastinadoes. I saw

Epictetus there most gallantly apparelled after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbour, with store of handsome gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good cheer, with abundance of gold crowns. Above the lattice were written these verses for his device:—

'To leap and dance, to sport and play,
And glasses fill with red and old,
And nothing else to do all day
But count the silver and the gold.'

"When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously; and I being willing to be entreated, we tippled together theologically. In the meantime came Cyrus to beg a penny of him for the honour of Mercury, therewith to buy a few onions for his supper. 'No, no,' said Epictetus, 'I do not give away pennies. Hold, thou varlet! there's a crown for thee; be an honest man.' Cyrus was exceedingly glad to have met with such a booty; but the other poor rogues of kings who are there below, as Alexander, Darius, and others, stole it away from him by night. I saw Pathelin the treasurer of Rhadamanthus, who was cheapening pies that Pope Julius cried, and asked him how much a dozen? 'Three francs,' said the pope. 'Nay,' said Pathelin, 'three blows with a cudgel. Lay them down, rascal! lay them down, and go fetch more!' The poor pope went away weeping, and when he came to his master he told him that

they had taken away his pies. Whereupon his master gave him the eel-skin, so that his own skin would have been worth nothing to make bagpipes of. I heard Master Francis Villon ask Xerxes, how much the mess of mustard. 'A penny,' said Xerxes."

"Well," said Pantagruel, "reserve all these fair stories for another time, only tell us how the usurers are there handled."

"I saw them," said Epistemon, "all very busily employed in seeking of rusty pins and old nails in the kennels of the streets, as you see poor rogues do in this world. But the hundredweight of this old iron is valued but at a cantle of bread, and they have but a very bad despatch in the sale of it. Thus the poor misers are sometimes more than three weeks without eating one morsel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night, looking for the fair to come. Nevertheless, of all this labour and misery they reckon nothing, so active they are in hopes, at the end of the year, to earn some scurvy penny by it."

"Come," said Pantagruel, "let us now make ourselves merry one bout, and drink, my lads, I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this month." Then did they uncase their flagons by heaps, and with their provision made excellent good cheer.

BOOK III.

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

MOST illustrious drinkers, and you, thrice precious gentlemen with the gout, did you ever see Diogenes the cynic philosopher? If you have seen him, you then had your eyes in your head, or I am very much out of my understanding and logical sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of the sun. I'll be judged by the blind-born, so renowned in the sacred Scriptures, who, having at his choice to ask whatever he would from him who is Almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might see. Item, you are not young, which enables you competently to philosophise on wine, and henceforwards to be of the Bacchic Council; to the end

that you may give your opinion faithfully on the substance, colour, excellent odour, eminency, propriety, faculty, virtue, effect, and dignity of the said blessed and desired liquor.

If you have not seen him, as I am easily induced to believe, at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the air, and the whole extent of this hemisphere of the heavens, hath his report and fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a story to make your wine relish—drink then,—and to make you talk—hearken then, I give you notice, to the end, that you may not, like infidels, be by your simplicity abused, that in his time he was a rare philosopher, and joyous among a thousand. If he had some imperfection, so have you, so have we. Nothing is there but God which is perfect. So it was, that Alexander the Great, although he had Aristotle for his instructor and companion, held him in such estimation, that he wished, if he had not been Alexander, to have been Diogenes of Sinope.

When Philip, King of Macedon, undertook to besiege and ruin Corinth, the Corinthians having received intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, afraid; and therefore were not negligent in carefully put-

ting themselves each in office and duty to resist his hostile approach and defend their city.

Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their moveables, cattle, corn, wine, fruit, victuals, and other necessary provision. Others did fortify walls, set up bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied casemates, barricaded the false brays, erected cavalliers, repaired counterscarps, plaistered courtines, erected watch-towers, sloped parapets, mortised barbacans, new-pointed portcullices, placed sentries, and sent out patrols. Every one did watch and ward, every one carried the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the headpieces, mail-coats, brigandines, salades, helmets, morions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars, and cuissards, corselets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greaves, gauntlets, and spurs. Others made ready bows, slings, crossbows, bullets, catapults, fire-balls, firebrands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, expugnatory, and destructive to helepolides. They sharpened staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, assagays, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaives, javelins, javelots, and truncheons. They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelaires, back-swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads,

dags, daggers, mandousians, poniards, whynyards, knives, skenes, sables, and raillons. Every man exercised his weapon, every man scoured off the rust from his hanger: nor was there a woman amongst them, though never so prudish or old, who made not her harness to be well furnished; as you know the Corinthian women of old were reputed very courageous combatants.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously, for many days together, without speaking one word, consider and contemplate the countenances of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-wise, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown in an orchard, and giving to an old campanion his wallet, books, and papers, away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth, called Craneum, and there, on a level place, did he roll the earthen tub which served him for a house against the injuries of the weather; there, I say, in great vehemency of spirit, unfolding his arms, did he turn it, veer it, jumble it, harrow it, shuffle it, upset it, beat it, shove it, torment it, to turn it upside down, to roll it at his feet, to dip it, to tap it, to ring it, to caulk it, to uncaulk it, to spoil it, to bang it, to mess it,

to brangle it, to sink it, to push it, to shake it, to start it, to lift it, to wash it, to shut it, to clog it, to point it, to block it, to bustle it, to pick it up, to batter it, to repair it, to sharpen it, to cleanse it, to arm it, guisarmed it, harnessed it, plumed it, caparisoned it, rolled it down the hill; then carried it to the top again, like Sisyphus with his stone, so that he nearly banged the bottom out.

One of his friends seeing this, asked him what moved him so to torment his body, his spirit, and his tub. The philosopher's answer was, that, not being employed in any other charge by the Republic, he in this fashion thundered upon his tub, that, amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loiterer and idler. To the same purpose may I say of myself—

> Though I be rid from fear,
> I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me worthy of any trust, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, every one is most diligently exercised and busied, some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence, others in the repulse of their enemies by an offensive war; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable

order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby France shall be superbly bounded, and Frenchmen assured of rest, that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war to be the father of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called Bellum, and not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply, for that in war appeareth all that is good and graceful, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore, by reason of my weakness and inability, being reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and, on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry a basket, fill a ditch, or break a clod, either whereof had been to me indifferent,—I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude and tragi-comedy, and not exert myself, and

contribute thereto this nothing, my all, which remained to me. In my opinion, little honour is due to such as are mere lookers-on, and of their strength parsimonious; who conceal their crowns and hide their silver; scratch their head with one finger like gaping clowns, yawn at the flies like tithe-calves, prick up their ears like Arcadian asses at the melody of musicians, and by gesture of silence express their consent to the prosopopeia.

Having made this choice and election, I thought to make an exercise neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, if I should set agoing my Diogenical tub, which is all that is left me from the shipwreck of my former misfortunes. At this wagging of my tub, what would you have me to do? By the Virgin who tucks up her sleeve, I know not as yet. Stay a little, till I suck up a draught of this bottle; it is my true and only Helicon; it is my Caballine Fountain; it is my sole enthusiasm. Drinking thus, I meditate, discourse, resolve, and conclude. After the epilogue I laugh, I write, I compose, I drink. Ennius drinking wrote, and writing drank. Æschylus, if Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drank. These passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not say that I live without example of men well praised, and better prized.

Since then my luck or destiny is such as you have heard, for it is not for everybody to go to Corinth, I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of people. Amongst the diggers, pioneers, and rampart-builders, I will do as did Neptune and Apollo at Troy, under Laomedon, or as did Renault of Montauban in his latter days: I will serve the masons, I will set on the pot to boil for the bricklayers; and, the repast over, I will measure with the sound of my bagpipe the singing of the singers.

For the use of the warriors I am about to broach off a new barrel to give them a taste (which by two former volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falsehood of printers, they had not been jumbled and spoiled, you would have very well relished), and draw unto them, of the growth of our own frivolous pastimes, a gallant third part of a gallon, and consequently a joyous quart of Pantagruelian sentences. By me shall you be permitted to call them Diogenic; and shall have me, seeing I cannot be their fellow-soldier, for their faithful butler, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the alarms of the enemy; and for an indefatigable extoller of their martial exploits and glorious achievements.

I remember, nevertheless, to have read, that Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one day amongst the

many spoils and booties which by his victories he had acquired, presenting to the Egyptians, in the open view of the people, a Bactrian camel all black, and a party-coloured slave, in such sort, as that the one half of his body was black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the diaphragm, as was that woman consecrated to the Indian Venus, whom the Tyanean philosopher did see between the River Hydaspes and Mount Caucasus, but in a perpendicular dimension; which were things never before that seen in Egypt. He expected by the show of these novelties to win the love of the people. But what happened thereupon? At the production of the camel they were all affrighted and offended; at the sight of the party-coloured man, some scoffed and others loathed him as a detestable monster brought forth by the error of nature. In a word, the hope which he had to please these Egyptians, and by such means to increase the affection which they naturally bore him, slipped out of his hands; and he learned that things fair, elegant, and perfect, were more to their taste than things ridiculous and monstrous. Since which time he had both the slave and the camel in such dislike, that very shortly thereafter, through negligence, and want of ordinary sustenance, they both exchanged life for death.

This example putteth me in a suspense between hope and fear, misdoubting that, for the content-

ment which I aim at, I reap what I abhor: my treasure turns out ashes, and my Venus, Barbet the dog; instead of serving them, I shall but vex them; instead of making them joyous, I shall offend them; resembling, in this dubious adventure, Euclion's cock, so renowned by Plautus in his Aulularia, and by Ausonius in his Gryphon, and by divers others; which cock, for having by his scraping discovered a treasure, had his throat cut. Put the case I get no anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again. Yet, by Hercules, it will not. So I perceive in them all, one and a specific form, and individual property, which our ancestors called Pantagruelism; by virtue whereof in bad part never will they take anything whatever. They will recognise the upspringing of courage good, free, and loyal. I have seen them ordinarily take goodwill in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having despatched this point, I return to my barrel.

Up, my lads, to this wine! spare it not! Drink boys, and trowl it off at full bowls! If you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those importunate lifre lofres, who by force, outrage, and violence, constrain the company to drink, carouse, and dance, which is worse. All honest tipplers, all honest men with gout, all such as are a-dry, coming to this barrel of mine, need not

drink thereof, if it please them not; but if they have a mind to it, and that the wine prove agreeable to the taste of their worshipful worships, let them drink, frankly, freely, and boldly, without paying anything, and spare it not. This is my decree. And let none fear there shall be any want of wine, as at the marriage of Cana in Galilee; for just as much as you draw forth at the faucet, so much shall I turn in at the bung. Thus shall the barrel remain inexhaustible; it hath a lively spring and perpetual current. Such was the beverage contained within the cup of Tantalus —which was figuratively represented among the Brahmin sages. Such was in Iberia the mountain of salt, so celebrated by Cato. Such was the branch of gold consecrated to the subterranean goddess, so celebrated by Virgil. It is a true cornucopia of joyousness and raillery. If at any time it seem to you to be emptied to the very lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry. Good hope remains there at the bottom, as in Pandora's bottle; and not despair, as in the tubs of the Danaids.

PANURGE'S PRAISES OF PRODIGALITY.

Pantagruel assigned to Panurge the Chatellenie of Salmigondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 royals of certain rent, besides the uncertain revenue of cockchafers and snails, amounting, one year with another, to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1,234,554,321 seraphs, when it was a good year, and cockchafers and snails in request; but that was not every year.

Now the new Chatelain ruled himself so well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his Chatellenie for three whole years. Yet did not he dilapidate it, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges and hospitals, or casting his bacon to the dogs; but spent it in a thousand little banquets and joyous festivals, keeping open house for all comers; yea, to all good fellows, young girls, and dainty maidens; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money beforehand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn in the blade.

Pantagruel, being advertised of the affair, was in no way offended, angry, nor sorry; for I have already told you, and say it again, that he was the

best, little, great goodman that ever girded a sword to his side. He took all things in good part, and interpreted every action to the best sense. He never disquieted himself; he was never scandalised. And he would have abandoned the divine manor of reason, if he had been grieved or afflicted. For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not worthy of disturbing our affections, our senses and spirits.

He only drew Panurge aside, and sweetly represented to him that, if he should continue to live thus, it would prove altogether impossible, or at least difficult, at any time to make him rich. "Rich?" answered Panurge; "have you fixed your thoughts there? Have you undertaken the task to enrich me in this world? Set your mind to live merrily in the name of God and good folks. Let no other cark nor care be harboured within the sacro-sanctified domicile of your celestial brain! May the tranquillity thereof be never troubled by any clouds of imagination edged with trouble and worry. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund, and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Everybody cries up thrift, thrift, but many speak of thrift who know not what belongs to it.

"It is by me that they must be advised. From me, therefore, you shall take this advertisement, that what is imputed to me for a vice hath been

done in imitation of the University and Parliament of Paris, places in which is to be found the true spring and source of the lively idea of pantheology, and all manner of justice. Heretic is he who doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it. Yet they in one day eat up their bishop, or the revenue of the bishopric—is it not all one?—for a whole year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his entry, and is installed. Nor is there any place for an excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be instantly stoned for his parsimony. It hath also been esteemed an act flowing from the habit of the four cardinal virtues.

"Of Prudence, in borrowing money beforehand; for none knows what may fall out. Who is able to tell if the world shall last yet three years? But although it should continue longer, is there any man so foolish as to have the confidence to promise himself three years?

'Onc homme n'eust les dieux tant bien à main,
Qu'asseuré feust de vivre au lendemain.'

"Of Commutative Justice, in buying dear, I say, upon trust, and selling cheap, that is, for ready money. What says Cato in his 'Book of Husbandry' to this purpose? The father of a family, says he, must be a perpetual seller; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich if always lasts the shop.

"Of Distributive Justice it doth partake, in giving entertainment to good, yea, good and gentle fellows, whom fortune had shipwrecked, like Ulysses, on the Rock of Good Appetite without provisions; and likewise to good girls, yea, good, and young, yea, young. For according to the sentence of Hippocrates, Youth is impatient of hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolic, brisk, stirring, and bouncing.

"Of Fortitude, by the cutting down of the great trees, like a second Milo making havoc of the dark forest, serving for shelter to wolves, wild boars, and foxes; receptacles for robbers and murderers, lurking holes for cut-throats, workshops for coiners, and retreats for heretics; laying the woods even and level with the fields and heaths, playing hautboys and bagpipes, and preparing seats for the night of judgment.

"Of Temperance, in eating my corn whilst it was but grass, like a hermit feeding on salad and roots, enfranchising myself from sensual appetites, so that I might spare for the lame and suffering.

"In taking this course I save the expense of weeders, who gain money; of reapers, who drink lustily, and without water; of gleaners, who will expect their cakes; of threshers, who leave no garlic, onions, or shallot in our gardens, by the authority of Thestilis in Virgil; and of the millers, who are commonly thieves; and of the bakers, who

are little better. Is this a small saving? Besides the mischief of field-mice, the decay of barns, and the destruction usually made by weevils and rats.

"Of corn in the blade, you may make good green sauce, of a light concoction and easy digestion, which recreates your brain, exhilarates the animal spirits, rejoiceth the sight, openeth the appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the heart, tickleth the tongue, maketh clear complexion, strengtheneth the muscles, tempers the blood, disburdens the midriff, refresheth the liver, easeth the kidneys, suppleth the reins, quickens the joints of the back."

"I understand you very well," says Pantagruel; "you would thereby infer that those of a mean spirit and shallow capacity have not the skill to spend much in a short time. You are not the first who has conceived this heresy. Nero maintained it, and above all mortals admired most his uncle, Caius Caligula, for having, in a few days, by mirific invention, totally spent all the goods and patrimony which Tiberius had left him."

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PANURGE IN PRAISE OF DEBT.

"But," quoth Pantagruel, "when will you be out of debt?"

"At the Greek kalends," answered Panurge,

"when all the world shall be content, and you will be your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt! No more should I find one who would lend me a penny. Who leaves not some leaven overnight, will hardly have paste the next morning. Are you indebted to somebody? By him will God continually be entreated to grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life; fearing to lose his debt, he will always speak good of you in every company, always will get new creditors unto you; to the end, that through them you may make payment, and with other folk's earth fill up his ditch. When of old in Gaul, by the institution of the Druids, the servants, slaves, and bondsmen were burned quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, perforce, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, with Dis, the Father of Crownpieces, to preserve them long in health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For by those means they were to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors, with even more fervent devotion, will beseech God that you may live, being of nothing more afraid than that you should

die; as it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landerousse, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of corn and wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious season." To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on his discourse, saying, "Truly, when I think upon it, you run full tilt at me, in twitting me with my debts and creditors. *Dea!* In this only respect do I esteem myself worshipful, reverend, and formidable. For against the opinion of most philosophers, that of nothing ariseth nothing, did I out of nothing become a maker and creator; I have created,—what?—so many fair and jolly creditors. Creditors, I will maintain it, even to the fire exclusively, are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an imp of the Infernal Lord, Old Nick. And there is made—what? Debts. A thing rare and ancient. Debts, I say, exceeding the number of syllables which may result from the combinations of all the consonants, with the vowels heretofore projected and calculated by the noble Xenocrates. You will not err in practical arithmetic if you estimate the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of creditors.

"Imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself surrounded by these creditors, so humble, fawning, and full of reverences. And whilst I remark that if I give to one cheerfuller

countenance and better cheer than to another, the fellow thinks that he shall be the first despatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the god of the Passion in the Mystery at Saumur, accompanied by his angels and cherubims.

"These are my candidates, my parasites, my salu-ters, my givers of good-morrows, my perpetual orators. And I verily think, that the Mountain of Heroic Virtue, described by Hesiod, consisteth in debts, wherein I held the first degree in my Commencement. Which dignity few, because of the difficulties in the way, are able to reach; as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing of every one to make more debts and new creditors.

"Nevertheless, he is not always a debtor who wishes: he does not always make creditors who desires. You, however, would push me out of this sovereign felicity: you ask me when I will be out of debt. Well, there are worse things; may Saint Babolin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my lifetime held debt to be as a connection or tie between the heavens and the earth; the only bond of union of the human race; yea, without it the whole progeny of Adam would soon perish; even, perhaps, it is the great soul of the universe, which, according to the Academics, vivifieth all

things. In confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto yourself, without any prejudice of spirit, in a clear and serene fancy, the idea and form of some other world than this; take, if you please, the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus did imagine, wherein it is to be supposed there is no debtor or creditor.

"A world without debts! There amongst the planets will be no regular course, all will be in disorder. Jupiter, reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto Saturn, will thrust him out of his sphere, and with the Homeric chain will be like to hang up the Intelligences, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes, Genies, Devils, Earth, and Sea — all the elements. Saturn will combine with Mars, and will put all the world into perturbation.

"Mercury then will be no more subjected to the other planets; he will be no longer their Camillus, as he was of old termed in the Etruscan tongue. For he is no way a debtor to them.

"Venus will be no more venerated, because she shall have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and obscure. For to what end should the sun impart unto her his light? He would owe her nothing. The sun will not shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe desisted from sending up their nourishment by vapours and exhalations, wherewith Heraclitus said, the Stoics proved,

Cicero maintained, they were cherished and alimented. Among the elements there will be no symbolisation, alteration, nor transmutation; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become water, water will not be changed into air, of air will be made no fire, and fire will afford no heat unto the earth; the earth will produce nothing but monsters, Titans, giants; no rain will descend upon it, nor light shine thereon; no wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any summer or harvest. Lucifer will break loose, and issuing forth of the depth of hell, accompanied with his furies, fiends, and horned devils, will drive out of heaven all the gods, as well of the greater as of the lesser nations. Such a world without lending will be no better than a dog-kennel, more unruly and irregular than that of the Rector of Paris; a devil of a hurly-burly, worse than that of the games of Doué. Men will not then salute one another; it will be but lost labour to cry for aid or succour from any, or to cry fire, water, murder, for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money, there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, or in his death; and that because he hitherto has lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent anything. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity will be quite banished from such a world,—for men

are born to relieve and assist one another; and in their stead will succeed and be introduced Defiance, Disdain, and Rancour, with the cohort of all evils, all imprecations, and all miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that Pandora has spilt her bottle. Men unto men will be wolves, were-wolves, and goblins (as were Lycaon, Bellerophon, Nabuchodonosor,) brigands, murderers, poisoners, assassins, lewd, wicked, malevolent, full of hatred, set against everybody, like to Ishmael, Metabus, or Timon the Athenian, who for that cause was named Misanthropos; in such sort, that it would be easier in nature to have fish entertained in the air, and bullocks fed at the bottom of the ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally world that will not lend. These fellows, I vow, do I hate with a perfect hatred; and if, after the pattern of this grievous and perverse world which lendeth nothing, you figure and liken the little world, which is man, you will find in him a terrible clutter. The head will not lend the sight of his eyes to guide the feet and hands; the feet will refuse to carry the head; the hands will leave off working for it; the heart will be weary of its continual motion for the pulse of the members, and will no longer lend his assistance; the lungs will withdraw the use of their bellows; the liver will send it no more blood for the good of the whole. The brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into

moodiness, and withhold feeling from the sinews, and motion from the muscles. Briefly, in this disordered world, owing nothing, lending nothing, borrowing nothing, you will see a more dangerous conspiration than that which Æsop exposed in his apologue. And without doubt it will perish; and not only perish, but perish very quickly, were it Æsculapius himself. The body will immediately rot, and the chafing soul, full of indignation, take its flight to all the devils after my money.

"On the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are debtors, and all creditors. O how great will be the harmony among the regular motions of the heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as ever Plato did. What sympathy among the elements! O how delectable then unto nature will be her own works and productions! Ceres laden with corn, Bacchus with wines, Flora with flowers, Pomona with fruits, and Juno fair in a clear air, wholesome and pleasant—I lose myself in this contemplation.

"Among mankind, peace, love, affection, fidelity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, merchandise, will trot from hand to hand. No suits at law, no wars, no strife; none will be there a usurer, none will be a pinch-penny, a miser, or refuser. O true God! will not this be the golden age, the reign of Saturn,

the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein all other virtues cease, charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth? All will be good, all will be fair, all will be just.

"O happy world! O people of that world most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that people! I think I am amongst them! I swear to you, by my good forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid world had a pope, abounding with cardinals, and associated with a sacred college, in a few years you would see the saints thicker on the roll, more miraculous, with more lessons at their services, more vows, more staves and wax-candles than are all those in the nine bishoprics of Brittany, St Yves only excepted. Consider, sir, I pray you, how the noble Patelin, having a mind to deify, and extol even to the third heavens, the father of Guillaume Jousseaulme, said no more but this—

'Et si prestoit
Les denrées à qui en vouloit.'

"O the fine saying! After this pattern conceive our microcosm, that is, man, in all his members, lending, borrowing, and owing, that is to say, according to its own nature. For nature hath not to any other end created man, but to owe, borrow, and lend; no greater is the harmony amongst the heavens, than that of this well-ordered policy. The intention of the founder of this microcosm is

therein to entertain the soul which is lodged there, as a guest with its host. Life consisteth in blood; blood is the seat of the soul; therefore the chief work of the microcosm is, to be making blood continually.

"At this forge are exercised all the members, each in its proper office. And such is their hierarchy, that perpetually the one borrows from the other, the one lends the other, and the one is the other's debtor. The stuff and matter convenient to be turned into blood is given by nature—namely, bread and wine. All kind of nourishing victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two. To find out this meat and drink, to prepare and boil it, the hands are put to work, the feet do walk and bear up the whole machine; the eyes guide all; the appetite in the orifice of the stomach, by means of a little sour melancholy, which is transmitted thereto from the milt, giveth warning to put the food in the oven. The tongue doth make the first essay, and tastes it; the teeth do chaw it, and the stomach doth receive, digest, and chilify it. The mesaraic veins suck out of it what is good and fit. Thereafter it is carried to the liver, where it being changed again, it by the virtue of that new transmutation becomes blood. What joy, conjecture you, will then be found amongst those officers, when they see this rivulet of gold, which is their sole restorative? No greater is the

joy of alchymists, when, after long travail, great toil, and expense, they see in their furnaces the transmutation. Then is it that every member doth prepare itself, and strive anew to purify and to refine this treasure. The kidneys, through the emulgent veins, draw out that aquosity. The spleen draweth from the blood its terrestrial part, and the lees which you term melancholy. The bottle of the gall subtracts from thence all the superfluous choler; whence it is brought to another shop or workhouse to be yet better purified and fined, that is the heart, which by its diastolic and systolic motions subtiliseth and inflameth it, so that on the right side ventrical it is brought to perfection, and through the veins is sent to all the members. Each parcel of the body draws it then unto itself, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimented by it, — feet, hands, eyes — yea, all; and then it is that who before were lenders now become debtors. The heart doth in its left side ventrical so thin the blood, that it thereby obtains the name of spiritual; which being sent through the arteries to all the members of the body, serveth to warm and winnow the other blood which runneth through the veins. The lungs never cease with lobes and bellows to refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the heart, through the arterial vein, imparts unto it the choicest of its blood. At last it is

made so fine and subtle within the marvellous net, that thereafter those animal spirits are framed and composed of it; by means whereof it imagines, discourses, judges, resolves, deliberates, ratiocinateth, and remembereth.

"*Vertuguoy!* I drown, I perish, I wander astray, when I enter into the profound abyss of this world, thus lending, thus owing. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend; to owe, a heroic virtue. Yet is not this all. This world thus lending, owing, and borrowing, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth to lend to those who are not as yet born, and by that loan to perpetuate itself, and multiply in images like unto itself—that is, children."

PANURGE'S STRANGE DESIRE.

Panurge, the day after, caused pierce his right ear, after the Jewish fashion, and thereto clasped a little gold ring, of inlaid work, in the stone whereof was enchased a flea; and to the end you may be rid of all doubts, know that the flea was black. It is a fine thing to be in all cases well informed.

He then took four French ells of russet cloth

and therein apparelled himself, as with a long single-stitched gown, left off the wearing of his breeches, and tied a pair of spectacles to his cap. In this equipage did he present himself before Pantagruel; who, not understanding the mystery, asked him what he did intend to personatē in that new-fangled prosopopeia?

"I have," answered Panurge, "a flea in mine ear, and have a mind to marry."

"In a good time be it," said Pantagruel, "you have told me joyful tidings. Yet would not I hold a red-hot iron in my hand for all that. But it is not the fashion of lovers to be accoutred in such dangling vestments, to have their shirts hanging over their knees, without breeches, and with a long robe of russet, which is a colour never used in long garments among persons of quality or virtue."

"The colour," answered Panurge, "is convenient, therefore will I henceforth hold me with it, and, more narrowly and circumspectly than ever hitherto I have done, look to my affairs and business. Seeing I am once out of debt, you never yet saw man more unpleasing than I shall be, if God help me not. Lo, here be my spectacles. I believe certainly, that in the next ensuing year I shall once more preach the crusade. Do you see this russet? Doubt not but there lurketh under it some occult virtue, known to very few in the world. I only took it before this morning; and nevertheless am

already mad after a wife. O the provident and thrifty husband that I shall be! After my death, with all honour and respect due to the perfect husband, will they burn me with an honourable funeral, on purpose to preserve my ashes. Look upon me, sir, both before and behind,—it is made after the manner of a toga, which was the ancient fashion of the Romans in time of peace. I took the shape thereof from Trajan's Column at Rome, and the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus. I am tired of the wars, weary of wearing buff-coats and hoquetons. My shoulders are worn with the carrying of harness. Let arms cease, and the long robe bear sway! At least it must be so for the whole space of the succeeding year, if I be married; as yesterday, by the Mosaic law, you evidenced."

Panurge thereupon fetching a deep sigh, said, "My lord and master, you have now heard the design I am upon, which is to marry. I humbly beseech you, for the affection which of a long time you have borne me, to give me your best advice thereon."

"Then," answered Pantagruel, "seeing you have so decreed and taken deliberation thereon, and that the matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further talk thereof? It only remains to put into execution what you have resolved."

"Yea, but," quoth Panurge, "I would be loath to put it into execution without your counsel and advice."

"It is my judgment also," quoth Pantagruel, "and I advise you to it."

"Nevertheless," quoth Panurge, "if you think that it were better for me to remain as I am, I would rather choose not to marry."

"Then," said Pantagruel, "do not marry."

"Yea, but," quoth Panurge, "would you have me thus remain alone without conjugal company? You know it is written, *Væ soli!* and a single person is never seen to reap the joy and solace that is found with married folks."

"Marry, then, in the name of God," said Pantagruel.

"But if," said Panurge, "my wife were unfaithful —plenty of such there are—it would be enough to make me die for want of patience. This is a point which troubles me."

"Then do not marry," said Pantagruel, "for the maxim of Seneca is true without exception: 'What thou hast done to another, that shall be done unto thee.'"

"Say you," said Panurge, "without any exception?"

"Without exception, it is said."

"Ho! ho!" replied Panurge, "*de par le petit diable*, he means in this world or the next. But if

it were the will of God, and that my destiny did lead me to marry an honest woman, who should beat me, I would be more than two third-parts of Job if I were not stark mad by it. For it hath been told me that these exceeding honest women have ordinarily very wicked headpieces; therefore is it that their family lacketh not for good vinegar. Yet in that case should it go worse with me, if I did not then in such sort bang her arms, legs, head, lights, and liver, and milt, and so mangle her coats, that the great devil himself should wait at the gate for the reception of her lost soul. I could make a shift for this year to waive such molestation, and be content not to be engaged in it."

"Do not marry, then," answered Pantagruel.

"Yea, but," quoth Panurge, "considering the condition wherein I now am, out of debt and unmarried; mark what I say, free from all debt, in an evil hour! for, were I deeply in debt, my creditors would be but too careful of my paternity. But being free, and not married, nobody will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a love like that which is said to be in a conjugal affection. And if by some mishap I should fall sick, I would be looked to very waywardly. The wise man saith, 'Where there is no woman, I mean the mother of a family, and in lawful wedlock, the sick man groans in vain.' I have seen clear experience in popes, legates, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors,

and monks; but there, assure yourself, you shall not find me."

"Marry, then, in the name of God," answered Pantagruel.

"Your counsel," quoth Panurge, "under correction, seemeth unto me not unlike to the song of Ricochet. It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, plays on words, quips, and contradictory iterations. One destroys another. I know not which of all your answers to lay hold on."

"Good reason why," quoth Pantagruel; "for your proposals are so full of ifs and buts, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid solution. Are not you assured within yourself of what you have a mind to? The main point lieth there. All the rest is casual, and dependeth upon the fatal disposition of the heavens.

"We see some so happy in this encounter, that in their marriage there seems to shine some idea and representation of the joys of paradise. Others, again, are so unhappy, that the devils which tempt the hermits of Thebais and Montserrat are not more miserable than they. One must enter upon this adventure eyes banded, with bowed heads, kissing the ground, and recommending ourself to God for the rest, if our will engage upon it. It lieth not in my power to give you any other manner of assurance. Nevertheless, if it please you, this you may do. Bring hither Virgil's poems, and

after opening the book three times, we will, according to the number agreed upon between ourselves, explore the future hap of your marriage. For, by Homeric lot, have some hit upon their destinies; as is testified in the person of Socrates, who, whilst he was in prison, hearing the recitation of this verse of Homer, said of Achilles (Iliad, ix. 363)—

> 'Ἤματί κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἱκοίμην·'
> 'We, the third day, to fertile Phthia came;'

thereby foresaw that on the third subsequent day he was to die. Of the truth whereof he assured Æschines; as Plato, *in Critone;* Cicero, *in primo de Divinatione;* and Diogenes Laertius, have recorded. Witness also Opilius Macrinus, to whom, being desirous to know if he should be the Roman emperor, befell, by chance of lot, this sentence (Iliad, viii. 102)—

> 'Ὦ γέρον, ἦ μάλα δὴ σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,
> Σὴ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δὲ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει.'
> 'Dotard, new warriors urge thee to be gone;
> Thy life decays, and old age weighs thee down.'

In fact, he, being then old, had hardly enjoyed the sovereignty of the empire for the space of fourteen months, when by Heliogabulus, then both young and strong, he was dispossessed thereof and killed. Witness also Brutus, who, willing to learn beforehand the event of the Pharsalian battle,

wherein he perished, lit upon this verse, said of Patroclus (Iliad, xvi. 849)—

'Αλλά με μοιρ' ὀλοὴ, καὶ Λατοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός.'
'Fate, and Latona's son have shot me dead.'

And accordingly, Apollo was the field-word in the day of that fight. Divers notable things of old have likewise been foretold and known by casting of Virgilian lots; yea, in matters of no less importance than the obtaining of the Roman empire, as it happened to Alexander Severus, who, trying his fortune at the said kind of lottery, did hit upon this verse (Æneid, vi. 857)—

'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.'
'Know, Roman, that thy business is to reign.'

He within a few years thereafter was effectually and in earnest created Roman emperor. Witness also Adrian, the Roman emperor, who, being in doubt and pain to know what opinion of him Trajan entertained, and what affection he bore towards him, had recourse to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and came upon these verses (Æneid, vi. 809)—

'Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens? Nosco crines, incanaque menta
Regis Romani.'

'But who is he, conspicuous from afar,
With olive boughs, that doth his offerings bear?
By the white hair and beard I know him plain,
The Roman King.'

Shortly thereafter was he adopted by Trajan, and suceeded to him in the empire.

"Moreover, to the lot of the praiseworthy emperor Claudius the Second befell this line (Æneid, i. 269)—

'Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit æstas.'
'Whilst the third summer saw him reign a king
In Latium.'

And in effect he did not reign above two years.

"To the said Claudius also, inquiring concerning his brother Quintilius, whom he proposed as a colleague with himself in the empire, happened this response (Æneid, vi. 869)—

'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata,'—
'Whom fate just let us see,
And would no longer suffer him to be.'

And so it fell out; for he was killed on the seventeenth day after he had attained unto the management of the empire.

"The very same lot also, with the like misluck, did betide the emperor Gordian the younger.

"To Clodius Albinus, being very solicitous to understand somewhat of his future adventures, did occur this saying (Æneid, vi. 858)—

'Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu
Sistet; eques sternet Pænos, Gallumque rebellem.'
'The Romans boiling with tumultuous rage,
This warrior shall the dangerous storm assuage;
With victories he the Carthaginian mauls,
And with strong hand shall crush the rebel Gauls.'

"Likewise when the above-named emperor Claudius, Aurelian's predecessor, did search after the fate of his posterity, his hap was to alight on this verse (Æneid, i. 278)—

'Hic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.'
'No bounds are to be set, no limits here.'

Which was fulfilled by the goodly genealogical row of his race.

"When M. Pierre Amy did explore if he should escape the ambush of the hobgoblins, he fell upon this verse (Æneid, iii. 44)—

'Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!'
'Ah, flee the bloody land, the wicked shore!'

Thus he escaped from their hands safe and sound.

"A thousand other adventures, to narrate which would be prolix, has happened according to the sentence of the verses chanced upon. Nevertheless I do not infer that the lot is infallible, so that you may not be abused by it."

"It would be sooner done," quoth Panurge, "and more expeditely with three fair dice."

"No," replied Pantagruel—"that sort of lottery is deceitful, illicit, and scandalous; never trust in it. The accursed book of the Recreation of Dice was a great while ago invented in Achaia near Bura, by the Enemy of mankind, who, before the statue of the Buraïc Hercules, did of old, and doth

in several places of the world, as yet, make many simple souls to err and fall into his snares. You know how my father Gargantua hath forbidden it over all his kingdoms and dominions; how he hath caused to burn the moulds, and altogether suppressed, abolished, and cast it out of the land as a very dangerous plague.

"Nevertheless, to satisfy your humour in some measure, I am content you throw three dice upon this table, that, according to the number of the pips turned up, we will take the verse in that page which you shall open. Have you any dice in your pocket?"

"A whole bagful," answered Panurge. With this the three dice being taken out and thrown, and the cast was five, six, and five. "That makes," quoth Panurge, "sixteen in all. Let us take the sixteenth line of the page. The number pleases; I think that we shall have a prosperous chance."

"Of that, forsooth, I make no doubt at all," quoth Pantagruel.

He had no sooner spoke these words, than the works of Virgil were brought in. But before the book was laid open, Panurge said to Pantagruel, 'My heart beats within me like a mitten. Touch my pulse a little on this artery of my left arm. At its frequent rise and fall you would say that they belabour me after the manner of a probationer of the Sorbonists. But would you not hold

it expedient, before we proceed any further, that we should invocate Hercules and the Tenetian goddesses, who in the chamber of lots are said to rule, sit in judgment, and bear a presidential sway?"

"Neither him nor them," answered Pantagruel; "only open up the leaves of the book with your nail."

Then at the opening of the book, at the sixteenth line, did Panurge encounter upon this following verse (Virg. Ecl., iv. 63)—

"Nec Deus hunc mensa, Dea nec dignata cubili est."

"The god him from his table banished,
Nor would the goddess have him in her bed."

"This response," quoth Pantagruel, "maketh not very much for your benefit or advantage. The goddess, whom you shall not find favourable unto you, is Minerva, a most redoubtable virgin, a powerful goddess. The god is Jupiter, terrible and thunder-striking god. And you will notice that, by the doctrine of the ancient Etruscans, the manubies, for so did they call the hurling of the Vulcanic thunderbolts, did only appertain to her, and to Jupiter her father capital. This was verified in the conflagration of the ships of Ajax Oileus, nor doth this fulminating power belong to any other of the Olympic gods. Men, therefore, stand not in such fear of them. More-

over I will tell you, and you may take it as extracted from high mythology; that, when the giants undertook to wage war against the gods, these at first did laugh at these enemies, who were, in their conceit, not strong enough to cope with their pages; but when they saw by the gigantic labour the high hill Pelion set on lofty Ossa, and that the mount Olympus was made shake, in order to be erected on the top of both; then did they all stand aghast.

"Then was it that Jupiter held a general chapter, wherein it was unanimously resolved upon that they should valiantly stand to their defence. And because they had often seen battles lost by the hindrances of women, it was decreed that they should expel and drive out of heaven into Egypt and the confines of Nile the whole crowd of goddesses, disguised in the shapes of weasels, polecats, bats, frogs, and other suchlike transformations, only Minerva was reserved to participate with Jupiter in the horrific fulminating power; as being the goddess both of war and learning, of arts and arms, of counsel and despatch; a goddess armed from her birth, a goddess dreaded in heaven, in the air, by sea and land."

"*Ventre sus ventre!*" quoth Panurge, "should I then be Vulcan, whom the poet blazons? Nay, I am neither a cripple, coiner of false money, nor blacksmith, as he was. My wife possibly will be as comely and handsome as ever was his Venus,

but not *ribaude* as she, nor I like him. For this cause ought you to interpret the verse thus. This lot importeth, that my wife will be honest, virtuous, and faithful; not armed, hair-brained, or extracted out of brains, as was the goddess Pallas; nor shall this fair jolly Jupiter be my co-rival."

"Hold there," said Pantagruel; "soft and fair my lad! turn over the leaves for the second time."

Then did he fall upon this ensuing verse—

"Membra quatit, gelidusque coït formidine sanguis."
"His joints and members quake, he becomes pale,
And sudden fear doth his cold blood congeal."

"This importeth," quoth Pantagruel, "that she will well and soundly bang you back and front."

"Clean and quite contrary," answered Panurge; "it is of me that he prognosticates, in saying that I will beat her like a tiger, if she vex me."

"You are very stout," says Pantagruel; "Hercules himself durst hardly adventure to scuffle with you in this your fury."

Thereafter did he hit, at the third opening of the book, upon this verse—

"Fœmineo prædæ, et spoliorum ardebat amore."
"After the spoil and pillage, as in fire,
He burnt with a strong feminine desire."

"This portendeth," quoth Pantagruel, "that she will rob you; and I see you very well fobbed according to the three lots. Hence this, according to

these three drawn lots, will be your future destiny, —I clearly see it: your wife will be unfaithful, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed."

"Nay, it is quite otherwise," quoth Panurge, "for it is certain that this verse presageth that she will love me with a perfect liking. Nor did the satirist lie in proof hereof, when he affirmed that a woman, burning with extreme affection, takes sometimes pleasure to steal from her sweetheart. And what, I pray you? A glove, a point, to make him search for it. In like manner, these small debates and petty brabbling contentions, which frequently we see spring up betwixt lovers, are new refreshments and spurs of love. As, for example, we do sometimes see cutlers hammer their whetstones, therewith to sharpen their tools the better. And therefore do I think, that these three lots make much for my advantage. If not, I appeal from their sentence."

"There is no appeal," said Pantagruel, "from the decrees of fate and fortune: as is recorded by our ancient lawyers, witness Baldus, *Lib. ult. Cap. de Leg.* The reason hereof is, fortune doth not acknowledge a superior, to whom an appeal may be made from her, or any of her lots."

THE TRIAL BY DREAMS.

"Now, seeing we cannot agree together in the manner of expounding the Virgilian lots, let us try another way of divination."

"Of what kind?" asked Panurge.

"Of a good ancient and authentic fashion," answered Pantagruel; "it is by dreams. For in dreaming, with the conditions described by Hippocrates, Plato, Plotinus, Iamblicus, Sinesius, Aristotle, Xenophon, Galen, Plutarch, Artemidorus, Daldianus, Herophilus, Q. Calaber, Theocritus, Pliny, Athenæus, and others, the soul doth oftentimes foresee what is to come. There is no need to prove this to you at length. You may understand it by a familiar example; as when you see that at such a time as babes, well cleaned, fed, and fostered, sleep soundly, the nurses can meanwhile disport themselves, and are free for the time to do what they wish, their presence at the cradle being unnecessary. Even just so, when our body sleeps, the soul being no more necessary to it until the waking, delighteth itself, and revisiteth its native country, which is heaven, where it receiveth a most notable participation of its first and divine origin; and in contemplation of that infinite sphere, whereof the centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere (to wit, God, according to the doctrine of

Hermes Trismegistus)—to whom no new thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all things are alike present—it remarketh not only what is past, in inferior movements, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing these things unto the body by the outward senses and exterior organs, exposing them unto others, is called foreteller and prophet. True it is that the soul doth not report those things in such sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the imperfection and frailty of the corporeal senses; just as the moon, receiving light from the sun, doth not communicate it unto us so bright, so pure, so hot and burning as she received it. Here it is requisite that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational, and peremptory expounder or interpreter be pitched upon. For this cause Heraclitus was wont to say, that nothing is by dreams revealed to us, that nothing is by dreams concealed from us, and that only we thereby have a signification and evidence of things to come, either for our own good or evil fortune, or for the good or evil fortune of another.

"Fail not therefore to-morrow, when the joyous Aurora with the rosy fingers chaseth the darkness of night, to apply yourself to dream profoundly. In the meanwhile divest your mind of every human passion or affection, such as are love and hatred, fear and hope; for as of old the great

vaticinator Proteus, being disguised, transformed into fire, water, a tiger, a dragon, and other such-like uncouth shapes, could not presage anything that was to come, till he was restored to his proper and kindly form,—just so man cannot receive the divine gift of prophecy unless the part within him which is divine—I mean the νοῦς, or mind—is calm, peaceable, untroubled, quiet, still, and not distracted with foreign passions and affections."

"I am content," quoth Panurge. "Must I this evening eat much or little? I do not ask this without cause. For if I sup not well and amply, my sleeping all night is worth nothing. I do but dose and rave, and my dreams are as hollow as my stomach."

"Not to sup," answered Pantagruel, "were best for you, considering the constitution of your body. A certain ancient prophet named Amphiaraus, wished such as had a mind by dreams to be imbued with any oracles, for four-and-twenty hours to taste no victuals, and to abstain from wine three days together. Yet shall not you be put to such a rigorous and extreme diet. I believe that a man whose stomach is replete with various cheer, and surfeited with drinking, is hardly able to conceive aright of spiritual things; yet am not I of the opinion of those who, after long and pertinacious fastings, think by such means to enter more profoundly into the speculation of celestial mysteries.

You may very well remember how my father Gargantua (whom here for honour sake I name) hath often told us, that the writings of abstinent, abstemious, and long-fasting hermits were every whit as saltless, jejune, and insipid as were their bodies when they did compose them. Difficult it is for the spirits to be serene and lively when the body is in inanition; seeing the philosophers and physicians affirm, that the animal spirits spring from, and have their constant practice in and through, the arterial blood, refined and purified to the life within the admirable net which lieth under the ventricles of the brain. You shall eat good pears, *bon Chrétien* and bergamot, one king pippin, plums of Tours, and a few cherries from my orchard. Nor shall you need to fear that thereupon will ensue doubtful dreams, fallacious, uncertain, as by some peripatetic philosophers hath been related; for that, say they, men do more copiously in the season of harvest feed on fruitages, than any other time. As for your drink, you are to have it of the fair pure water of my fountain."

"The condition," quoth Panurge, "is very hard. Nevertheless, cost what price it will, or whatsoever come of it, I heartily condescend thereto; protesting that I shall to-morrow break my fast betimes, after my dreams. Furthermore, I recommend myself to Homer's two gates, to Morpheus, to Icellon, to Phantasus, and unto Phobetor. If

they in my need aid and succour me, I will erect to them a joyous altar, composed of the softest down."

Then did he thus say unto Pantagruel: "Were it not expedient for my purpose to put a branch or two of laurel under my pillow?"

"There is no need at all of that," quoth Pantagruel; "it is a thing very superstitious. The cheat thereof hath been discovered unto us in the writings of Serapion Ascalonites, Antiphon, Philochorus, Artemon, and Fulgentius Planciades. I could say as much to you of the left shoulder of a crocodile, as also of a chameleon, saving our respect to old Democritus; and likewise of the stone of the Bactrians, called Eumetrides, and of the horn of Ammon; for so by the Æthiopians is termed a certain precious stone, coloured like gold, and in the fashion, shape, form and proportion of a ram's horn, as the horn of Jupiter Ammon is reported to have been: they over and above assuredly affirming, that the dreams of those who carry it about them are no less veritable and infallible than the truth of the divine oracles. By accident it is that Homer and Virgil write of the two gates of dreams to which you have recommended yourself. The one is of ivory, which letteth in confused, doubtful, and uncertain dreams; for through ivory, how thin soever it be, we can see nothing—the density and opacity hinder the penetration of the

visual rays. The other is of horn, at which an entry is made to sure and certain dreams, even as through horn, by reason of its diaphanous splendour, all species appear clearly and distinctly."

At seven of the clock on the next morning, Panurge presented himself before Pantagruel, there being in the chamber Epistemon, Friar John, Ponocrates, Endemon, Carpalim, and others, to whom, on the appearance of Panurge, Pantagruel said, "Behold our dreamer." "That is a word," said Epistemon, "which once cost a great deal, and was dearly sold to the children of Jacob." "Then," said Panurge, "I am on good terms with Guillot the dreamer. I have dreamed well, and more than well, but I understand not one word of it. Excepting only that in my dreaming I had a wife, young, gallant, and perfectly fair, who treated and entertained me delicately, like a little pet child. Never was man more glad or more joyous. She flattered me, tickled me, kissed me, embraced me, and, in sport, made me two beautiful little horns in the forehead. I told her, laughing, that she should rather put them under my eyes, so that I might the better see what I wished to strike with them, in order that Momus might find in them nothing imperfect or worthy of correction, as he does in the position of oxen's horns. The playful girl, notwithstanding my remonstrance, still continued to stick them on in front. Now this did me

no hurt whatever, which is a marvellous thing. A little afterwards it seemed that I was transformed, I know not how, into a tabour, and she into a screech-owl. Then was my slumber interrupted, and with a start I awoke, angry, perplexed, and perturbed. There is a little dish of dreams for you. Make good cheer upon them, and tell me how you interpret them. Let us go to breakfast, Monsieur Maitre Carpalim."

"I understand," said Pantagruel, "if I have any judgment in the art of divination by dreams, that your wife will not make for you in reality and outward appearance horns in your forehead such as the satyrs wear; but she will not keep faith and conjugal loyalty. This point hath been clearly set forth by Artemidorus, as I tell you. In the same way there will be no metamorphosis of you into a tabour; but by her shall you be beaten like a tabour at a wedding-feast: nor of her into a screech-owl; but she will plunder and steal from you, as is the property of screech-owls. See how your dreams agree with the Sortes Virgilianæ: she will rob you, she will beat you, she will be unfaithful."

Then cried Friar John, "He says the truth, *par-bieu*, brother of mine. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Quite the contrary," said Panurge. "My dream presages that in my marriage I shall have plenty of good things, with the horn of abundance. You say they will be the horns of satyrs. *Amen.*

Amen. Fiat Fiatur, ad differentiam papæ. The horns which my wife made for me were horns of abundance and plenty; I promise you that. As for the rest, I shall be as joyous as a tabour at a wedding, always sounding, always drumming and humming. Believe me, that it is the augury of happiness. My wife shall be sweet and coy as a prètty little owlet—

> 'Qui ne le croyt, d'enfer aille au gibet,
> Novel nouvelet.'"

"I note," said Pantagruel, "the last point that you said, and compare it with the first. At the beginning you were full of pleasure in your dream. Then you awoke with a start, angry, perplexed, and perturbed."

"Yea," said Panurge, "because I had had no breakfast."

"All will fall into ruin, I foresee. Know for truth that every slumber ending with a start, and leaving the sleeper angry and vexed, either betokeneth evil or presageth evil.

"It betokeneth evil,—that is to say, some malady, malignant, pestilential, secret, latent in the body, which, by sleep, which continually strengtheneth the concoctive virtues, according to the theory of medicine, would commence to declare itself and to move towards the surface. At which melancholy motion would be repose dissolved, and the intelligence

would be admonished to commiserate and to provide for it. As they say in the proverb, to irritate wasps, to stir muddy water, to wake a sleeping cat.

"It presageth evil,—that is to say, it giveth us to understand that some mischance is prepared and destined for the soul, which shall shortly take place. Witness the dream and affrighted waking of Hecuba; the dream of Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, —after both which dreams, Ennius said that they awoke with a start and in affright. Afterwards Hecuba saw her husband Priam, her children, her country, killed and destroyed. And Eurydice shortly afterwards perished miserably. Witness Æneas, dreaming that he spoke to Hector, then dead, and shortly afterwards awoke with a start. Lo! on that same night was Troy sacked and burned. Another time he dreamed that he saw his familiar and household gods, and awoke in affright; the next day he endured a terrible storm at sea. Witness Turnus, who, being incited by a phantom of an infernal Fury to make war against Æneas, awoke surprised and angry, and then, after long desolations, was killed by that very Æneas. There are thousands of other examples. When I speak to you of Æneas, note that Fabius Pictor says that nothing was by him ever done or undertaken, nothing ever happened unto him, which he had not already known and foreseen by divination of

dreams. Reason is not wanting to the example; for if slumber and repose are the gift and special grace of the gods, as the philosophers maintain and the poet attests, when he says (Virg. Æn., ii. 368)—

> 'Lors l'heure estoyt que sommeil, don des cieulx,
> Vient aux humains fatiguez, gratieulx;'

such a gift cannot terminate in vexation and wrath without the intimation of some great misfortune. Otherwise repose would be no repose, and the gift no gift. Nor would it come from the gods our friends, but from the devils our enemies, according to the proverb, ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα—the gifts of our enemies are no gifts. As if the master of the house, being seated at a well-served table, in good appetite at the commencement of his repast, were seen suddenly to spring from his seat with a start. He who could not know the cause of it would be astonished. But what? He had heard his servants cry Fire! his maids cry Thief! his children cry Murder! Therefore needs must that he leave his repast and run to bring remedy and order. Truly I remember how cabalists interpreters of the Holy Scriptures, explaining how some could with discernment know the truth of angelic apparitions (for often the angel of Satan represents himself as the angel of light), say that the difference between the two is the benevolent and consoling angel, when he appears unto man, frightens him at the

beginning, and at the end consoles him, and renders him contented and satisfied; but the malign angel, the seducer, at the beginning rejoices the man, and leaves him in the end perturbed, vexed, and perplexed."

"The Lord," said Panurge, "keep from evil him who sees well and hears no whit! I see you very well, but I do not hear you at all, and I know not what you say. The hungry stomach hath no ears. When I have well breakfasted, and am full stuffed with hay and grain, then at a pinch and in case of necessity I might do without dinner. But not to sup! That is error, that is a flying in the face of nature. Nature made the day for exercise, for labour, and for the practice every man of his vocation; and in order that this might be the more clearly done, she furnished us with a candle—to wit, the clear and joyous light of the sun. In the evening she begins to take it away, and says to us tacitly, 'Children, you are honest folk: enough work, the night cometh: it behoves you to cease from labour and to restore yourselves with good bread, good wine, good meat; then to rejoice yourselves a little, to lie down and repose, in order the next day to be fresh and cheerful for work as before.' Which the good pope who first instituted fasts very well understood. For he ordained that the fast should continue to the hours of Nones, and that for the rest of the day we should be at

liberty to take food. In times of old very few people dined as monks and canons do now; for they have no other occupation, all their days are holidays, and they diligently observe a claustral proverb, *de missâ ad mensam*, and they never wait longer than the arrival of the abbot before sitting to table. But everybody sups, except a few dotard dreamers; whence supper is called *cœna*—that is to say, the 'common' meal. You know it well, Friar John. Come, my friend, *de par tous les diables*, come: my stomach barks with hunger, like a dog. Let us throw into it store of soup down the throat to pacify it, like the Sibyl with Cerberus. You love the soup of Prime: I love rather the simple soups, joined with a labourer's piece, salted with nine lessons."

"I understand you," said Friar John. "His metaphor comes from the claustral pot. The labourer is the ox that labours or has laboured; by 'nine lessons' is meant cooked to perfection. For the good fathers of religion, by certain cabalistic institutions of the ancients, not written, but passed from hand to hand, when they rose and went into the holy chapel, called in their enigmas the claustral kitchen, devoutly begged that the beef might at once be put to the fire for the breakfast of the religious, brothers of our Lord. Often they themselves lit the fire under the pot. Now when Matins had nine lessons, they got up the earlier;

and the greater grew their appetite and thirst at the turning over of the parchment than when Matins had one or three lessons only. The earlier they got up the earlier went the beef to the fire.

> 'Plus y estant, plus cuict restoyt,
> Plus cuict restant, plus tendres estoyt.'

The less it used their teeth, the more it pleased their palate. The less it oppressed the stomach, the more it nourished the good religious. What is the only end and first intention of the founders? It is in contemplation of this that they do not eat to live, but live to eat, and have their life only in this world. Come, Panurge."

"At this moment," said Panurge, "I have understood thee, comrade claustral and caballic. Come, Carpalim; Friar John, my bosom friend, let us go. Farewell, my lords all, I have dreamed enough for drinking. Come."

Panurge had no sooner finished than Epistemon said loudly, "Common it is and a vulgar thing among mortals to understand, foresee, know, and predict the misfortunes of other people. But oh, how rare it is to predict, know, foresee, and understand one's own misfortunes! And how prudently did Æsop figure this in his fables, saying that every man in this world at his birth bears a wallet round his neck, in the front bag of which are the faults and misfortunes of others, always

exposed to our view and knowledge; and in the bag behind are the faults and misfortunes of himself, and they are never known or understood by any except by those who enjoy the benevolence of heaven."

THE SIBYL OF PANZOUST.

A little while thereafter Pantagruel sent for Panurge, and said unto him, "The affection which I bear you being now settled in my mind by a long continuance of time, prompteth me to the serious consideration of your welfare and profit. Hear, therefore, what I have thought thereon. It hath been told me that at Panzoust, near Croulay, dwelleth a very famous sibyl, who foretells all things to come. Take Epistemon for company, repair towards her, and hear what she will say unto you."

"She is possibly," quoth Epistemon, "a Canidia, a Sagana, a Pythoness, and sorceress. What makes me think so is, that the place is reported to abound more with witches than ever did Thessaly. I will not go thither willingly. The thing is unlawful, and forbidden by the law of Moses."

"We are not Jews," quoth Pantagruel, "nor is it confessed nor proved that she is a witch."

Their voyage was a six days' journey. On the seventh whereof, was shown unto them the house of the vaticinatress, standing on the top of a hill, under a large and spacious chestnut-tree. Without difficulty they entered into the thatched cottage, badly built, badly furnished, and all besmoked. "Baste!" quoth Epistemon; "Heraclitus, the grand Scotist and darksome philosopher, was not astonished on entering into such a habitation; for he did usually show forth unto his sectators and disciples, that here the gods made as cheerfully their residence as in palaces full of delight. I believe that such was the cottage of the so famous Hecate, when she made a feast therein to young Theseus; and such also was the cot of Hireus, or Œnopion, wherein Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury were not ashamed to sojourn a whole night, and there to take a full and hearty repast; and officially in payment of the shot forged Orion." They found the ancient woman in the chimney-corner. "She is," said Epistemon, "indeed a true sibyl, and the true portrait by the Γρηϊ καμινοῖ of Homer." The old woman was in pitiful plight, ill apparelled, ill nourished, toothless, blear-eyed, crook-shouldered; she was making a green cabbage soup, with a slice of yellow bacon and an old marrow-bone. "*Verd et bleu!*" said Epistemon, "we have failed, nor shall we get from her any response at all, for we have not with us the branch of gold."

"I have," quoth Panurge, "provided for that; for here I have it within my bag, in a gold ring, accompanied with fair and joyous caroluses." These words spoken, Panurge saluted her profoundly, and presented her with six neats' tongues smoked, a great butter-pot full of flour, a great flagon full of drink, and a purse stored with newly made caroluses. At last, with a low courtesy, he put on her third finger a handsome golden ring, wherein was magnificently enchased a toadstone of Bresse. This done, in few words did he expose unto her the motive of his coming, courteously entreating her to give him her counsel and a good fortune in his intended marriage.

The old woman for a while remained silent, pensive, and grinding her teeth; then she sat upon the bottom of a bushel, and took between her hands three old spindles, which, when she had turned and whirled betwixt her fingers diversely, she tried their points, the sharpest whereof she retained in her hand, and threw the other two under a grindstone. After this she took her windles, which she nine times turned: at the ninth turn, without touching them any more, she considered the movement of the windles, and waited for them to stop.

After this she pulled off one of her pattens, put her apron over her head, as the priests put on their amice when they are going to sing mass, and with

an ancient party-coloured string, knit it under her neck. Being thus covered and muffled, she took a long draught out of the flagon, took three caroluses forth of the purse, put them into so many walnut-shells, which she set down upon the bottom of a feather-pot, and then gave three whisks of a broom athwart the chimney, cast into the fire half a fagot of heather and a branch of dry laurel. She watched them burn in silence, and saw that they made no kind of noise or crackling in burning. Hereupon she gave a most hideous cry, muttering betwixt her teeth barbarous words of strange termination.

So that Panurge said to Epistemon, "*Par la vertus bieu!* I tremble: I think I am enchanted: she speaketh not a Christian tongue. Look how she seemeth to be four full spans higher than when she began to hood herself with her apron. What meaneth this wagging of her jaws? What meaneth this shrugging of her shoulders? To what end does she quaver with her lips, like a monkey in the dismembering of a crayfish? My ears stand up like horns. I think I hear the shrieking of Proserpina; the devils will soon break loose! O the ugly beasts! Let us fly! *Serpe Dieu!* I die for fear! I love not devils; they vex me, and are displeasing. Let us fly! Adieu, madam; thanks for your goods! I will not marry, no. I renounce it from this time forward, even as much as at pres-

ent." With this he began to escape out of the room, but the old woman anticipated his flight, holding the spindle in her hand, and went out into an orchard near her house, where was an ancient sycamore: she shook it thrice, and on eight leaves which fell from it, she forthwith wrote short verses. Then she threw them into the air and said, "Go, search them if you will; find them if you can; the fate and lot of your marriage is written thereupon."

They ran after the fallen leaves, and gathered them at last, though not without great labour, for the wind had scattered them amongst the thorn-bushes of the valley. When they had ranged them each after other, they found out their sentence as follows:—

T'esgoussera,
De renom;
Engroissera,
De toy non.

THE TRIAL OF THE DYING.

"I never thought," said Pantagruel, "to have encountered with any man so headstrong in his apprehensions as I see you are. Nevertheless, the better to clear your doubts, let us leave no stone unturned. Take heed to what I say. The swans, which are fowls consecrated to Apollo, never chant

but when they draw near to death, especially by the Meander river of Phrygia ; so that the song of a swan is the presage of his approaching death, and he doth not die before he hath sung.

"After the same manner poets, who are under the protection of Apollo, when they are drawing near their latter end, do ordinarily become prophets, and by Apolline inspiration sing vaticinating things to come. It hath been likewise told me frequently, that old men near their end easily divine the future. I remember also that Aristophanes, in a certain comedy of his, calleth old folks Sibyls. For as when, being upon a pier, we see afar off mariners and travellers on the high sea within their ships, we consider them in silence only, and pray for them a happy and prosperous arrival; but when they approach the haven, then with words and gestures we salute them, and congratulate them on having arrived at the port of safety with ourselves. Just so the angels, heroes, and good demons, according to the doctrine of the Platonics, when they see mortals drawing near the grave, as unto a very sure and safe port, a port of repose and tranquillity, free from troubles and earthly solicitudes; then is it that they salute them, comfort them, speak with them, and begin to communicate unto them the art of divination. I will not offer here the ancient examples of Isaac, of Jacob, of Patroclus towards Hector, of Hector towards Achilles, of the Rhodian

renowned by Posidonius, of Calanus the Indian towards Alexander the Great, of Orodes towards Mezentius, and others. It shall suffice that I commemorate the learned and valiant chevalier William of Bellay, late Seigneur of Langey, who died at the Hill of Tarara, the 10th of January, in the climacteric year of his age, and of our supputation 1543, according to the Roman account. The three or four hours before his death he employed in vigorous words, in tranquil and serene understanding, predicting what we have partly seen and partly look for. Howbeit his prophecies did at that time seem unto us absurd and unlikely; because there did not then appear any cause or prognostic sign of what he did foretell. . We have here near to the town of Ville-au-Maire a man who is both old and a poet—to wit, Raminagrobis. I have heard that he is at the article and last moment of his decease. Repair thither and hear his chant. It may be that you shall obtain from him what you desire, and that Apollo will by his means clear your scruples."

"I am content," quoth Panurge. "Let us go thither, Epistemon, instantly, lest death come upon him. Wilt thou come along with us, Friar John?"

"I will," replied Friar John, "right heartily to do thee a courtesy, for I love thee with the best of my liver."

Thereupon, incontinently, to the way they all three went, and arriving at the poetical habitation,

they found the good old man in the agony of death, yet looking cheerfully, with an open countenance and lively regard. Panurge, saluting him, placed upon the third finger of his left hand a ring of gold, in which was set an oriental sapphire, fair and large. Then, in imitation of Socrates, did he make an oblation unto him of a fair white cock; which was no sooner set upon the tester of his bed, than that with a high raised crest, he shook his feathers and crowed aloud. This done, Panurge courteously invited him to say and expound his judgment touching the doubts on the intended marriage. The old man commanded pen, paper, and ink to be brought unto him. This was promptly done; then he wrote these following verses:—

"Take her, friend, or take her not:
If you take her, you are wise:
If to take her you despise,
Nowise worse will be your lot:
Gallop apace; proceed jog-trot;
Stand doubtingly; commence red-hot.
Take her, friend.
Starve, or empty twice the pot—
To do what is undone arise,
Or undo all that done you prize:
Preserve her life, or have her shot.
Take her, friend."[1]

[1] I am indebted for this translation to Mr Joseph Knight. It has been printed, but not published, in the 'Recreations of the Rabelais Club,' together with the less-known ballad, also by Guillaume Cretin, on the same subject.

These lines he gave out of his own hands unto them, saying unto them, "Go, children, under the care of the great God of the heavens; and do not offer any more to trouble or disquiet me with this or any other business. I have this same very day, which is the last both of May and of me, with a great deal of labour and difficulty, chased out of my house a rabble of filthy, unclean, and pestilentious beasts, black, dusk, dun, white, ash-coloured, speckled, who would not permit me to die at my own ease; and by fraudulent prickings, harpy-like graspings, waspish importunities, forged in the shop of I know not what insatiability, they awoke me out of those sweet thoughts wherein I was reposing myself, contemplating, seeing, yea, already touching and tasting of the happiness and felicity which the good God hath prepared for His faithful and elect in the other life, and state of immortality. Turn out of their courses, do not resemble them; molest me no more, but leave me in silence, I beseech you."

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THE TRIAL OF THE ASTROLOGER.

"Truly," said Epistemon, "the case is hazardous. I find myself insufficient to give you a resolution. I have in my brain some fancies, by means

whereof we might determine something on your perplexity; but they do not thoroughly satisfy me. Some of the Platonic sect affirm that whosoever is able to see his own Genius, may know his destiny. There is yet another point. If there were any authority now in the oracles of Apollo in Lebadia, Delphi, Delos, Cyrrha, Patara, Tegyra, Præneste, Lycia, Colophon; of Bacchus in Dodona; of Mercury at Pharæ, near Patras; of Apis in Egypt; of Serapis in Canope; of Faunus in Menalia, and Albunea near Tivoli; of Tiresias in Orchomenus; of Mopsus in Cilicia; of Orpheus in Lesbos, and of Trophonius in Leucadia;—I would advise you, perhaps I should not advise you, to go thither for their judgment concerning your enterprise. But you know that they are all of them become more dumb than fishes, since the advent of that Saviour King, whose coming to this world hath made all oracles and prophecies to cease; as when cometh the sun's clear light vanish all goblins, ghosts, spectres, were-wolves, and spirits of darkness. Even though they were yet in continuance, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any trust in their responses. Too many folks have been deceived thereby. I remember, furthermore, how Agrippina did charge the fair Lollia with the crime of having interrogated the oracle of Apollo Clarius, to understand if she should be married to the Emperor Claudius; for

which cause she was at first banished, and thereafter put to an ignominious death."

"But," saith Panurge, "let us do better; the Ogygian Islands are not far distant from the haven of St Malo. Let us, after that we shall have spoken to our king, make a voyage thither. In one of these, that which hath its aspect toward the sun setting, I have read in good and ancient authors that there reside many soothsayers, prophets, and diviners of things to come; that Saturn inhabiteth that place, bound with fair chains of gold, and within a golden rock, being nourished with divine ambrosia and nectar, which are daily transmitted to him from the heavens, by I do not well know what kind of fowls,—it may be that they are the same ravens which in the deserts are said to have fed St Paul, the first hermit,—and that he very clearly foretelleth unto every one who is desirous to be certified of his lot, his destiny, and what will happen to him; for the Parcæ spin nothing, nor doth Jupiter project or deliberate anything, which the good father knoweth not to the full, even whilst he is asleep. This will be a very summary abbreviation of our labour, if we but hearken unto him a little upon this my perplexity."

"This is," answered Epistemon, "an abuse too evident, a fable too fabulous. I will not go."

"Nevertheless," he continued, continuing his discourse, "I will tell you what you may do, if you

believe me, before we return to our king. Hard by here, in Bouchart Island, dwelleth Herr Trippa. You know how by the arts of astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, metopomancy, and others of a like stuff, he foretelleth all things to come; let us confer with him about your business."

"Of that," answered Panurge, "I know nothing. Yet let us go to him, seeing you will have it so; for surely we can never learn too much."

They on the very next ensuing day came to Herr Trippa's lodging. Panurge, by way of donative, presented him with a long gown lined all through with wolf-skins, with a short sword mounted with a gilded hilt, in a velvet scabbard, and with fifty good angels: then in a familiar and friendly way did he ask of him his opinion touching the affair.

"Have you a mind," quoth Herr Trippa, "to have the truth of the matter fully and amply disclosed unto you by pyromancy—by aeromancy, whereof Aristophanes in his Clouds maketh great estimation—by hydromancy—by lecanomancy, of old in prime request amongst the Assyrians, and thoroughly tried by Hermolaus Barbarus? By catoptromancy, likewise held in such account by the Emperor Didius Julianus, that by means thereof he ever and anon foresaw all that which at any time did happen or befall unto him. Thou shalt not need to put on thy spectacles, for in a mirror thou wilt see her as clearly as if I should show

it in the fountain of the temple of Minerva, near Patras. By coscinomancy, most religiously observed of old amidst the ceremonies of the ancient Romans. Let us have sieve and shears, and thou shalt see devils. By alphitomancy, cried up by Theocritus in his Pharmaceutria. By alentomancy, mixing the flour of wheat with oatmeal. By astragalomancy, whereof I have the plots and models all at hand ready for the purpose. By tiromancy, whereof we may make proof in a great Brehemont cheese, which I here keep by me. By giromancy; if thou shouldest turn round circles, thou mightest assure thyself from me, that they would fall always on the wrong side. By sternomancy, which maketh nothing for thy advantage, for thou hast an ill-proportioned stomach. By libanomancy, for the which we shall need but a little frankincense. By gastromancy, which kind of ventral fatiloquency was for a long time together used in Ferrara by the Lady Jacoba Rodogina, the Engastrimythian. By cephalomancy, often practised amongst the High Germans, in their boiling of an ass's head upon burning coals. By ceromancy, where, by the means of wax dissolved into water, thou shalt see the figure, portrait, and lively representation of thy future wife. By capnomancy; we shall lay on burning cinders the seed of poppy and of sesame. O the gallant method! By axionomancy; we want only a

hatchet and a jet-stone to be laid together upon a quick fire of hot embers. O how bravely Homer was versed in the practice hereof towards Penelope's suitors! By onymancy, for that we have oil and wax. By tephramancy, thou wilt see the ashes thus aloft dispersed, exhibiting thy wife. By botanomancy; for the nonce I have some few leaves of sage. By sycomancy—O divine art!—in fig-tree leaves. By ichthyomancy, in ancient times so celebrated, and put in use by Tiresias and Polydamas, with the like certainty of event as was tried of old at the Dina-ditch, within that grove consecrated to Apollo, which is in the territory of the Lycians. By choeromancy; let us have a great many hogs, and thou shalt have the bladder of one of them. By cleromancy, as the bean is found in the cake on the Eve of Epiphany. By anthropomancy, practised by the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus. It is somewhat irksome, but thou wilt endure it well enough. By sibylline stichomancy; by onomatomancy; or else by alectryomancy. Or, for the more certainty, will you have a trial of your fortune by the art of aruspiciny? By extispiciny? By augury? that is, by the flight of wild birds. By the song of sacred birds? By the motions of ducks when they eat? By necromancy? I will, if you please, suddenly revive some one lately deceased, as Apollonius of Tyana did to Achilles, and the Pythoness in the

presence of Saul; which body will tell us the sum of all: no more nor less than, at the invocation of Erictho, a certain defunct person foretold to Pompey the whole progress and issue of the Pharsalian battle. Or, if you be afraid of the dead, I will make use only of sciomancy."

"Go, get thee gone!" quoth Panurge. "Why the devil didst not thou counsel me as well to hold an emerald or other precious stone under my tongue? or to furnish myself with tongues of whoops, and hearts of green frogs? or to eat the heart and liver of a dragon, to the end that I might, at the chanting and chirping of swans and other fowls, understand my destiny, as did of old the Arabians in the country of Mesopotamia? Fifteen brace of devils seize upon enchanter, witch, and sorcerer of antichrist. Let us return towards our king; I am sure he will not be well pleased with us, if he once come to get notice that we have been in the kennel of this devil in a long gown. I repent my being come hither. The devil take him! Say *Amen*, and let us go drink."

THE TRIAL OF THE THEOLOGIAN.

No sooner were they come to the palace, but they made report unto Pantagruel of their expedition,

and showed him the response of Raminagrobis. Pantagruel, after having read it and re-read it, said—

"I have not as yet seen any answer which affordeth me more contentment. He would have us to understand, that every one, in the enterprise of marriage, ought to be the arbiter of his proper thoughts, and from himself alone take counsel. Such always hath been my opinion to you, and when at first you spoke thereof to me, I truly told you this same very thing; but tacitly you scorned my advice, I remember, and know that self-love deceives you. Let us do otherwise, and that is this. Whatever we are, or have, consisteth in three things—the soul, the body, and the goods. Now, for the preservation of these three, there are three sorts of people. Theologians are appointed for the soul, physicians for the body, and lawyers for our goods. It is therefore my resolution to have on Sunday next with me at dinner a divine, a physician, and a lawyer. With those three together, we will confer on your perplexity."

"By St Picaut," answered Panurge, "we never shall do any good that way! I see that very well already. And you see yourself how the world is vilely abused. We give our souls in charge to theologians, who for the greater part are heretics. Our bodies we commit to the physicians, who all

abhor physic and never take any. And we intrust our goods to the lawyers, who never go to law with one another."

"You speak like a courtier," quoth Pantagruel. "But the first point I deny; for we see how good theologians make it their chief business, yea, their whole and sole employment, by their deeds, their words, and writings, to extirpate errors and heresies out of the hearts of men, and in their stead profoundly plant the true and lively Catholic faith. The second point you spoke of I commend, seeing how good physicians give such attention to the prophylactic and preservative part of their profession, that they stand in no need of the curative or therapeutic, by medicaments. As for the third, I grant it; for learned advocates are so much taken up with their pleadings and replies in cases of other people, that they have no leisure to attend to their own. Therefore, on the next ensuing Sunday, let the divine be Father Hippothadeus—the physician, Master Rondibilis—and the legist our friend Bridoye; and I am of opinion that we should enter upon the Pythagorean tetrade, and choose as a fourth our ancient friend the philosopher Trouillogan—especially seeing a perfect philosopher, such as is Trouillogan, is able positively to resolve all doubts you can propose. Carpalim, have you a care to have them here all four on Sunday next at dinner."

"I believe," said Epistemon, "that throughout

the whole country you could not have better chosen. I say this not so much in regard of the perfections of each in his own vocation, which are beyond all question, as for that Rondibilis is married now, who before was not—Hippothadeus was not before, nor is yet. Bridoye has been, but is not now, and Trouillogan is, and has already been before."

The dinner on the subsequent Sunday was no sooner made ready, than that the invited guests appeared, except Bridoye, deputy-governor of Fonsbeton. At the ushering in of the second service, Panurge, making a low reverence, spake thus:—

"Gentlemen, there is only the question of one word—should I marry or no? If my doubt be not resolved by you, I shall hold it as one of the insoluble questions of philosophy: for all of you are elected, chosen, and culled out, every one in his own profession, like peas on a board."

The Father Hippothadeus, on the invitation of Pantagruel, and with reverence to the company, answered with inconceivable modesty: "My friend, you ask counsel of us; but first you must consult with yourself."

"I have," replied Panurge.

"My counsel to you in that case, my friend, is that you marry," quoth Hippothadeus.

"That," cried Panurge, "is spoken gallantly,

without circumbilivaginating round the pot. Gramercy, good father! I shall marry now without fail, and speedily. I invite you to my wedding. *Corps de galine!* we shall make good cheer. You shall wear my colours. I will entreat you to lead up the first dance of the bridesmaids, if it may please you to do me so much favour and honour. There resteth yet a small difficulty, a little scruple, yea, even less than nothing, whereof I humbly crave your resolution. Will she be faithful, father, yea or no?"

"Yea," answered Hippothadeus; "if it please God."

"The Lord help us now!" cried Panurge; "whither do you drive me, good folks? To the Conditionals, which, in dialects, admit of all contradictions and impossibilities. If my transalpine mule were to fly, my transalpine mule would have wings. If it please God. If this were a condition which I knew how to prevent, my hopes should be as high as ever, nor would I despair. But you here send me to God's privy council. Friends and Frenchmen, which way do you take to go thither?

"I believe, father, it will be your best not to come to my marriage. The clutter and dingle-dangle noise of wedding-guests would break your brain. You love repose, solitude, and silence; I believe you will not come. And then you dance but indifferently, and would be out of countenance at

the first entry. I will send you some fried pork to your chamber, together with the bride's favour, and there you may drink our health, if you please."

"My friend," said Hippothadeus, "take my words in good part. When I say, if it please God—do I to you any wrong? Is it an ill expression? Is it a blasphemous or scandalous condition? Do not we thereby honour the Lord Creator, Protector, and Conserver? Do not we thereby acknowledge Him to be the sole giver of all good? Do not we thereby declare that we all depend on His benignity? and that without Him nothing exists, nothing is of any value or power, without the infusion of His holy grace? Is not that verily a sanctifying of His holy name? My friend, she shall be true to you, if it please God; nor shall we need to despair of the knowledge of His good-will herein, as if it were an abstruse secret, that for the clear understanding thereof it were necessary to consult with His privy council. The good God hath done us this good, that He hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and described them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that your wife shall never be faithless, if you make choice of one descended of honest parents, and instructed in piety and virtue,—such a one as hath only haunted and frequented company of good manners; one loving and fearing God, taking

delight in pleasing Him by faith and the observing of His holy commandments, fearing to offend Him and lose His grace by defect of faith and transgression of His holy law, wherein strict adherence to her husband is enjoined; and that she is to cherish, serve, and love him above anything, next to God.

"Consider how the moon doth not borrow her light from Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, or any other planet or star in the firmament, but from her husband only, the bright sun; and from him receives no more than he gives her by his infusion and aspect. Just so should you be a pattern and exemplar to your wife in virtue and honesty; and you must continue to implore the grace of God for your protection."

"You would have me, then," said Panurge, twisting his mustachios, "espouse the prudent woman described by Solomon? Without all doubt she is dead. I never saw her that I know; the Lord forgive me! Nevertheless I thank you, father. Eat this slice of marchpane, it will help your digestion; then shall you drink a cup of claret hypocras, which is right healthful and stomachal. Let us proceed."

THE TRIAL OF THE PHYSICIAN.

"Therefore," he continued, "I beseech you, good master Rondibilis, should I marry or not?"

"By the amble of my mule," said Rondibilis, "I know not what answer to make to this problem."

[Rondibilis learnedly points out how Panurge may distract his thoughts from marriage in various ways—as (1) by immoderate use of wine; (2) by cooling and lowering drugs; (3) by hard labour; (4) by study.]

"Be pleased to contemplate the form of a man earnestly set upon some study: you shall see in him all the arteries of his brain are stretched like the string of a cross-bow, the more dexterously to furnish him with spirits, sufficient to replenish the ventricles of sense, of imagination, and apprehension, of ratiocination and resolution, of memory and remembrance; and with great alacrity to run from the one to the other, through those manifest conduits in anatomy at the end of the wonderful net where all the arteries terminate—which arteries, taking their rise from the left chamber of the heart, refine the vital spirits by long circuits. Nay, in such a studious person, you will see suspended all his natural faculties, all his exterior senses dead; in a word, you will judge him not to be his living self, to be transported by ecstasy outside himself,

and you will say that Sophocles did not abuse the term when he said, 'Philosophy is nothing else but a meditation upon death.' This possibly is the reason why Democritus blinded himself, prizing at a lower rate the loss of sight than the diminution of his contemplations, which he frequently had found disturbed by the roving of the eyes. Therefore Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, the guardian of students, is accounted a virgin. Therefore the Muses are esteemed virgins; therefore remain the Graces in eternal chastity.

"I remember to have read, that Cupid on a time being asked of his mother Venus, why he did not assault the Muses, replied, that he found them so fair, so neat, so modest, so discreet, and so continually employed—one in the contemplation of the stars, another in the supputation of numbers, another in the dimension of geometrical bodies, another in rhetorical invention, another in poetical composition, another in music—that approaching near unto them he unbent his bow, shut his quiver, and extinguished his torch, through shame and fear that he might do them some hurt. Which done, he put off the fillet wherewith his eyes were bound, the better to look them in the face, and to hear their pleasant songs and poetic odes. There took he the greatest pleasure in the world, that many times he was transported with their beauty and graces, and charmed asleep by the harmony; so far was

he from assaulting them, or interrupting their studies."

[Rondibilis, however, can in no way relieve the doubt in Panurge's mind. Ponocrates, during the discussion, relates the following story of women's curiosity.]

"I have heard that Pope John XXII., passing on a day by Fontevrault, was besought by the abbess and the discreet mothers of the said convent to grant them an indulgence, by means whereof they might confess themselves to one another; alleging that religious women are subject to imperfections which it is a shame insupportable for them to discover to men, but that they would more freely and more familiarly tell them to each other under the seal of confession. 'There is not anything,' answered the Pope, 'which I would not grant you willingly; but I find one inconvenience —confession should be kept secret. You women would hardly be able to do so.' 'Exceeding well,' they replied, 'and much more closely than men.'

"The said Pope, therefore, gave them in keeping a box, wherein he had caused a little linnet to be put, willing them very courteously to lock it up in some sure and hidden place, and promising them, by the faith of a Pope, to grant their request if they would keep the box secret, enjoining them withal rigorously not to open it in any way, on pain of ecclesiastical censure and eternal

excommunication. The prohibition was no sooner made but that they did all of them burn with ardent desire to see what was within, and it seemed tedious that the Pope was not already out of the house so that they might begin.

"The holy father, after he had given them his benediction, retired to his own lodging. But he was not yet three steps without the abbey, when the good ladies, all in a crowd, rushed to open the forbidden box and to see what was within.

"On the next day the Pope made them another visit, with the design, as they imagined, to despatch the indulgence. But before he would enter into any talk, he commanded the casket to be brought unto him. It was brought; but the bird was no more there. Then was it that the Pope did represent to them that it would be too hard a thing for them to conceal confessions, seeing that they were not able for so short a time to keep secret a box so strongly recommended to them."

[Ponocrates goes on to relate the plot of the comedy of the "Dumb Wife," acted at Montpellier by Anthony Saporta, Guy Bourguyer, Balthasar Noyer, Tolet, John Quentin, Francis Robinet, John Perdrier, and Francis Rabelais.]

"The good man her husband wished that she could speak. She did speak, by the art of the physician and the surgeon, who cut an encyliglotte which she had beneath her tongue. Her speech recovered: she spoke so fast and so much that her

husband returned to the physician for a remedy to make her dumb again. The physician replied that in their art they had many ways of making women speak, but none for making them silent: that the only remedy was the husband's deafness against this interminable talking of the wife. The fellow became deaf, therefore, by virtue of some charms which the doctor used. Then the physician demanding his pay, the man replied that he was deaf and could not understand him. Whereupon the physician threw some powder upon his back, by which he became mad. Then the madman and his enraged wife together beat the physician and the surgeon so that they left them both half dead. I never laughed so much as at this *patelinage.*"

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THE CASE OF JUDGE BRIDOYE.

[Nothing more being got from the physician, Panurge consults the philosopher, but from him receives advice more contradictory and involved. The philosopher evades every question, and will return a direct answer to no single point. As for Judge Bridoye, who is absent, the news comes that he is detained by having to defend his method of judgment, which, as he explains, has, during a long and honourable career upon the bench, always been determined by throwing the dice, after reading the pleadings and carefully weighing the evidence.]

On the day following, Pantagruel proceeded to Myrelingues to attend the trial of Judge

Bridoye. At his arrival the presidents, senators, and counsellors prayed him to enter with them, and hear the decision of the causes and reasons which Bridoye would produce, why he had pronounced a certain sentence against one Toucheronde, which did not seem equitable to that centumviral court. Pantagruel willingly entered, and found Bridoye sitting within the middle of court; who, for all his reasons and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight was not so good as it had been; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, which *not. per Archid. d. l. lxxxvi. c. tanta.* Wherefore he was not able so distinctly to discern the points of the dice as formerly he had done: whence it might have happened, as Isaac, old and dim of sight, took Jacob for Esau, so he, at the decision of the cause in question, should have mistaken a quatre for a cinque, especially marking that he had used his small dice. And by disposition of law, the imperfections of nature should never be imputed unto any for a crime; as appeareth, *ff. de re milit. l. qui cum uno. ff. de reg. Jur. l. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum. ff. de term. mod. l. Divus Adrianus, resolut. Lud. Rom. in l. si. vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherwise, should not thereby accuse the man, but nature, as is evident in *l. maximum vitium, c. de lib. prætor.*

"What dice," asked Trinquamelle, grand president of the said court, "do you mean, my friend?"

"The dice," answered Bridoye, "of judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct. 26. qu. 2. cap. sort. l. nec emptio ff. de contrahend. empt. l. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. et ibi Bartol.*, dice which your worships commonly use in this your sovereign court. As do all other judges in their decision of cases, observing that which hath been said thereof by D. Henri. Ferrandat, *et not. gl. in c. fin. de sortil. et l. sed cum ambo. ff. de jud. Ubi. Docto.* that chance is good, honest, profitable, and necessary for ending of debates in suits at law. The same hath more clearly been declared by Bald. Bartol. et Alex. c. *communia de leg. l. si duo.*"

"But how is it that you do these things?" asked Trinquamelle.

"I shall very briefly," replied Bridoye, "answer you, according to the doctrine and instructions of *Leg. ampliorem § in refutatoriis. c. de appel.;* which is conformable to *Gloss. l.* 1. *ff. quod. met. causa. Gaudent brevitate moderni.* I do the same as your worships, and as is the custom of the judicature, unto which our law commandeth us to have regard; *ut not. extra de consuet. c. ex literis et ibi innoc.* For having seen, reviewed, recognised, read, and read again, turned and tossed over the bills of complaint, adjournments, citations, commissions, informations, preparatories, productions, allegations,

depositions, contradictions, requests, inquiries, replies, duplicates, triplicates, writings, accusations, grievances, denunciations, libels, certificates, letters royal, compulsory, delinatory, anticipatory, evocations, envoys, messages, conclusions, demurs, appointments, reliefs, confessions, exploits, and other suchlike confects and spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as a good judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr.* 3. *et Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. paragr. fin. et de rescriptis præsentat. parag.* 1. —I place on the end of the table in my closet all the bags of the defendant, and then give him first chance, according to the manner of your other worships. And it is mentioned, *l. favorabiliores ff. de reg. jur. et in cap. cum sunt eod. tit. lib.* 6. which saith, '*cum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori.*' That done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same table the bags of the plaintiff, just as you do, gentlemen, *visum visu;* for, *Opposita juxta se posita clarius elucescunt: ut not. in lib.* 1. *parag. Videamus. ff. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, et in l. munerum* § *mixta ff. de mun. et hon.* Then do I likeways deliver him his chance."

"But," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, how come you to know the obscurity of the rights claimed by pleading parties?"

"Even just," quoth Bridoye, "after the fashion

of your worships: to wit, when there are many bags on the one side and the other, I then used my small dice, as do your worships, in obedience to the law, *Semper in stipulationibus ff. de reg. jur.* and the law *versale* versified, that *Eod. tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur:* canonised in *c. in obscuris. eod. tit. lib.* 6. I have other large dice, fair and harmonious, which I employ, as do your worships, when the matter is more plain—that is to say, when there are fewer bags."

"That done," asked Trinquamelle, "how do you, my friend, pronounce judgment?"

"Even as your worships do," answered Bridoye; "for I give sentence in his favour unto whom hath befallen the best chance by dice, judiciary, tribunian, pretorial. So our laws command, *ff. qui pot. in pign. l. creditor. c. de consul.* 1. *Et de regul. jur. in* 6. *Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.*"

"Yea, but," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, seeing it is by lot and throw of the dice that you give your judgments, why do not you throw this hazard on the very day and hour, without any further delay, the controverting pleaders appear before you? To what use can those writings serve you, those papers contained in the bags of the suitors?"

"Just as to your worships," replied Bridoye, "they serve me in three things—exquisite, requisite, and authentic. First, for formality, by omission whereof, whatever has been done is ren-

dered useless, as is very well proved by *Spec.* I. *tit. de instr. edit. et tit. de rescript. present.* Besides, you know much better than I, that often, in judicial proceedings, the formalities destroy materialities and substances; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia. ff. ad. exhib l. Julianus ff. ad. leg. fals. l. si is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. c. ad audientiam, et de celebrat miss. c. in quadam.*

"Secondly, they serve me, even as your worships, in lieu of honest and healthful exercise. The late Master Othoman Vadare, a great physician, as you would say, *Cod. de Commit. et Archi. lib.* 12, hath frequently told me, that the lack of bodily exercise is the only cause of the little health and short lives of your worships and of all officers of justice. Which observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by Bartholus in *l.* I. *c. de sent. quæ pro eo quod.* Therefore there are, as to you, gentlemen, to me consecutively, *quia accessorium naturam sequitur principalis, de reg. jur. l.* 6. *et l. cum principalis, et l. nihil dolo ff. eod. tit. ff. de fide-jus. l. fide-jus. et extra de officio deleg. cap.* I. Certain honest and recreative sports allowed, *ff. de allus. et aleat. l. solent. et authent. et omnes obed. in princ. coll.* 7. *et ff. de præscript. verb. l. si gratuitam et l.* I. *cod. de spect. l.* II. Such also is the opinion of D. Thomæ, *in secunda, secundæ, Q.* I. 168, quoted to good purpose by D. Albert de Ros, who *fuit magnus practicus*, and a solemn doc-

tor, as Barbatias attesteth in *principiis consil.* The reason is set down *per. gloss. in proemio ff. par ne autem tertii.*

'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.'

"Now, *resolutorie loquendo,* I should say, as you would, gentlemen, that there is no exercise in all this palatine world more aromatising than to empty bags, turn over papers, quote note-books, fill panniers, and inspect cases, *Ex Bart. et Joan. de Pra. in l. falsa de condit et demonst. ff.*

"Thirdly, I consider, just as you do, gentlemen, that time ripeneth all things, that by time everything cometh to be made manifest—time is the father of truth. *Gloss. in l.* 1. *cod. de servit authent. de restit. et ea quæ pa. et spec. tit. de requisit cons.* Therefore is it, that as you do, gentlemen, I defer, delay, and put off the judgment, to the end that the suit, being well fanned, sorted, and debated, may, by succession of time, come to maturity, and the lot, coming soon after, may be more patiently borne by the parties condemned, as *not. gl. ff. de excus. tut. l. tria onera.*

'Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter.'

"On the other part, to pass sentence when the action is raw, green, and at the beginning, the danger would ensue of inconveniency, which the physicians say befalleth to him in whom an im-

posthume is pierced before it be ripe, or unto any other whose body is purged of a hurtful humour before its digestion. For as it is written, *in authent. hæc constit. in Innoc. de consist. princip.*—so is the same repeated *in gloss. in c. cæterum, extra de juram. calumn. Quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis.* Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us to gather and eat fruits when they are ripe. *Instit. de rer. div. paragr. is ad quem. et ff. de action. empt. l. Julianus.* To marry likewise our daughters when they are ripe, *ff. de donation, inter vir. et uxor. l. cum. hic status. paragr. si quis sponsam et 27 qu.* 1. *c. sicut dicit gloss.*

> 'Jam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis
> Virginitas.'

To do nothing but in full maturity, 23 *q.* 1. § *ult. et* 23. *de c. ultimo.*

"For this cause," said Bridoye, continuing, "just as you do, gentlemen, I temporise as you, waiting for the maturity of the process and its perfection in all its members—to wit, the writings and the bags. *Arg. in l. si major. c. commun. divid. et de cons. di* 1. *c. solemnitates, et ibi gl.* A suit in law at its first birth seemeth to me, as unto you, gentlemen, shapeless and imperfect. As a bear, at its birth, hath neither feet nor hands, skin, hair, nor head; it is merely a rude and shapeless lump of flesh. The dam, by much licking, puts its limbs

into proper shape; *ut not. Doct. ad. l. Aquil. l. 2. in fin.* Just so do I see, like yourselves, gentlemen, suits of law, at their first bringing forth, to be without shape and without limbs. They have nothing but a piece or two: they are ugly creatures. But when they are well piled up, packed, and put in bags, we may term them duly provided with limbs and shape.

"Just as yourselves, gentlemen, and in like manner the sergeants, ushers, apparitors, bailiffs, proctors, commissaries, advocates, inquisitors, tabellions, notaries, scriveners, and village magistrates, *de quibus tit. est. l. 3. c.*, by sucking very much, and continually, the purses of the pleading parties, engender to their lawsuits head, feet, claws, beak, teeth, hands, veins, arteries, nerves, muscles, humours. These are the bags, *gl. de cons. d. 4. accepisti.*

'Qualis vestis erit, talia corda gerit.'"

"Yea, but," asked Trinquamelle, "how do you proceed, my friend, in criminal causes, the guilty party being taken *flagrante crimine?*"

"Just as you do, gentlemen," answered Bridoye. "First, I permit and recommend the plaintiff to sleep before entering upon the case. In the next place, I convene him before me, to produce a sufficient and authentic attestation of his having slept, conform to the *Gloss.* 37, *Qu. 7 c. Si quis cum.*

'Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.'

This act engendereth another member. That again produceth a third, as link after link the coat of mail at length is made. At last I find the case formed by informations, and perfect in all its members. Then I have recourse to my dice, nor is this delay by me occasioned without good reason and notable experience."

With this Bridoye held his peace. Trinquamelle bid him withdraw from the court,—which accordingly was done. Then he said to Pantagruel: "It is fitting, most illustrious prince, not only by the obligations wherein this present Parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of Myrelingues, stand bound to you for infinite benefits, but for the excellent wit also, prime judgment, and admirable learning, wherewith Almighty God, the giver of all good things, hath endowed you, that we tender and present unto you the decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical case of Bridoye, who, in your presence, in your hearing and sight, hath confessed that he gives sentence by the chance of dice. Therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give sentence therein as unto you shall seem most just and equitable."

To this Pantagruel answered: "Gentlemen, my condition is not the profession of deciding cases, as you know; yet seeing you are pleased to do me so much honour, instead of undergoing the office of a judge, I will become your humble supplicant. I

observe, gentlemen, in Bridoye several qualities, on account of which he seems to me to deserve pardon. In the first place, his old age; secondly, his simplicity; to both which qualities you know well what facility of pardon and excuse of misdoing our statute and common laws grant. Thirdly, I recognise another case, which in justice maketh for the advantage of Bridoye—to wit, that this one single fault of his ought to be abolished and swallowed up by that immense ocean of just sentences which heretofore he hath given and pronounced; and that for forty years and more hath been found in him no act worthy of reprehension: as if I were to throw a drop of the sea into the Loire, none could perceive or say that by this single drop the whole river should be salt.

"Truly, it seemeth unto me that there is I know not what of God, who has ordered and made it so, that in these judgments by lot all the preceding sentences have been found good in this your venerable and sovereign court. But, waiving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the obligations which you pretend to my family, which I do not acknowledge, but for that constant affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of the Loire, for the maintenance and establishment of your places and dignities, that for this one time you would pardon him upon these two conditions. First, that he

satisfy, or promise to satisfy, the party wronged by the injustice of the sentence in question: for the fulfilment of this article, I will provide sufficiently. And, secondly, that for assistance in his office you assign unto him some virtuous counsellor, younger, more learned, and wiser than he, by whose advice he may henceforth moderate his judiciary procedures. But if you intend totally to depose him from his office, I shall cordially entreat you to make a present and free gift of him to me. I will find in my realm charges and employments enough wherewith to employ him, and to further my service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Giver of all good things, in His grace, to preserve you all, world without end."

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THE TRIAL OF THE FOOL.

[The wise men having all failed, it is now resolved to make trial of Triboulet the fool.]

On the sixth day thereafter, Pantagruel was returned home at the very same hour that Triboulet was by water come from Blois. Panurge, at his arrival, gave him a hog's bladder well blown out, and resounding, because of the peas within it; a gilt wooden sword, a little bag made of a tortoise-shell, a wicker bottle full of Breton wine, and five-and-twenty Blandureau apples.

Triboulet girded the sword and scrip to his side, took the bladder in his hand, ate some few of the apples, and drank up all the wine. Panurge curiously regarded him, and said, "I never yet saw a fool, and I have seen ten thousand francs' worth of them, who did not willingly drink, and that by long draughts." Then he exposed his business, in rhetorical and eloquent terms. Before he had altogether done, Triboulet with his fist gave him a great blow between the shoulders, returned into his hand the bottle, filliped him on the nose with the hog's bladder, and for all reply said, shaking and wagging his head, "*Pardieu!* mad fool, ware monk, Buzançay bagpipe!"

These words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the company, went aside, and rattled the bladder, taking delight in the melodious sound of the peas. After which it was not possible to draw from him any single word. And when Panurge would interrogate him further, Triboulet drew his wooden sword, and would have struck him therewith. "Here we are then," quoth Panurge. "A brave determination! He is a great fool, that is not to be denied; yet he is a greater fool who brought him hither to me; and I threefold fool to impart my thoughts to him."

"That bolt," quoth Carpalim, "levels point-blank at me."

"Without troubling ourselves," said Pantagruel,

"let us consider his gestures and speech. In them have I remarked notable mysteries, yea, of such weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished that the Turks regard such fools as musaphis and prophets. Did not you take heed, before he opened his mouth to speak, how he shook and wagged his head? By the doctrine of the ancient philosophers, the ceremonies of the magi, and the opinions of lawyers, you may judge that this movement was caused by the coming and inspiration of the fatidic spirit; which, entering briskly into a small and feeble substance (for, as you know, a little head containeth not much brains), was the cause of that commotion. A manifest example whereof appeareth in those who, fasting, are not able to carry to their head a cup of wine without a trembling of the hand. This also of old the Pythian sibyl prefigured when, before replying by the oracle, she shook her domestic laurel. Even Lampridius says, that the Emperor Heliogabalus, in order to be reputed a seer at the festival of his great idol, publicly wagged his head among his fanatic priests. So also Plautus, in his *Asinaria*, declares that Saurias went along shaking his head, as if furious and out of his senses, making them that saw him tremble. And in another place showing that Charmides shook his head because he was in a rapture.

"He says that you are a fool. And what kind

of fool? A mad fool, who in your old age would enslave yourself to the bondage of matrimony. He says further, ware monk. Upon mine honour, it gives me in my mind that you will have reason to ware monk. Hereby perceive how much I attribute to the wise fool Triboulet. The other oracles and responses did in the general prognosticate that you would be betrayed, without openly expressing the manner of the betrayer. This the noble Triboulet tells plainly. Moreover, he says that you will be the bagpipe of Buzançay. And just as he who would ask of Louis XII. for his brother the control of the salt of Buzançay, asked by mistake for the bagpipe; so you, meaning to marry a woman of virtue and honour, will marry one void of prudence, full of pride, wrangling, ill tempered, like a bagpipe. Consider, withal, how he flirted you on the nose with the bladder, and gave you a blow with his fist upon the back. This denotes and presageth that you shall be banged, beaten, and robbed by her, just as you stole the hog's bladder from the little boys of Vaubreton."

"Quite the contrary," replied Panurge; "not that I would impudently exempt myself from being a vassal in the territory of folly. I hold of that jurisdiction, and am subject thereto, I confess it. The whole world are fools. Everybody is a fool. Solomon says that infinite is the number

of fools. From an infinity nothing can be deducted, nor can anything thereto be added, as Aristotle proves. Therefore were I a mad fool, if, being a fool, I should not hold myself a fool. But the rest of his talk and gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my wife, 'Ware monk,' or *moyne*, which is the same as *moineau* or sparrow. It is a sparrow, therefore, that she will love, like Catullus's Lesbia; a sparrow who will pick up flies, and pass his time in that as joyously as Domitian the fly-catcher. Further, he said that she should be country-bred, and as pleasing as a bagpipe of Buzançay. The veridical Triboulet well knew my natural and internal affections. For you may be assured that the gay dishevelled shepherdesses, who smell of the clover-grass, please me more than the ladies in magnificent courts, with their rich attire and their odorous perfumes. The sound of a rustic hornpipe is more agreeable to my ears than the warbling of lutes, rebecs, and Aulic violins. He gave me a thwack on my back —what then? Let it pass, for the love of God, as an abatement of, and deduction from, future pains in purgatory. He did it not out of any evil intent. He thought to have hit some of the pages. He is an honest fool. As for myself, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the nose. That shall betoken the little frolics betwixt my wife and me, which happen to all new-married folks.

"There is as yet another point which you have not at all considered on; yet it is the knot of the matter. He put the bottle in my hand and restored it me again. How interpret you that passage? What is the meaning of that?"

"He possibly," quoth Pantagruel, "signifieth thereby, that your wife will be a drunkard."

"Quite otherwise," said Panurge; "for the bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the backbone of St Fiacre in Brie, that our wise fool Triboulet referreth me to the bottle. Therefore do I renew afresh the first vow which I made, and here in your presence make oath by Styx and Acheron, to carry still spectacles in my cap until upon the enterprise in hand I obtain an answer from the Divine Bottle. I know a prudent gentleman, a friend of mine, who knoweth the land, country, and place where is its temple and oracle. He will guide us thither safely. Let us go together, I beseech you. I will be to you an Achates, a Damis, a companion in the whole voyage. I have of a long time known you to be a lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn, and still to see. We shall see wonderful things, believe me."

"Very willingly," replied Pantagruel. "But before we enter upon this long journey, full of hazards, full of dangers——"

"What dangers?" asked Panurge, interrupting him. "Dangers fly from me whithersoever I go,

seven leagues around, as before the sovereign the magistrate is eclipsed ; or as darkness vanishes at the coming of the sun ; or as sicknesses did suddenly depart at the approach of the body of St Martin at Quande."

"Nevertheless," said Pantagruel, "before we set forward, some few points are to be expedited. First let us send back Triboulet to Blois." Which was instantly done, after that Pantagruel had given him a frieze coat. "Secondly, we must take counsel and leave of the king my father. And lastly, it is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for and find out some Sibyl for guide and interpreter."

To this Panurge made answer, that his friend Xenomanes would abundantly suffice ; and that, furthermore, in passing through Lantern-land, they should take some learned and useful Lantern, who would be to them in their voyage what the Sibyl was to Æneas, in his descent to the Elysian fields.

"I prognosticate," said Pantagruel, "that by the way we shall engender no melancholy. I clearly perceive it already. The only thing that vexeth me is, that I do not speak the Lantern language."

"I will," answered Panurge, "speak for you all. I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own maternal tongue ; I have been no less used to it than to the vulgar French."

[Everything else having now been tried and failed, there remains only the oracle of the Divine Bottle, which it is now resolved upon consulting. "It can be reached by a long and perilous voyage in unknown seas and among islands little visited. The dangers of the expedition make it the more attractive to Pantagruel. That great traveller, Xenomanes, will act as their guide and interpreter. Epistemon, Carpalim, Eusthenes (Knowledge, Dexterity, Strength) will accompany the party. An immense fleet is gathered at St Malo, although at the beginning of the work we were supposed to be in Dipsodie, far beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The ships are laden with every kind of provision." Especially there is provided good store of the marvellous herb Pantagruelion or hemp.]

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THE HERB PANTAGRUELION.

The herb Pantagruelion hath a little root, somewhat hard, roundish, terminating in an obtuse point, and is never more than a cubit deep in the ground. From the root thereof proceedeth the stalk, round, cane-like, green without, whitish within, hollow like the stem of *smyrnium*, *olus atrum*, beans, and gentian; woody, straight, easy to be broken, notched a little in form of a column lightly striated, full of fibres, in which consisteth all the dignity of a herb, especially in the part called *mesa*, as one would say the mean; and in that other, which is called *mylasea*. Its height is commonly five or six feet. Yet sometimes it doth surpass the length of a lance

—namely, when it meeteth with a sweet, easy, warm, wet soil,—as is Olone, and that of Rosea, near Preneste in Sabinia, and that it want not for rain enough about the time of the summer solstice. The plant every year perisheth—not being a durable tree, either in the trunk, root, bark, or boughs.

From the stalk there issue forth several large and great branches, whose leaves, three times as long as they are broad, are always green, rough like the Orcanet, or Spanish Bugloss, hard, cut round about like a sickle, like betony, and ending in a point like the Macedonian pike, or like a surgeon's lancet. The shape of the leaves is not much different from that of the leaves of the ash-tree, or of agrimony, and so much like the Eupatorium, that many skilful herbalists have called it the Domestic Eupatorium, and the Eupatorium Wild Pantagruelion. These leaves are at distances disposed around the stalk, by number in every rank either of five or seven. Nature hath so highly cherished this plant, that she hath endowed it in its leaves with these two odd numbers, divine and mysterious. The smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not pleasing to delicate noses. The seed mounteth up to the top of the stalk, and a little below it.

This is a numerous herb: for there is no less abundance of it than of any other herb whatsoever. It is either spherical, oblong, rhomboidal,

black, bright-coloured, tawny, hard, mantled with a fragile coat, delicious to all singing birds, such as linnets, goldfinches, larks, canary birds, yellow-hammers, and others. And although of old, amongst the Greeks, there was certain kind of fritters, buns, and tarts made thereof, which they ate for daintiness after supper, to make the wine relish the better; yet is it of a difficult concoction, injurious to the stomach, engendereth bad blood, and by its exorbitant heat shocketh the brain and filleth the head with grievous and noisome vapours. And as in divers plants there are two sexes, male and female, which we see in laurels, palms, cypresses, oaks, holms, asphodel, mandrake, fern, the agaric, birthwort, turpentine, penny-royal, peony, and others, even so in this herb there is a male which beareth no flower at all, yet aboundeth in seed, and a female which hath great store of little whitish flowers; nor doth it carry in it seed of any worth at all. It hath also a larger leaf, softer than that of the male, nor doth it grow to so great a height. This Pantagruelion is to be sown at the first coming of the swallows, and is to be plucked out of the ground when the grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

The herb Pantagruelion, under the autumnal equinox, is prepared several ways, according to the fancy of the people and diversity of the climate. The first instruction of Pantagruel was, to divest the stalk of

flowers and seed, to macerate it in stagnant, not running water, for five days, if the season be dry and the water hot—for nine or twelve if the weather be cloudy and the water cold—then to dry in the sun. After this it is in the shade to be peeled; then are the fibres, wherein consisteth its virtue and efficacy, to be separated from the woody part, which is unprofitable, except to make a clear flame to kindle the fire, and for the play of little children, to blow up hogs' bladders. Some dainty ones use it secretly like siphons to suck up and with their breath to draw the new wine by the bung.

By these means is this herb put into a way to display its inestimable virtues, whereof I will discover a part—for to relate all is a thing impossible to do—as soon as I have interpreted to you its denomination.

I find that plants are named after several ways. Some have taken the name of him who first found them, knew them, showed them, sowed them, improved them by culture, and appropriated them: as the Mercurialis from Mercury; Panacea from Panace, daughter of Esculapius; Armois from Artemis, who is Diana; Eupatorium from King Eupator; Telephion from Telephus; Euphorbium from Euphorbus, King Juba's physician; Clymenos from Clymenus; Alcibiadium from Alcibiades; Gentian from Gentius, King of Sclavonia. And,

formerly, so much was prized this prerogative of giving a name to newly discovered plants, that, just as a controversy arose betwixt Neptune and Pallas, from which of the two the land discovered by both should receive its denomination—though thereafter it was called and had the appellation of Athens, from Athenæ, which is Minerva—just so would Lyncus, King of Scythia, have treacherously slain the young Triptolemus, whom Ceres had sent to show unto mankind the use of corn, previously unknown; to the end that, after his murder, he might impose his own name, and be called, in immortal honour and glory, the inventor of a grain so profitable and necessary to human life. For the wickedness of which treasonable attempt he was by Ceres transformed into an ounce.

Other herbs and plants there are, which retain the names of the countries from whence they were transported: as the Median apples from Media, where they were first found; Punic apples—that is to say, pomegranates—from Punicia; Ligusticum, which we call Lovage, from Liguria, the coast of Genoa; Castanes, Persiques or peach-trees, Sabine, Stæchas from my Iles Hyéres; Spica Celtica, and others.

Others, from the admirable qualities that are found in them: as Heliotropium, which is the marigold, because it followeth the sun, so that at

the sun rising it spreads itself out, at his ascending it mounteth, at his declining it waneth, and when he is set it is close shut; Adiantum, because, although it grow near unto watery places, it will nevertheless retain no moisture; Hierachia, Eringium, and others.

Others, from the metamorphosis of men and women of like name: as from Daphne, the laurel is called also Daphne; Myrtle from Myrsina; Pytis from Pytis; Cinara, which is the artichoke; Narcissus, Saffron, Smilax, and others.

Others by similitude: as Hippuris, because it hath the likeness of a horse's tail; Alopecuris, which is like the tail of a fox; Psyllion, which is like a flea; Delphinium, a dolphin fish; Bugloss, an ox's tongue; Iris, a rainbow in its flowers; Myosota, the ear of a mouse; Coronopus, a crow's foot, and others. By reciprocal denomination, the Fabii take their name, *à fabis*, beans; the Pisons, *à pisis*, peas; the Lentuli, from lentils; the Ciceros, from a sort of pulse. In some plants and herbs the name hath been taken from a higher resemblance,—as when we say Venus' hair, Venus' bath, Jupiter's beard, Jupiter's eye, Mars' blood, Mercury's fingers, and others. Some, again, have received their names from their forms: such as the trefoil, because it is three-leaved; Pentaphylon, for having five leaves; Serpolet, because it creepeth along the ground.

By such ways, the fabulous being only excepted, for the Lord forbid that we should use fables in this a so veritable history, is this herb called Pantagruelion; for Pantagruel was the discoverer thereof. I do not say of the plant itself, but of a certain use which it serves for, exceeding odious and hateful to thieves, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the strangle-weed and choke-fitch is to the flax, than the cats-tail to the brakes, sheave-grass to mowers, fitches to peas, darnel to barley, hatchet-fitch to lentils, antramium to beans, tares to wheat, ivy to walls, ferule and birch to the scholars of the college of Navarre, cole-wort to vine, garlic to the load-stone, onions to the sight, fern-seed to women with child, yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it, wolf's-bane to pards and wolves, the smell of the fig-tree to mad bulls, hemlock to goslings, purslane to the teeth, or oil to trees. For we have seen many of them, by virtue and right application of this herb, finish their lives, short and long, after the manner of Phyllis, Queen of Thracia; of Bonosus, Emperor of Rome; of Amata, King Latinus's wife; of Iphis, Autolia, Lycambes, Arachne, Phædra, Leda, Acheus, King of Lydia, and others;[1] with this only displeased, that, without being otherwise sick, by the Pantagruelion, they came on a sudden to have the passage through which issue good words, and enter

[1] All of whom hanged themselves.

good morsels, stopped, and that more villanously than could have been done by mortal quinsy.

Others we have heard, at the instant when Atropos was cutting the thread of their life, that Pantagruel held them by the gorge. But, well-a-day! it was not Pantagruel; he never was an executioner. It was the Pantagruelion, doing the office of a rope and serving them for a cravat. I swear to you here, by the good words which are in that bottle, which is a-cooling below in the tub, that the noble Pantagruel never snatched any man by the throat, except those who were careless and negligent in preventing of thirst.

It is also termed Pantagruelion by a similitude. For Pantagruel, at his birth, was no less tall than this herb is long, whereof I speak unto you,—his measure having been then taken the more easily that he was born in the season of drought, when they gather the said herb, and when the dog of Icarus, with his barking at the sun, maketh the whole world Troglodyte, and enforceth people everywhere to hide themselves in dens and subterranean caves. It is likewise called Pantagruelion because of its virtues and properties. For as Pantagruel hath been the idea and exemplar of all joyous perfection, I believe there is none of you, gentlemen drinkers, that putteth any question—so in this Pantagruelion have I found so many virtues, so much energy, so many perfections, so many ad-

mirable effects, that, if the worth thereof had been known, when those trees, by the relation of the prophet, made election of a wooden king to rule and govern over them, it without doubt would have carried away from all the rest the plurality of votes and suffrages.

I shall forbear to tell you how the juice or sap thereof, being poured and distilled within the ears, killeth every kind of vermin that by any manner of putrefaction cometh to be bred there, and destroyeth also any other animal that shall have entered in thereat. If, likewise, you put the said juice within a pail of water, you shall see the water instantly grow thick, as if it were milk-curds, so great is the virtue; and the water thus curded is a present remedy for horses subject to the colic, and such as strike at their own flanks. The root thereof well boiled mollifieth shrunken nerves, contracted knuckles, and gouty joints. If you would speedily heal a burning, whether occasioned by water or fire, apply thereto a little raw Pantagruelion—that is to say, as it cometh out of the ground, without any other preparation or composition; but have a special care to change it as soon as you find it waxing dry upon the sore.

Without this herb kitchens would be detested; tables abhorred, although they were covered with exquisite viands; the beds without delight, although they were adorned with gold, silver, ivory, por-

phyry, and the mixture of most precious metals. Without it millers could neither carry wheat to the mill, nor would they be able to bring back flour. Without it, how could the pleadings of lawyers be brought to the bar? How could the plaster be brought to the workshop without it? Without it, how should the water be drawn from the well? Without it, what would do tabellions, copyists, secretaries, and scriveners? Were it not for this, what would become of the toll-rates and rent-rolls? Would not the noble art of printing perish without it? How should the bells be rung? All the lanific trees of the Chinese, the cotton-bushes of Tyla in the Persian Sea, the Arabian cotton-trees, do not clothe so many persons as this one herb alone. It covers armies against the cold and the rain, more commodiously than formerly when they were protected by skins. It shades theatres and amphitheatres from the heat of a scorching sun. It begirdeth forests and groves for the pleasure of hunters. It descendeth into both salt and fresh water for the profit of fishers. By it are boots, buskins, gamashes, shoes, pumps, slippers, wrought in form and use. By it bows are strung, cross-bows bended, and slings made. And, as if it were an herb every whit as holy as the vervain, and reverenced by ghosts and hobgoblins, the bodies of deceased men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further. By means of this fine herb, invisible substances are visibly arrested, taken, detained, and, as it were, put into prison. By their capture are great and heavy millstones turned easily, to the wonderful profit of human life. And I am astonished how the invention of this practice was concealed from the ancient philosophers, considering the inestimable utility which proceeds from it, and the immense labour which, without it, they did undergo in their bakeshops. By virtue of this herb, through the retention of the aerial waves, are huge barges, great telamons, mighty galleons, ships with a thousand and ten thousand men, launched from their stations, and set agoing at the pleasure of their steersman. By the help of this herb those nations whom nature seemed to have kept hidden from us, impermeable and unknown, are now arrived to us, and we to them. Things which birds could not do, how swift soever they had been on the wing, and notwithstanding the power of swimming through the air given them by nature. Ceylon hath seen Lapland; Java, the Riphæan mountains; Phebol shall see Thelema; and the Icelanders and Greenlanders shall see Euphrates. By it Boreas hath surveyed the mansions of Auster; Eurus hath visited Zephyrus. Yea, in such sort that the celestial intelligences, the gods both marine and terrestrial, they were frightened, seeing how, by means of this blest Pantagruelion,

the Arctic people looking upon the Antarctic, scoured the Atlantic Ocean, passed the tropics, pushed through the torrid zone, measured all the zodiac, sported under the equinoctial, and had both poles in sight, level with their horizon.

The Olympic gods, in great affright, said, "Pantagruel hath plunged us into new and tedious meditation, more than ever did the Aloides, by the use and virtues of this herb. He will be shortly married. By his wife he shall have children. It lies not in our power to oppose this destiny; for it hath passed through the hands and spindles of the Fatal Sisters, the Daughters of Necessity. By his sons may be found out an herb of like energy; by the aid thereof they may contrive a way for humankind to visit the spring-head of the hail, the sluices of the rain, the workshop of thunderbolts. They will be able to invade the regions of the moon, enter the territories of the celestial signs, and there take up their abode, some at Golden Eagle, some at the Ram, some at the Crown, some at the Harpe, the others at the Silver Line; sit at table with us, and take our goddesses to wife, which is the only way to be deified." Then they found a remedy to obviate this by deliberation and counsel.

I have already related to you great and admirable things; but, if you might be induced to adventure upon the hazard of believing some other divinity of this sacred Pantagruelion, I very willingly would

tell it you. Believe it or not, it is all one to me. It is sufficient for me to have told you the truth. The truth I will tell you. If you take of this celestial Pantagruelion so much as is needful to cover the body of the dead, and after that you shall have enwrapped it therein, and sewed up the folding-sheet with thread of the same stuff, throw it into the fire, great and ardent as you wish; the fire through this Pantagruelion will burn the body and reduce to ashes the bones, and the Pantagruelion shall be not only not consumed nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one atom of the ashes enclosed within it, nor receive one atom of the ashes from the pyre, but shall at last, when taken out of the fire, be fairer, whiter, and much cleaner than when you did put it in first. Therefore it is called Asbestos, which is as much as to say incombustible. Great plenty is to be found thereof in Carpasia, as likewise in Syene, very cheap. O great thing! O wonderful thing! The fire, which devoureth all, consumeth and destroyeth all, cleanses, purges, and whitens this sole Pantagruelion Carpasian Asbestos! If you mistrust this, and demand the proof of it by a visible sign, like Jews and infidels, take a fresh egg, and enfold it within this divine Pantagruelion. When it is so wrapped up, put it into the hot embers of a fire, how great or ardent soever it be. Leave it there as long as you will. At last you

shall take out the egg roasted hard, and as it were burnt, without any alteration, change, mutation, or so much as a calefaction of the sacred Pantagruelion. For less than fifty thousand Bordelais crowns sterling, reduced to the twelfth part of one farthing, you will have made proof thereof.

Do not compare with it the Salamander. I confess that that is a fib; a little straw fire may gladden and cheer it up, yet I assure you, that in a great fire it is, like any other animal, suffocated and consumed. We have seen an experiment thereof. Galen many ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, lib. 3. *De Temperamentis.* Do not here instance the feather alum, or the wooden tower in the Piræus, which Lucius Sylla was never able to get burnt, for that Archelaus, governor of the town for Mithridates, King of Pontus, had plastered it all over with the said alum. Nor must you compare therewith the herb which Alexander Cornelius called Eonem, and said that it had some resemblance with that oak which bears the mistletoe, and that it could neither be consumed nor injured by fire, nor by water, no more than the mistletoe; and of this was built the renowned ship Argos. Search where you please for those that will believe it. I excuse myself. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith—though it is marvellous—that sort of tree which groweth along the mountains of Briançon and

Ambrun, which produceth out of its root good agaric. From its body it yieldeth unto us so excellent a rosin, that Galen ventures to equal it with the turpentine. Upon its delicate leaves it retaineth that sweet heavenly honey which is called manna; and, although it be gummy and oily, it is notwithstanding unconsumable by any fire. It is in the Greek and Latin called Larix. The Alpinese name is Melze. The Anternorides and Venetians term it Larége; from which was named that castle in Piedmont of Larignum, which deceived Julius Cæsar on going into Gaul.

Julius Cæsar had commanded all the boors and inhabitants of the Alps and Piedmont, to bring all manner of victuals and provision for an army to the stages on the military road, for the use of his marching soldiery. To which ordinance all were obedient, save those who were within Larignum; these, trusting in the natural strength of the place, would not pay their contribution. To chastise them for their refusal, the emperor caused his whole army to march to the place. Before the gate was erected a tower built of huge spars of the Larix, bound together one upon another, after the fashion of a stack of timber, carried up to such a height, that from the machicoulis they could with stones and levers easily drive off such as should approach.

When Cæsar understood that those within had

no other defence than stones and clubs, and that they could not hurl darts at the approaches, he commanded his men to throw store of fagots and fascines round about, and set them on fire. Which was incontinently done. The fire put to the fagots, the flame was so great and so high, that it covered the whole castle, whence they thought that very soon the tower would be burnt and demolished. Nevertheless, when the flame ceased, and the fagots were consumed, the tower appeared entire without any damage. Cæsar, after consideration, commanded a compass to be taken without, at the distance of a stone-cast from the castle, round about it; there, with ditches and intrenchments to form a blockade; thereupon the Larignans rendered themselves upon terms. And then, by relation from them, Cæsar learned the admirable nature of this wood, which of itself produceth neither fire, flame, nor coal, and would therefore, in regard of that quality, be worthy of being admitted into the rank of the true Pantagruelion; and that so much the rather, for that Pantagruel directed that all the gates, doors, windows, gutters, and roofs in the abbey of Thelema should be all made of this timber. He likewise caused to cover therewith the sterns, stems, galleys, hatchets, decks, courses, and bulwarks of his carricks, ships, galleons, galleys, brigantines, foysts, and other vessels of his Thalassian arsenal; were it not that the Larix in a

great furnace, filled with the fuel of other kinds of wood, cometh at last to be corrupted and dissipated, as are stones in a lime-kiln. But this Pantagruelion Asbestos is rather renewed and cleansed, than consumed or changed.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE DIVE BOUTEILLE.

In the month of June, on the day of the Vestal Fête, that on which Brutus conquered Spain and subdued the Spaniards, that on which Crassus the avaricious was routed by the Parthians, Pantagruel, taking his leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father, who, according to the laudable custom of the primitive Christians, devoutly prayed for the happy voyage of his son and his whole company, took shipping at the port of Thalassa, accompanied by Panurge, Friar John des Entommeures, Epistemon, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotomus, Carpalim, and others of his old servants, together with Xenomanes, the great voyager and traverser of perilous ways, who certain days before had arrived by invitation of Panurge.

The number of ships were such as I described in the third book, convoyed by a like number of triremes, men-of-war, galleons, and feluccas, well found, well caulked, and well stored with Pantagruelion.

All the officers, interpreters, pilots, captains, mates, boatswains, midshipmen, quartermasters, and sailors, met on the Thalamege. Thus was named Pantagruel's great and principal ship, which had in her stern for ensign a large bottle, half silver, well polished, the other half of gold, enamelled with carnation; whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the colours of the noble travellers, and that they went in search of the word of the Bottle.

On the stern of the second was a lantern of antique shape, industriously made with diaphanous stone, implying that they were to pass by Lantern-land. The third ship had for her device a fine deep ewer of porcelain. The fourth, a double-handed jar of gold, much like an ancient urn. The fifth, a famous can, made of sperm of emerald. The sixth, a monk's bottle, made of the four metals together. The seventh, a funnel of oak, embossed with gold. The eighth, an ivy goblet, very precious, inlaid with gold. The ninth, a vase of fine gold. The tenth, a tumbler of aromatic aloes wood, edged with Cyprian gold. The eleventh, a golden grape-basket of mosaic work. The twelfth, a runlet of unpolished gold, covered with a small vine in large Indian pearls. Insomuch that there was not a man, however sad, troubled, gloomy, or melancholy he were, even were he Heraclitus the weeper, but seeing this noble convoy

of ships and their devices, must have entered into new gladness, smiled with a good heart, said that the travellers were all honest topers, and have judged, by sure prognostication, that the voyage, both outward and homeward bound, would be performed in mirth and perfect health.

On the Thalamege, where was the general meeting, Pantagruel made a short but sweet exhortation, wholly backed with authorities from Scripture, upon navigation; which being ended, with an audible voice prayers were said in the presence and hearing of the burghers of Thalassa, who had flocked to the mole to see them take shipping. After the prayers was melodiously sung a psalm of the holy King David, which begins, "*When Israel went out of Egypt;*" and that being ended, tables were placed upon deck, and a feast speedily served up. The Thalassians, who had also sung the above-named psalm, caused store of vivers and vinegar to be brought. All drank to them; they drank to all, which was the cause that none of the whole company gave up what they had eaten, nor were troubled with pains at the head and stomach, which inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, salt water, either alone or mixed with wine, or by using quinces, citron-peel, juice of pomegranates, sweet or sour, fasting a long time, covering their stomachs with paper, or following such other idle remedies

as foolish physicians prescribe to those who go to sea.

Having often renewed their tipplings, each man retired on board his own ship, and then they set sail with a wind at south-east, according to the route laid down by the chief pilot, Jamet Brayer. For seeing that the Oracle of the Holy Bacbúc lay near Cathay, in Upper India, his advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to take the usual course the Portuguese use, who, passing over the torrid zone and the Cape of Good Hope, at the south point of Africa, beyond the equinoctial line, and losing sight of the northern pole, their guide, make a prodigious long voyage. But rather to follow near the parallel of the said India, and to tack to the westward of the said pole, so that turning under the north, they might find themselves in the latitude of the port of Olonne, without coming nearer it, for fear of being shut up in the frozen sea ; whereas, following this canonical course by the said parallel, they must have that on the right to the eastward, which at their departure was on their left.

This turned out incredibly profitable to them; for without shipwreck, danger, or loss of men, with uninterrupted good weather, except one day near the island of the Macreons, they performed, in less than four months, the voyage of Upper India, which the Portuguese, with a thousand incon-

veniences and innumerable dangers, can hardly complete in three years. And it is my opinion, with submission to better judgments, that this course was perhaps steered by those Indians who sailed to Germany, and were honourably received by the King of the Swedes, while Quintus Metellus Celer was pro-consul of the Gauls, as Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them, tell us.

[The first land they made was the island of Medamothy, the land of Show and Ostentation. Here they see and buy pictures and strange animals. Pantagruel also receives and despatches letters to Gargantua. On the fifth day, having again set sail, they discover a merchantman to windward, and, on hailing her, find that she is full of passengers from Lantern-land, whither they were going. While they were listening to the news, Panurge had a quarrel with a sheep-merchant of Taillebourg, named Dindenault. The quarrel, which was short, being hushed up by the interposition of the captain and some of the passengers, Dindenault and Panurge shook hands, and drank in token of reconciliation. But Panurge bore malice, and said secretly to Epistemon and Friar John—]

"Stand a little out of the way, and joyously see the sport. There will be fine play." Then addressing himself to the drover, he took off to him a bumper of good Lantern wine. The other pledged him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly entreated him to sell one of his sheep.

The merchant replied, "Alas! alas! my friend,

my neighbour, you well know how to trick poor folk. Truly you are a good customer. In good faith, you look more like a cutter of purses than a buyer of sheep. *Deu, Colas!* my son, what a blessing it would be to have a full purse near you at a tripe-house, when it began to thaw! *Han! han!* did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery trick!"

"Patience," said Panurge; "but to the point, by special grace, sell me one of your sheep. Come, how much?"

"What do you mean, master of mine?" answered the other. "They are long-woolled sheep: from these did Jason take his golden fleece. The order of the house of Burgundy was drawn from them. They are oriental sheep, full-grown sheep, sheep of quality."

"Be it so," said Panurge; "but sell me one of them, I beseech you, paying you ready money upon the nail, in good and lawful coin. How much?"

"Friend, neighbour," answered the seller of mutton, "hark ye me a little, on the other ear."

Panurge. "At your service."

Dindenault. "You are going to Lantern-land?"

Pan. "Yea, verily."

Dind. "To see the world?"

Pan. "Yea, verily."

Dind. "And be merry?"

Pan. "Yea, verily."

Dind. "Your name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?"

Pan. "As you please."

Dind. "Nay, without offence."

Pan. "So I understand it."

Dind. "You are, as I take it, the king's jester; are not you?"

Pan. "Yea, verily."

Dind. "Give me your hand. Ha, ha! you go to see the world, you are the king's jester, your name is Robin Mutton! Look at this sheep here. His name, too, is Robin. Here, Robin, Robin, Robin! Baa, baa, baa! Hath he not a rare voice?"

Pan. "A very fine and harmonious voice."

Dind. "Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, friend and neighbour. You, who are Robin Mutton, shall be put into this one of my scales, and this other Robin Mutton into the other scale. I will bet a hundred of oysters that in weight, value, and price, he will outdo you high and low; in such way as you will be some day suspended and hanged."

"Patience," said Panurge; "but you would do much for me, and for your posterity, if you would sell him, or one of his inferiors, to me. I beg it of you; good your worship, be so kind."

"Hark ye, friend of mine," answered the other, "with the fleece of these sheep is made the fine

Rouen cloth ; your wool of Limestre is mere flock in comparison. Of their skins the best morocco will be made, which shall be sold for Turkey and Montelimart, or for Spanish leather at least. Of the bowels shall be made fiddle and harp strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from Monaco or Aquileia. What do you think of it, hah?"

"If you please, sell me one of them," said Panurge, "and I will be yours for ever. Look, here is ready cash. How much?" This he said, exhibiting his purse stuffed with new gold Henries.

"My friend and neighbour," answered Dindenault, "they are meat for none but kings and princes: their flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that it is balm. I bring them out of a country where the very hogs live on nothing but myrobalans. The sows, when they lie-in, are fed only with orange-flowers."

"But," said Panurge, "drive a bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for it like a king. How much?"

"My friend and neighbour," answered the trader, "these sheep are lineally descended from the ram which bore Phryxus and Helle over the sea, since called the Hellespont."

"*Cancre!*" cried Panurge, "you are *clericus vel addiscens!*"

"*Ità* are cabbages, and *verè* are leeks," answered the merchant. "But rr, rrr, rrrr, rrrrr, ho Robin,

rr, rrrrrr, you do not understand that gibberish, do you? The truth is they cost me money, that they do."

"Cost what they will," cried Panurge, "trade with me for one of them, if I pay you well."

"Friend and neighbour," said the merchant, "consider a little the wonders of nature that are found in those animals, even in a member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an iron pestle, or with an andiron, which you please, then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a short time you will see spring up the best asparagus in the world, not even excepting those of Ravenna."

"Patience," said Panurge.

"I do not know whether you be a scholar or no," pursued Dindenault. "But if you were a scholar, you should know that in the most inferior members of these divine animals—which are the feet—there is a bone—which is the heel—the astragalus, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other creature breathing, except the Indian ass, and the dorcades of Libya, they used in old times to play at the royal game of dice, whereat Augustus the emperor won above fifty thousand crowns one evening."

"Patience," said Panurge; "but let us despatch."

"And when, my friend and neighbour," continued the merchant, "shall I have duly praised the inward members,—the shoulders, the legs, the knuckles, the neck, the breast, the liver, the spleen, the tripes, the kidneys, the bladder, wherewith they make footballs; the ribs, which serve in Pigmy-land to make little cross-bows, to pelt the cranes with cherry-stones."

"Ta, ta!" said the captain of the ship to the merchant; enough chattering. Sell him if thou wilt; if thou wilt not, play with him no longer."

"I will, for your sake," replied the merchant; "but then he shall give me three livres for each pick and choose."

"It is much," cried Panurge; "in our country I could have five—nay, six—for the money: see that you do not overreach me, master. You are not the first man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometimes to the endangering, if not breaking, of his own neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once."

"Quartan fevers seize thee!" cried the merchant; "the worst in this flock is four times better than those which in days of yore the Coraxians in Tuditania, a country of Spain, used to sell for a gold talent each; and how much dost thou think, thou fool, that a talent of gold was worth?"

"Sweet sir," said Panurge, "you fall into a passion, I see. Well, hold, here is your money."

Panurge, having paid his money, chose him out

of all the flock a fair great ram; and hauled it along, crying out and bleating, all the rest hearing and bleating in concert, and staring to see whither their brother ram should be carried. In the meanwhile the merchant was saying to his shepherds, "Ah! how well the knave could choose him out a ram! he has skill in cattle. On my word, I reserved that ram for the Lord of Candale, well knowing his disposition; for the good man is by nature joyous and gay when he holds a shoulder of mutton, handsome and enticing, instead of a left-handed racket, in one hand, with a good sharp carver in the other. God wot, how he bestirs himself then."

I do not know how; the thing was sudden; I had not leisure to mind it; Panurge, without any further talk, throws his ram, bleating and crying, overboard into the middle of the sea. Upon this, all the other sheep in the ship, crying and bleating in the same tone, began to leap into the sea, one after another; great was the throng who should leap in first after their leader. It was impossible to hinder them: for you know that it is the nature of sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle — lib. 9, 'De. Hist. Animal.'—mark them for the most silly and foolish animals in the world. The merchant, stark staring mad at seeing his sheep destroy and drown themselves before his face, strove to hinder and keep them

by might and main; but in vain: all, one after the other, jumped into the sea, and were lost. At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece, upon the deck of the ship, hoping to keep it back, and so save that and the rest; but the ram was so strong that it carried its master with it into the sea, where he was drowned,—in the same manner as the sheep of one-eyed Polyphemus carried out of the den Ulysses and his companions. The like happened to the shepherds, laying hold on this by the horns, the other by the legs, and others by the fleece, who were all of them carried into the sea, and miserably drowned. Panurge, standing by the cook's galley, with an oar in his hand, not to help the shepherds, but to keep them from climbing up to the ship and saving themselves from drowning, preached eloquently, setting forth by rhetorical commonplaces the miseries of this world and the blessings of the next, assuring them that the dead are much happier than the living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately cenotaph to every one of them on the highest summit of Mount Cenis at his return from Lantern-land; wishing them, nevertheless, in case life among humans was not displeasing to them, and drowning was not to their minds, they might have the good luck to meet with some whale which, on the third day subsequently, might set them ashore on some land of Satin, after the example of Jonah.

PROCURATION LAND.

The next day we passed through Procuration, a country all blurred and blotted. I knew nothing about it. There we saw some pettifoggers and catchpoles, fellows of every kind. They neither invited us to eat or drink; but, with a multiplied train of scrapes and cringes, said they were all at our service, for a consideration.

One of our interpreters related to Pantagruel their strange way of living, diametrically opposite to that of our modern Romans; for at Rome a world of folks get their livelihood by poisoning, drubbing, and murdering. But the catchpoles earn theirs by being thrashed; so that if they were to remain long without a beating, they, with their wives and children, would be starved.

"The way is this," said the interpreter. "When a monk, priest, usurer, or lawyer, owes a grudge to some neighbouring gentleman, he sends him one of these catchpoles. Catchpole will cite him, will serve a writ upon him, will abuse him and affront him impudently, according to his record and instructions; insomuch that, if the gentleman hath not the palsy, and is not more stupid than a tadpole, he will be obliged either to apply a stick or his sword to his head, or throw him out of the windows of his castle. This done, catchpole is rich for four

months at least, as if bastinadoes were his real harvest; for the monk, usurer, or lawyer will pay him good wages, and my gentleman damages so excessive that he will lose all his fortune, and be in danger of miserably dying in a prison, as if he had struck the king."

Quoth Panurge, "I know an excellent remedy against this, used by the Lord of Basché."

"What is it?" asked Pantagruel.

"The Lord of Basché," said Panurge, "was a brave, honest, chivalrous gentleman, who, at his return from the long war, in which the Duke of Ferrara, with the help of the French, bravely defended himself against the fury of Pope Julius the Second, was every day cited, warned, and prosecuted, for the sport and fancy of the fat prior of St Lovant.

"One morning, as he was at breakfast with some of his domestics (for he was kind and *debonnair*), he sent for one Loire his baker, and his spouse, and with them for one Oudart, the vicar of his parish, who was also his butler, as the custom was then in France, and said to them, before his gentleman and other servants, 'Children, you see how I am daily plagued with these rascally catchpoles: truly, if you do not lend me your helping hand, I am finally resolved to leave the country, and go fight for the sultan and all the devils. Hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready

you, Loire and your wife, to make your appearance in my great hall, in your finest wedding-clothes, as if they were betrothing you, and you were first affianced. Here, take a hundred crowns of gold, which I give you to keep you in a fitting garb. As for you, Sir Oudart, be sure you appear in fair surplice and stole, not forgetting your holy water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, Trudon,' said he to his drummer, 'with your pipe and tabour. The form of matrimony read, and the bride kissed, at the beat of tabour all of you shall give one another the remembrance of the wedding, — the whacks with your fists, bidding the party struck remember the nuptials by that token. But when you come to the catchpole's turn, thrash him like a sheaf of green rye; do not spare him,—maul him, drub him, swinge him, I pray you. Here, take these little steel gauntlets, covered with kid. Give him blows at random innumerable: he that gives him most shall be my best friend. Fear not to be called to an account about it; I will stand by you; for the blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is customary among us at all weddings.'

"'Ay, but how shall we know the catchpole?' asked Oudart. 'All sorts of people daily resort to this castle.'

"'I have taken care of that,' replied the lord. 'When some fellow, either on foot or on a scurvy jade, with a broad silver ring on his thumb, comes

to the door, he is certainly a catchpole. The porter, having civilly let him in, shall ring the bell; then be all ready, and come into the hall, to act the tragi-comedy, whose plot I have now laid for you.'

"That same day, as chance would have it, came an old catchpole, fat and ruddy. Having knocked at the gate, he was by the porter recognised, by his great spatterdashes, his hollow-flanked mare, his bag full of informations dangling at his girdle, but, above all, by the large silver hoop on his left thumb.

"The porter was civil to him, admitted him kindly, and joyously rang the bell. As soon as they heard it, Loire and his wife they clapped on their fine clothes, and made their appearance in the hall, keeping grave mien. Oudart put on surplice and stole; and as he came out of his office met the catchpole, had him in there, and gave him to drink a good while, while the gauntlets were drawing on all hands; and then said to him, 'You could not come at a better time; my lord is in his right cue: we shall feast like kings anon; here is to be swingeing doings; we have a wedding in the house; drink, cheer up.'

"While catchpole drank, Basché, seeing all his people in the hall in proper equipage, sends for Oudart. Oudart comes with the holy water, followed by catchpole. He, as he came into the hall did not forget to make reverence, and humbly

served Basché with a writ. Basché received him with the greatest affection, gave him an angel, inviting him to assist at the contract and ceremony —which he did. When it was ended, fisticuffs began to fly about; but when it came to catchpole's turn, they welcomed him with their gauntlets so well, that he remained all stunned and battered— one eye black, eight ribs broken, his brisket sunk in, his omoplates in four quarters, his under jawbone in three pieces; and all this in laughing. God knows how Oudart helped, hiding within the sleeve of his surplice his huge gauntlet lined with ermine, for he was a strong fellow. Catchpole returned to L'Isle Bouchard striped like a tiger, but well pleased and edified, however, with the Seigneur du Basché; and, with the help of the good surgeons of the place, lived as long as you would have him. Since when no one has spoken of him; the memory of him was lost with the sound of the bells which carolled at his funeral.

"Catchpole being gone, Basché sent for his lady, her women, and all his servants, into his private garden; had wine brought, attended with good store of pasties, hams, fruit, and cheese; drank with them joyfully, and then told them this story:—

'Master Francis Villon, in his old age, retired to St Maxent, in Poitou, under the patronage of a wealthy abbot of the place. There, to make sport

for the mob, he undertook to get "The Passion" acted after the way and in the Poitevin dialect. The parts being distributed, the play rehearsed, and the stage prepared, he told the mayor and aldermen that the mystery would be ready after the fair of Niort, and that there only wanted clothes fit for the parts; so the mayor and his brethren undertook to get them.

'Villon, to dress an old peasant who was to represent God the Father, begged of Friar Stephen Tappecoue—sacristan to the Cordeliers of the place—to lend him a cope and a stole. Tappecoue refused—alleging that by the provincial statutes it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend anything to players. Villon replied that the statute only concerned farces, mummeries, and dissolute games, and that this they practised he had seen at Brussels and other places. Tappecoue, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for anything out of his sacristy. Villon gave an account of this to the players in great abomination, adding that God would shortly revenge himself and make an example of Tappecoue.

'The Saturday following he had notice given him that Tappecoue, upon the convent filly, was gone *en quête* to St Ligarius, and would be back about two in the afternoon. Knowing this, he made a cavalcade of his devils of "The Passion" through the town and market. They were all rigged with

wolves', calves', and rams' skins, trimmed with sheep's heads, bulls' horns, and large kitchen tenter-hooks, girt with broad straps; whereat hanged dangling huge cow-bells and horse-bells, which made a horrid din. Some held in their claws black sticks full of squibs; others had long lighted pieces of wood, upon which, at the corner of every street, they flung whole handfuls of rosin-dust, that made a terrible fire and smoke. Having thus led them about, to the great diversion of the mob and the dreadful fear of little children, he finally carried them to a banquet at a summer-house without the gate that leads to St Ligarius.

'As they came near to the place, he espied Tappecoue afar off coming home, and told them in macaronic verse—

> Hic est de patria, natus de gente belistra,
> Qui solet antiquo bribas portare bisacco.

'"*Par la mort Dieu!*" said the devils then; "he would not lend for God the Father a poor cope—let us fright him."

'"Well said!" cried Villon; "let us hide ourselves till he comes by, and then charge your squibs and sticks."

'Tappecoue being come to the place, they all rushed on a sudden into the road before him, and in a frightful manner threw fire from all sides upon him and his filly, ringing their bells and howling

like real devils, "Hho, hho, hho, hho, brrrou rrours, rrourrs, rrrourrs, hoo, hou, hou hho, hho, hho! Friar Stephen, don't we play the devils rarely?"

'The filly, scared out of her senses, began to shy, to trot, to bound, to gallop, to kick, and to jump; insomuch that she threw down Tappecoue, though he held fast by the tree of the pack-saddle with might and main. Now his stirrups were of cord; and on the right side his sandals were so entangled and twisted, that he could not get out his foot. Thus he was dragged about by the filly through the road—she still multiplying her kicks against him, and jumping for fear over hedge and ditch, insomuch that she broke his skull, so that his brains were dashed out near the Hosanna or high-cross. Then his arms fell to pieces—one this way and the other that way; and even so were his legs served at the same time; so that, being got to the convent, she brought back only his right foot and twisted sandal.

'Villon, seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his devils, "You will play rarely, gentlemen devils, you will play rarely, I assure you. Oh, how well you will play! I defy the devilry of Saumur, Douay, Montmorillon, Langez, St Espain, Angers—nay, by gad! even those of Poictiers—for all their bragging, should they be compared with you. Oh, how well you will play!"

'Thus, friends,' said Basché, 'I foresee that

hereafter you will act rarely this tragical farce, since the very first time Chiquanous has by you been so eloquently bethwacked, belammed, and betickled. From this day I double all your wages. As for you, my dear,' said he to his lady, 'make your gratifications as you please; you are my treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, it is good and cool. In the second place you, my *maître d'hotel*, take this silver basin, I give it you. You, my gentlemen of the horse, take these two silver-gilt cups. You, the pages, shall not be flogged for three months. My dear, let them have my best white plumes of feathers with the gold spangles. Sir Oudart, this silver flagon falls to your share; this other I give to the cooks. To the *valets de chambre* I give this silver basket; to the grooms, this silver-gilt boat: to the porter these two plates; to the hostlers, these ten soup ladles. Trudon, take you these silver spoons and this sugar-box. You, footmen, take this large salt-dish. Serve me well, friends, and I will remember you. *Par la vertus Dieu!* I had rather bear in war one hundred blows on my helmet in the service of our good king, than be once cited by these mastiff catchpoles for the pleasure of such a fat prior.'

"Four days after, another young, tall, raw-boned catchpole came to cite Basché at the fat prior's request. At his arrival, he was at once recognised

by the porter, and the bell was rung. At the sound of this, all the family understood the mystery. Loire was kneading his dough; his wife was sifting meal; Oudart was in his office; the gentlemen were playing at tennis; the Seigneur du Basché was playing at three-hundred-and-three with my lady; the gentlewomen were playing at push-pin; the officers were playing at lanterlue: and the pages were playing at 'How many fingers do I hold up?' They were all immediately informed that catchpole was housed.

"Upon this, Oudart put on his surplice; Loire and his wife took their fine dresses; Trudon played his flute and beat his tabour. Basché went down into the outward yard; the catchpole, meeting him, fell on his knees, begged of him not to take it ill if he served him with a writ at the suit of the fat prior; and in an eloquent harangue set forth that he was a public person—a servant of monkery, apparitor to the abbatial mitre, ready to do for him—nay, for the least of his servants—whatsoever it would please my lord to command him.

"'Nay, truly,' said the lord, 'you shall not serve your writ till you have tasted some of my Quinquenays wine, and assisted at the wedding which we are presently to have. Messire Oudart, let him drink and refresh himself, and then bring him into the hall. Be welcome.'

"Catchpole, well fed and well drunk, came with

Oudart to the hall, where all the actors in the farce stood in order and resolute. At their entry everybody began to smile. Chiquanous laughed for company when Oudart had spoken the words over the couple, touched their hands, kissed the bride, and sprinkled the holy water. While they were bringing wine and sweetmeats, thumps began to trot. Catchpole gave Oudart some. Oudart, who had his gauntlet hidden under his surplice, drew it on like a mitten; then began he to thwack catchpole and whack catchpole; then began a shower of young gauntlets to pour upon catchpole. 'The wedding!' they cried,—'the wedding! the wedding! Remember the wedding!'

"So well was he sorted, that the blood came out of his mouth, his nose, his ears, his eyes. In the end he remained with one shoulder out, broken and bruised in head, neck, back, breast, arm, and all. Never did the bachelors at Avignon, in carnival time, play more melodiously *à la Raphe* than was then played on catchpole. At last down he fell.

"They threw wine upon his face, tied round the sleeve of his doublet a fine yellow and green favour, and got him upon his beast. Getting back to L'Isle Bouchard, I know not whether he was dressed and looked after by his spouse and the doctors of the country; for the thing never came to my ears.

"The next day the same thing happened, because it did not appear by the lean catchpole's bag that he had served his writ. So the fat prior sent a new catchpolé, with two bailiffs for his safety. The porter ringing the bell, the whole family was overjoyed, knowing that catchpole was there. Basché was at dinner with his lady and gentlemen; he sent for catchpole, made him sit by himself, and the bailiffs by the maids, and they dined well and joyously. The dessert being served, catchpole arose from table, and, in the presence and hearing of the bailiffs, cited Basché. Basché kindly asked him for a copy of the warrant; it was at hand ready: he then took a copy of the summons. To catchpole and his bailiffs he ordered four crowns to be given. In the meantime all were withdrawn for the farce. Trudon began to sound his tabour. Basché invited catchpole to stay and see one of his servants married, and witness the contract of marriage, paying him his fee. Catchpole was courteous, took out his ink-horn, got paper immediately, and his bailiffs by him.

"Loire came into the hall at one door, his wife with the gentlewomen at another, in nuptial accoutrements. Oudart, in surplice, took them both by their hands, asked them their will, gave them the matrimonial blessing, without sparing the holy water. The contract was signed and registered; on one side were brought wine and comfits; on

the other, white and orange favours; on another, gauntlets privately handed about.

"Catchpole, having tossed off a great glass of Breton wine, said to Basché, 'Pray, sir, what do you mean? Do you not give one another the wedding? *Sainsainbreguoy!* all good customs are forgotten. We find the form, but the hare is scampered. There are no friends nowadays. You see how, in some churches, the ancient tippling for the blessed saints at Christmas is come to nothing. The world is in its dotage. It approaches its end. Now come on. The wedding! the wedding! the wedding!' Thus saying, he struck Basché and his lady; then the bridesmaids and the priest. Then the gauntlets began to do their duty: insomuch that the catchpole had his crown cracked in nine places. One of the bailiffs had his right arm put out of joint, and the other his mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his chin, with a denudation of the uvula, and terrible loss of the molar, masticatory, and canine teeth. Then the tabour changed the music; the gauntlets were hidden, and sweetmeats afresh distributed with renewed mirth. They all drank to one another, and especially to catchpole and his bailiffs. But Oudart cursed the wedding; complaining that one of the bailiffs had utterly disincornifistibulated his nether shoulder-blade. Nevertheless, he drank to him joyously.

"The demandibulated bailiff joined his hands, and by signs begged his pardon; for speak he could not. Loire made his moan, that the crippled bailiff had struck him so great a blow with his mutton-fist on the nether elbow, that he was grown quite esperruquancluzelubelouzerirelued down to his very heel.

"'But what harm had poor I done?' cried Trudon, hiding his left eye with his kerchief, and showing his tabour cracked on one side: they were not satisfied with having thus morrambouzevezangouzequoquemorguatasachacguevezinemaffresseding my poor eye, but they have also broken my drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at weddings,—and it is fit they should; but drummers are well entertained, and never beaten. The devil may put it on his head!'

"'Brother,' said the lamed catchpole, 'I will make thee a present of a fine, large, old patent, which I have here in my bag, to patch up thy drum, and for heaven's sake, I pray thee forgive us. By Our Lady of Riviere, the blessed dame, I meant no harm.'

"'The devil take it!' said Basché; 'it is quite right that Mr Le Roy (this was catchpole's name) should thus thwack me and my wife on the back: I bear him no malice; these are little nuptial caresses. But this I plainly perceive, that he cited me like an angel, and drubbed me like a devil.

I drink to him, and to you likewise, gentlemen bailiffs.'

"'But,' said his wife, 'why and on what provocation hath he been so very liberal of his manual kindness to me? I assure you, I by no means like it; but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest knuckles that ever I felt on my shoulders.'

"The *maître d'hotel* held his left arm in a scarf, as if it had been quite morquaquoquassated. 'I think it was the devil,' said he, 'that moved me to assist at these nuptials; I have got all my arms engoulevezinemassed. Do you call this a wedding? This is, on my word, just another feast of the Lapithæ, described by the philosopher of Samosata.' Catchpole spoke no more. The bailiffs protested that in the thwacking they had no ill intent, and prayed for pardon. So they parted. Half a league from there catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The bailiffs got to L'Isle Bouchard, publicly saying, that they had never seen an honester gentleman than the Seigneur of Basché, or a more honourable house than his, and that they had never been at the like wedding, and all the fault belonged to themselves, because they had begun the beating. So they lived I cannot exactly tell you how many days after this. But from that time it was held for a certain truth, that Basché's money was more pestilential to catchpoles and bailiffs than were formerly the aurum Tholo-

sanum and the Sejan horse to those that possessed them. Ever after the Seigneur lived quietly, and Basché's wedding grew into a common proverb."

Friar John, after this, went on shore, put his hand in his fob, and took out twenty crowns; then said with a loud voice, in the hearing of a great crowd of catchpoles, "Who will earn twenty ducats, for being beaten like the devil?" "Io! Io! Io!" cried they all; "you will cripple us for ever, sir, that is most certain; but the pay is good." Then ran they all who should be first to be so preciously beaten. Friar John singled out of the whole troop a red-nosed catchpole, who upon his right thumb wore a thick broad silver hoop, wherein was set a large toad-stone. He had no sooner picked him out but I perceived that they all murmured; and I heard a tall, young, thin catchpole, a notable clerk, and, according to public report, an honest man in the ecclesiastical court, making his complaint, because this red-nose carried away all the practice; and that if in all the country there were but thirty bastinadoes to be got, he would pocket eight-and-twenty and a half. But all these complaints were nothing but envy.

Friar John so drubbed Red-snout, back and front, legs and arms, head, and all, with blows of his stick, that I took him to be a dead man: then he gave him the twenty crowns. And the rogue up again, as glad as a king or two. The rest were saying

to Friar John, "Sir, brother devil, if it please you to beat some of us for less money, we are all at your command, Monsieur the Devil. We are yours, bags, papers, pens, and all." Red-nose cried out against them, saying with a loud voice, "*Fite-dieu*, rascals! will you meddle in my market? would you take away my customers? Take notice, I summon you before the official *à huyctaine, mire-laridaine;* I will law and claw you like a devil of Vauverd." Then turning towards Friar John, with a smiling and joyful look, he said to him, "Reverend father in the devil, sir, if you have found me good stuff, and it pleases you to take your pleasure again by beating me, I will content myself with half the just price. Do not spare me, I beseech you; I am all, and more than all yours, Monsieur the Devil: head, lungs, and all; and with a good will, I assure you." Friar John interrupted his talk and left him. The other catchpoles were making addresses to Panurge, Epistemon, Gymnast, and others, entreating devoutly to be beaten by them at a low price, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long fast; but none of them would.

THE GREAT STORM.

The next day we espied to starboard a bark, laden with monks, Jacobins, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Egnatins, Celestins, Theatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and other holy monks and friars, who were going to the Council of Chesil, to garble articles of faith against the new heretics. Panurge was overjoyed to see them, being most certain of good luck for that day, and a long train of others. And having courteously saluted the blessed fathers, and recommended the salvation of his soul to their devout prayers and private ejaculations, he caused seventy-eight dozen of hams, a number of pots of caviare, tens of sausages, hundreds of botargoes, and two thousand fine angels, for the souls of the dead, to to be thrown on board their ships. Pantagruel, melancholic, remained all pensive. Friar John perceived it, and asked him whence came this unusual sadness; when the master, observing the fluttering of the pennon above the poop, and foreseeing a tyrannical squall and fresh gale, called all hands on deck, officers, sailors, cabin-boys, and even the passengers—made them take in a sail and make all snug. Suddenly the sea began to swell and rage from the lowest deeps. Great waves broke upon the ship's quarter. The north-

east wind, accompanied by a frightful hurricane, with black waterspouts, terrible whirlwinds, mortal gusts, whistled through our shrouds. Above us the heavens thundered, lightened, rained, hailed: the air lost its transparency, became opaque, dark, and obscure, so that no more light appeared but lightning; with flashing and breaking of flaming clouds; impetuous winds whirled and raged around us, with thunder and forked flashes; the aspect of the sky was lost and perturbed, the horrific typhoons rolled up the mountainous waves of the flood. Believe me, it seemed to us to be the ancient chaos, in which were fire, air, sea, earth, all the elements in refractory confusion. Panurge having plentifully fed the fish, sat on the deck in a heap, cast down and half dead; invoked to his aid all the blessed saints, promised to confess in time and place convenient, and then cried out in affright, "Steward, ho! my friend, my father, my uncle, let us have a piece of powdered beef; we shall drink but too much anon, for aught I see. Eat little, but drink well, will hereafter be my môtto. Would to our Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very instant, on *terra firma* at mine ease. O thrice and four times happy those that plant cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not spin me for a cabbage-planter? O how few are there to whom Jupiter hath been so favourable, as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! They

have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute of felicity and sovereign good, for my part, whosoever plants cabbages, is, by my decree, proclaimed most happy; for as good a reason as the philosopher Pyrrho, being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore, eating oats in plenty, declared it happy in two respects; first, because it had plenty of oats, and secondly, that it was on shore. Ha, for a divine and seigneurial manor, commend me to the cow-house.

"This wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my friends! a little vinegar. I sweat again with mere agony. Alas! the sail is split, the yards are gone, the maintop-mast plunges into the sea, the keel is up to the sun, our shrouds are broken. All *is verlooren!* Alas! who shall have this wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these handrails. Your lantern is fallen, my lads. Alas! do not let go the main tack nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack; is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us save the hull, and let the rigging go. Bebebé, bous, bous, bous. Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, master pilot, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this storm. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I am drowned, I die, good people, I die."

Pantagruel, having first implored the help of the

great God, the Preserver, and prayed publicly with fervent devotion, by the pilot's advice held tightly the mast of the ship. Friar John had stripped himself to his waistcoat, to help the seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone sat upon deck, weeping and lamenting. Friar John espied him going on the quarter-deck, and said to him, "*Pardieu!* Panurge the calf, Panurge the whiner, Panurge the brayer, you would do much better to lend us a hand, than to lie howling like a cow."

"Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," returned Panurge; "Friar John, my friend, my good father, I am drowning, my friend! I drown! I am a dead man, my spiritual father, I am a dead man, my friend. Ah! my father, my uncle, my all. The water is got into my shoes by the collar; bous, bous, bous, paish, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown! Alas! alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be, be, bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, alas! alas! Now I make the forked tree, my feet above, my head below. Would to heaven I were now aboard the bark of those good and blessed fathers bound for the council, whom we met this morning, so godly, so fat, so joyous, so plump, and comely. Holos, bolos, holas, holas, alas! This wave of all the devils (*mea culpa, Deus*), I mean this wave of God, will sink our vessel. Alas! Friar John, my father, my friend, confession.

Here I am on my knees; *confiteor;* your holy blessing."

"Come hither, and help us," said Friar; "in the name of thirty legions of devils, come; will you come?"

"Do not let us swear at this time," said Panurge; "holy father, my friend; to-morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our ship leaks! I drown, alas, alas! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns to any one that will set me on shore. *Confiteor*, alas! a word or two of testament or codicil at least."

"A thousand devils," cried Friar John, "seize the body of this fellow! Art thou talking of making thy will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir ourselves now or never? Wilt thou come, ho devil? We are, *par la vertus Dieu*, besped now, our light is out. This is hastening to all the millions of devils."

"Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas!" said Panurge, "was it here we were born to perish? Oh! ho! good people, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est.* It is all over with me."

"*Magna, gna, gna,*" said Friar John. "Fie upon him. Boy, see hoy. Mind the pumps. Hast thou hurt thyself? Zoons! here fasten it to one of these blocks. On this side, in the devil's name, hay—so my boy."

"Ah, Friar John," said Panurge, "spiritual

father, dear friend, do not let us swear. You sin. Alas! alas! be be be bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my friends. I pardon all the world. Farewell, *in manus.* Bous, bous, bouou-ouous. St Michael of Aure! St Nicolas! now or never, I here make you a solemn vow, that if you stand by me this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine large little chapel or two.

'Entre Quande et Monssoreau,
Et n'y paistra vache ny veau.'

Oh, ho, oh, ho. More than eighteen pailfuls or two are got down my gullet; bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how bitter and salt it is!"

"*Par la vertus,*" said Friar John, "of blood, flesh, head, if I hear thee again howling, I will maul thee worse than any sea-wolf. Why do not we throw him overboard to the bottom of the sea? Here, sailor! ho, honest fellow! Thus, thus, my friend, hold fast above. In truth here is good lightning and thunder; I think that all the devils are got loose; or Proserpine is in labour: all the devils dance a morrice."

"Oh," said Panurge, "you sin, Friar John, my former crony; former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my heart to tell it you: for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good, as it is a great ease to a wood-cleaver to cry hem at every blow;

and as one who plays at nine-pins is wonderfully helped, if, when he hath not thrown his bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his body half-way about on that side which the bowl should have took to hit the pin. Nevertheless, you sin, my sweet friend."

"He dotes," said Friar John, "the poor devil. Lend us a hand. Here, to larboard. Here mate, my lad, hold fast, till I have made a double knot. O brave boy! Hold, brother Ponocrates, you will hurt yourself, man. Epistemon, pray thee stand off out of the hatchway. Methinks I saw the thunder fall there but just now. Con the ship, so ho! *Vertus Dieu*, what is that? the bows are staved in. I think all the legions of devils hold here their provincial chapter, or are wrangling for the election of a new rector. Starboard; well said. Take heed; have a care of your noddle, lad, in the devil's name. So ho, starboard, starboard."

"Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," cried Panurge, "bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither heaven nor earth; of the four elements we have here only fire and water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy divine bounty, that I were at this present hour in the close at Seuillè, or at Innocent's, the pastry-cook, over against the painted cave at Chinon, though I were to strip to my

doublet, and bake the petti-pasties myself. Friar John damns himself. Oh what a good friend I lose in him! Alas, alas! this is another bout than last year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oho, I drown. *Confiteor;* one poor word or two by way of testament, Friar John, my father. Alas! I drown; two words of testament here upon this ladder."

"To make one's last will," said Epistemon, "at this time that we ought to bestir ourselves and help our seamen, on the penalty of shipwreck, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a maggot as that of some of Cæsar's men, who, at their coming into Gaul, were mightily busied in making wills and codicils, bemoaned their fortune, and the absence of their spouses and friends at Rome, when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their arms, and use their utmost strength against Ariovistus, their enemy. It is a folly like that of the carter who, having laid his waggon fast in a slough, went upon his knees and called upon Hercules to help him, but neither goaded on his oxen, nor put his shoulder to the wheel. What will it signify to make your will now? for either we shall come off or drown for it. If we escape, it will not signify a straw to us; for testaments are of no value or authority, but by the death of the testators. If we are drowned, will it not be drowned too? Who will transmit it to the executors?"

"Some kind wave will throw it ashore, like Ulysses," replied Panurge; "and some king's daughter, going to fetch a walk on the evening, will find it, and take care to have it proved and executed; and on the shore will have a magnificent cenotaph erected, as Dido had for her husband Sichæus; Æneas to Deiphobus, upon the Trojan shore, near Rhœte; Andromache to Hector, in the city of Buthrotus; Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus; the Athenians to the poet Euripides; the Romans to Drusus, in Germany, and to Alexander Severus, their emperor, in Gaul; Argentier to Callaischre; Xenocrates to Lysidices; Timares to his son Teleutagoras; Eupolis and Aristodice to their son Theotimus; Onestes to Timocles; Callimachus to Sopolis, the son of Dioclides; Catullus to his brother; Statius to his father; Germain of Brie to Hervé, the Breton sailor."

"Art thou mad?" asked Friar John. "Help, here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of cart-loads of devils."

Then Pantagruel was heard to make a sad exclamation, saying, with a loud voice, "Lord save us, we perish; yet not as we would have it, but Thy holy will be done."

"The Lord and the blessed Virgin be with us," said Panurge. "Holos, alas, I drown! be be be bous, be bous, bous: *in manus*. Good heavens, send me

some dolphin to carry me safe on shore, like a pretty little Arion. I shall make shift to sound the harp, if it be not unstrung."

"Let nineteen legions of black devils seize me," said Friar John. ("The Lord be with us," said Panurge.)

"If I come down to thee, I will show thee to some purpose."

"Land! land!" cried Pantagruel. "I see land! Pluck up, boys, we are not far from a port. I see the sky clearing up to the northwards; steer to the south-east!"

"Courage, my hearts," said the pilot; "the sea is smoother. Hands aloft to the main-top. Put the helm a-weather. Steady! steady! Haul, haul, haul! Thus, thus, and no nearer. Clear your sheets; clear your bowlines; port, port. Helm a-lee. Luff, luff; keep her full, luff the helm. Luff."

"Luff it is," answered the steersman.

"Keep her thus. Steady, steady."

"That is well said," said Friar John. "Come, come, come children, be nimble."

"Luff, luff. Helm a-weather."

"Methinks," said Friar John, "the storm begins to lessen and to finish, the Lord be thanked. Our devils begin to scamper."

"Cheer up, my mates," cried Epistemon; "I see already Castor on the right."

"Be, be, bous, bous, bous," said Panurge; "I am much afraid it is Helen, the meteor of storm."

"It is truly Mixarchagevas" (Castor), returned Epistemon, "if thou likest better the denomination of the Argives. Ho! ho! I see land too. Let her bear in with the harbour; I see a good many people on the beach; I see a light on a lighthouse."

"St John," said Panurge, "this is spoken well. O the sweet word!"

"Mgna, mgna, mgna," said Friar John; "if ever thou taste a drop of it, let the devil taste me. Here, honest soul, here is a tankard of the very best. Bring the flagons: dost hear, Gymnast? and that same large pasty jambic, or gammonic. Take heed you pilot her in right."

"Cheer up," cried out Pantagruel; "cheer up, my boys; let us be courteous. Do you see yonder two skiffs, three sloops, five ships, four gondolas, and six frigates, sent by the good people of the neighbouring island to our relief? But who is this Ucalegon below, who thus cries and bemoans himself? Were it not that I hold the mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it straighter than two hundred tacklings——"

"It is," said Friar John, "that poor devil, Panurge, who is troubled with a calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly is full."

"If," said Pantagruel, "he hath been afraid during this dreadful hurricane and dangerous storm,

provided he hath done his part like a man, I do not value him a jot the less for it. For as to fear in all encounters is the mark of a heavy and cowardly heart—as Agamemnon did, who, for that reason, is ignominiously taxed by Achilles with having dog's eyes and a stag's heart; so not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smallness of judgment. Now, if anything ought to be feared in this life, next to offending God, I only say that it is death. I will not meddle with the disputes of Socrates and the academics, that death of itself is neither bad nor to be feared; but I will affirm that this kind of shipwreck is to be feared, or nothing is. For, as Homer saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and unnatural thing to perish at sea. And, indeed, Æneas, in the storm that took his fleet near Sicily, was grieved that he had not died by the hand of the brave Diomedes, and said that those were three, nay four times happy, who perished in the conflagration at Troy. No man here hath lost his life, the Lord our Preserver be eternally praised; but in truth, here is a ship out of repair. Well, we must mend the damage."

"Ha, ha!" cried Panurge, "all goes well. Shall I help you any more? Here, let me coil this rope; I have plenty of courage, and of fear very little. Give it me, my friend. No, no, I have not a bit of fear. Indeed, that same decumane wave, that took

us fore and aft, somewhat altered my pulse. Down with your sails; well said. How now, Friar John? you do nothing. Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but St Martin's lacquey may be brewing another storm? shall I come and help you again? *Vertus guoy*, I do heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the doctrine of the good philosopher, who tells us that to walk by the sea, and to navigate by the shore, are very safe and pleasant things; just as it is to go on foot, when we hold our horse by the bridle. Ha! ha! ha! all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I will do this as it should be."

Epistemon, who had the inside of one of his hands all flayed and bloody, through having held a rope too hard with might and main, said, hearing what Pantagruel had said: "You may believe, my lord, I had fear and terror as well as Panurge; yet I spared no pains in lending a hand. I considered, that since by fatal and unavoidable necessity we must all die, it is the blessed will of God that we die this or that hour, and this or that kind of death: nevertheless we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate Him: but we must not stop there; it behoveth us also to use our endeavours on our side, and, as the holy writ saith, to co-operate with Him."

"The devil take me," said Friar John, "if the close of Seuillé had not been all gathered and de-

stroyed, if I had only sung *contra hostium insidias* (matter of breviary) like other devils of monks, and had not rescued the vineyard from the robbers of Lerné with the staff of the cross."

"*Vogue la galère!*" cried Panurge, "all goes well; Friar John doth nothing; his name is Friar John Fainéant; he sees me here working to help this honest tar, first of the name.—Hark you me, dear soul, a word with you;—but pray be not angry. How thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be?"

"Some two good inches and upwards," returned the pilot; "don't fear."

"*Vertus Dieu!*" said Panurge, "it seems then we are within two fingers of death. Is this one of the nine joys of marriage? Ah, dear soul, you do well to measure the danger by the yard of fear. For my part, I have none on't; my name is William Dreadnought. As for courage, I have more than enough on't; I mean not sheep courage; but wolf's courage, the assurance of a murderer. I fear nothing but danger. As for you, gentlemen, good morrow to you all: you are in very good health, all of you? you are all heartily welcome, and in good time. Let us go on shore. I am wolfish and hungered for work, like two yokes of oxen. Truly this is a fine place, and these look like a very good people. Children, do you want me still in anything? do not spare the sweat of

my body, for God's sake. Adam, that is, man, was made to labour and work, as the birds were made to fly. Our Lord's will is, that we get our bread with the sweat of our brow, not idling and doing nothing, like this monk here, this Friar John, who drinks and dies for fear.—Rare weather.—I now find the answer of Anacharsis, the noble philosopher, very proper: being asked what ship he reckoned the safest? He replied, 'That which is in the harbour.'"

"He made yet a better repartee," said Pantagruel, "when somebody inquiring, which is greater, the number of the living or that of the dead? he asked them, amongst which of the two they reckoned those that are at sea? ingeniously implying, that those who are at sea are in such continual danger of death that they live dying and die living. Portius Cato also said, that there were but three things of which he would repent; if ever he had trusted his wife with his secret, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by sea to a place accessible by land."

"By this worthy frock of mine," said Friar John to Panurge, "friend, thou hast been afraid during the storm, without cause or reason: for thou wert not born to be drowned, rather shalt thou be hanged, and exalted in the air, or roasted merrily like a Father. My lord, would you have a good cloak for the rain; leave off your wolf and badger-

skin mantle: let Panurge but be flayed, and cover yourself with his hide. But do not come near the fire, nor near your blacksmith's forges, a God's name; for in a moment you will see it in ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the rain, snow, hail, nay, by the devil's maker, throw yourself, or dive down to the very bottom of the water, you will never be wet at all. Have some winter boots made of it, they will never let in the water: make bladders of it to teach boys to swim, they will learn without danger."

"His skin, then," said Pantagruel, "should be like the herb called Venus's hair, which never takes wet nor moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the water as long as you please; and for that reason is called Adiantos."

"Friend Panurge," said Friar John, "I pray thee never be afraid of water: by the contrary element shall be thy life ended."

"Yea," replied Panurge, "but the devil's cooks go dreaming sometimes, and sometimes put to boil what was designed to be roasted. Hark ye, fair friends, I protest before this noble company, as for the chapel which I vowed to Mons. St Nicholas, I honestly mean that it shall be a chapel of rose-water, which shall be where neither cow nor calf shall be fed: for I intend to throw it to the bottom of the water."

"Here is a gallant for you," said Eusthenes:

"here is a gallant, gallant and a half. It is to verify the Lombardic proverb, *Passato el pericolo, gabbato el santo.*"

[The land at which they next arrive is one of the islands of the Macreons, or the Long-lived. It is the dwelling-place of the demons and heroes who are grown old. After this they make the island of Tapinois — "Sly-land," — where reigns great Quaresme-prenant, the personification of Lent, which means that Rabelais must pour out the vials of his wrath on the enforced fasting of Lent. Quaresme-prenant is a devourer of grey peas, a bottler of hay, a mole-catcher — that is, a deceiver of folk blinded by ignorance, a grinder of ashes, a flogger of children, and is father and foster-father of physicians, a very honest man, a good Catholic, and of great devotion; he weeps all day, and will go to no weddings; he lives on salt things, his memory is like a scarf, his common-sense like the buzzing of bees; his imagination like a peal of bells; his judgment like a shoeing-horn.

"What is yet more strange, he works, doing nothing, and does nothing though he works; he corybantises sleeping, and sleeps corybantising—that is, with his eyes open like the hares of Champagne, for fear of being surprised by the Chitterlings, his ancient enemies; he eats nothing fasting, and fasts eating nothing; he drinks in imagination, swims on the top of steeples, dries his clothes in ponds, fears his own shadow and the cries of fat kids, and plays with his own belt."

This description reminds Pantagruel of an apologue which he has read somewhere, of which Rabelais leaves the application to his reader.]

Physis — that is to say, Nature — at her first burthen bore two children, Beauty and Harmony. Antiphysis, who ever was the antagonist of Nature, immediately conceived spite upon these beautiful

and honourable productions, and in opposition bore Amodunt and Dissonance. Their heads were round like a football, and not gently flatted on both sides, like the common shape of men. Their ears stood pricked up like those of asses; their eyes, as hard as those of crabs, and without brows, stared out of their heads, fixed on bones like those of our heels; their feet were round, like tennis-balls; their arms and hands turned backwards towards the shoulders; and they walked on their heads, continually turning round like a ball, topsy-turvy, heels over head.

Yet—as you know that apes esteem their young the handsomest in the world—Antiphysis extolled her offspring, and strove to prove that their shape was handsomer and more inviting than that of the children of Physis: saying, that thus to have spherical heads and feet, and walk in a circular manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the perfection of the divine power, which makes all beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that to have our feet uppermost, and the head below them, was to imitate the Creator of the universe,—the hair being like the roots, and the legs like the branches of man; for trees are better planted by their roots than they could be by their branches. By this demonstration she implied, that her children were much more to be praised for being like a standing tree, than those of Physis, that made a figure of a

tree upside down. As for the arms and hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turned towards the shoulders, because that part of the body ought not to be without defence, while the forepart is duly fenced with teeth, which a man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those things that offend him. Thus, by the testimony and astipulation of the brute beasts, she drew all the witless herd and mob of fools into her opinion, and was admired by all brainless and nonsensical people.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical tribes of eaves-dropping dissemblers, superstitious pope-mongers, and priest-ridden bigots, the frantic Pistolets, the demoniacal Calvins, impostors of Geneva, the scrapers of benefices, apparitors with the devil in them, and other grinders and squeezers of livings, herb-stinking hermits, gulligutted dunces of the cowl, church vermin, false zealots, devourers of the substance of men, and many more other deformed and ill-favoured monsters, made in spite of nature.

[The next island is the Isle Farouche, inhabited by the Chitterlings, who are the deadly enemies of Quaresme-prenant: next comes the Isle of Ruach—*i.e.*, Wind, the people of which nourish themselves and feed wholly on wind; after this the miserable island of Pope-fig-land, once rich and prosperous, a natural result of their stupidity in ridiculing the Pope.]

Leaving the desolate island of the Popefigs, we sailed, for one day, fairly and happily, and made the blessed island of the Papimanes. As soon as we had dropped anchor in the road, there came towards us in a skiff four persons differently clad. One as a monk in his frock, muddy, and booted; the other as a falconer, with a lure and a hawk; the third as a solicitor, with a large bag in his hand, full of informations, citations, chicaneries, and adjournments; the fourth as a vinedresser of Orleans, with fair cloth leggings, a basket, and a pruning-knife at his girdle.

As soon as they had hooked their boat to the ship, they all together with one voice asked, "Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him?"

"Who?" asked Pantagruel.

"Him," they replied.

"Who is it?" asked Friar John. "*Par la mort beuf!* I will smash him." This he said, thinking that they inquired after some robber, murderer, or church-breaker.

"How!" cried they, "gentlemen pilgrims, do you not know the Unique?"

"Sirs," replied Epistemon, "we do not understand those terms; but explain to us, if you please, what you mean, and we will tell you the truth without dissimulation."

"We mean," said they, "He that is. Did you ever see him?"

"He that is," returned Pantagruel, "according to our theological doctrine, is God. And in such words He declared Himself to Moses. We never saw Him, nor can He be beheld by mortal eyes."

"We do not speak of the supreme God, who rules in heaven," replied they; "we mean the god on earth. Did you ever see him?"

"Upon my honour," replied Carpalim, "they mean the Pope."

"Ay, ay," answered Panurge; "yea verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me."

"How!" cried they; "our sacred decretals inform us that there never is more than one living."

"I mean successively, one after the other," returned Panurge; "otherwise I never saw more than one at a time."

"O thrice and four times happy people!" cried they; "you are welcome, and more than double welcome!" They then kneeled down before us, and would have kissed our feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them that, to the Pope, should he come thither in his own person, they could do no more.

Pantagruel inquired of a boy on board their skiff who those persons were? He answered, that they were the four estates of the realm; and added, that we should be well received and well treated, since we had seen the Pope. Panurge having been

acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear, "I swear and vow, sir, it is even so. All comes right to him who waits. Our seeing the Pope hath hitherto done us no good: now, in the devil's name, it will do us a great deal." We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women, and children, came to meet us as in procession. Our four estates cried out to them with a loud voice, "They have seen him! they have seen him! they have seen him!" At that proclamation, all the people kneeled before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying "O happy folk! O most happy!" and this acclamation lasted about a quarter of an hour.

Then came the schoolmaster of the place, with all his ushers and school-boys, whom he magisterially flogged, as they used to whip children in our country formerly, when some criminal was hanged, that they might remember it. This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them, "Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I am gone."

The people were amazed, hearing his stentorian voice; and I saw a little humpback, with long fingers, say to the schoolmaster, "What! in the name of wonder do all those that see the Pope grow as tall as he who threatens us? Ah! how I shall think time long till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big." In short, the accla-

mations were so great, that Homenas (so they called their bishop) hastened thither, on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his apposts (as they said), and his supposts also, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, and holy water-pots. He, too, wanted to kiss our feet, saying, that one of their hypophetes, a scourer and commentator of their holy decretals, had written that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appeared among them; so some day the Pope would come into that island, and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if one who had seen him at Rome or elsewhere chanced to come among them, they should be sure to make much of him, and treat him reverently. However, we civilly desired to be excused.

Homenas then said to us, "It is enjoined us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church; we will afterwards go and feast ourselves."

"Honest man," said Friar John, "do you go before; "we will follow you. You spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; it is long since we saw any such. I feel myself rejoiced in heart, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. It is a happy thing to meet with good men!"

Being come near the gate of the church, we spied a great book, gilt, and covered with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. It hung in the air, being fastened with two thick chains of gold to the zoophore of the porch. We looked on it, and admired it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and turned it as he pleased, for he could easily reach it; and he protested that whenever he touched it he was seized with a pleasant tickling at his finger's end, new life in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two sergeants, or such officers, provided they were not of the shaveling kind.

Homenas then said to us, "The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God Himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And some time after it, E I was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field called Pessinunt, in Phrygia; so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the oriflambe, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most Christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans in Rome, the famous

buckler called Ancile was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, Minerva's statue formerly fell from the imperial heaven. In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of an angel,—yea, a cherub. You outlandish people do not believe this."

"Little enough," said Panurge.

"And then," continued Homenas, "they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is called Diipetes, by Homer, the father of all philosophy (the holy decretals always excepted). Now, because you have seen the Pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think meet. But you must fast three days before, and canonically confess,—nicely picking out and inventorising your sins, so thick that one single circumstance may not fall to the ground,—as our holy decretals, which you see, divinely direct. This will take up some time."

"Honest man," answered Panurge, "we have seen decretals enough, on paper, on transparent parchment, on vellum, in manuscript, and in print; so you need not take the pains to show these. We will take the will for the deed, and thank you as much as if we had."

"Ay, marry," said Homenas, "but you have

never seen these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours—as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare my trouble. Do but tell me whether you will be confessed, and fast only three short little days of God."

"As for confessing," answered Panurge, "we willingly consent; but fasting will hardly down with us at this time, for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good Friar John des Entommeures,"—Homenas then courteously embraced him,—"moss is growing in his throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his jaws."

"He speaks the truth," vouched Friar John; "I have so much fasted that I am almost grown humpbacked."

"Come, then, let us go into the church," said Homenas; "and pray forgive us if for the present we do not sing you a high mass. The hour of mid-day is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass,—I mean high and lawful mass. But I will say a low and dry one for you."

"I had rather have one moistened with good Anjou wine," cried Panurge. "Fall to, then,—fall to, and despatch."

"*Verd et bleu!*" quoth Friar John, "it grieves

me that I must have an empty stomach. For, had I breakfasted, and fed in monkly guise, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem*, I should then have brought thither bread and wine. Well, patience. Pull away; tuck up short, for fear of its dragging."

Mass finished, Homenas took out of a coffer by the high altar a great bunch of keys, with which he opened, by two-and-thirty keyholes and fourteen padlocks, a window of iron, strongly barred, above the said altar; then, with great mystery, covered himself with wet sackcloth, and, drawing aside a curtain of crimson satin, showed us an image coarsely painted, to my thinking, touched it with a long stick, and made us kiss the end which had touched the image. After this he said to us, "What think you of this image?"

"It is the likeness of a pope," answered Pantagruel. "I know it by the triple crown, the furred amice, his rochet, and his slipper."

"You are in the right," said Homenas; "it is the idea of that same good God on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wished for, and much expected day! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so favoured you as to let you see the living and real face of this good God on earth! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins

which we remember, as also a third part and eighteen-fortieths of the sins which we have forgotten: and indeed we only see it on high annual holidays."

This caused Pantagruel to say that it was a work like those which Dædalus used to make, since, though it were deformed and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in point of pardons, was latent in it.

"Thus," said Friar John, "at Seuillé, the beggars being one evening, one fête-day, at supper in the hospital, one bragged of having got six blancs, another eight liards, a third seven caroluses, and one fat beggar made his vaunt of having got three testons. 'Ah, but,' cried his comrades, 'thou hast a leg of God.' As if some divine virtue could lie hid in a rotten shank."

"Physicians," said Epistemon, "thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases. Nero also extolled mushrooms, and in a Greek proverb termed them food of the gods, because with them he had poisoned Claudius his predecessor."

"Methinks," said Panurge, "this picture is not like our late popes. For I have seen them, not with their amice on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turban; and while the Christian commonwealth was in peace they alone were making villainous and cruel war."

"This must have been, then," returned Homenas,

"against the rebellious, heretical, reprobate Protestants, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good God on earth. It is not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoined him by the sacred decretals; and he must put to the fire emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, should they transgress one iota of their commands; he must strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematise them, and destroy not only their bodies, their children, and other relations, but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most burning caldron in hell."

"Here, in the devil's name," said Panurge, "the people are no heretics, such as was our Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are Christians picked out on the counter."

"Ay, marry are we," returned Homenas, "and for that reason we shall all be saved. Let us go take the holy water, and then to dinner."

Now, topers, pray observe that while Homenas was saying his dry mass, three churchwardens, each of them with a large basin, went round among the people, with a loud voice, "Pray remember the blessed men who have seen his face." As we came out of the temple they brought their basins brim full of Papimany money to Homenas, who told us that it was to feast with, and that, of this contribution and tax, one part should be laid out in good

drinking, the other in good eating, according to a mirific exposition hidden in a corner of their holy decretals, — which was performed, and that at a noted tavern not much unlike Guillot's at Amiens. Believe me, the eating was plentiful, and the glasses numerous.

I made two notable observations at that dinner, —the one, that there was not one dish served up, whether of kids, capons, hogs, pigeons, conies, leverets, turkeys, or others, without abundance of magistral stuffing; the other, that every course, and the dessert also, were served up by marriageable maids,—fair, I assure you, pleasing, comely, sweet, and gracious. They were all clad in fine long white albs, with two girdles; their heads bare, their hair trimmed with little bands and ribands of violet silk, stuck with roses, gilly-flowers, marjoram, daffidown-dillies, thyme, and other sweet flowers.

At every cadence they invited us to drink with careful and dainty courtesies; nor was the sight of them unwelcome to all the company: and as for Friar John, he looked on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon. When the first course was taken off, the girls melodiously sang an epode in praise of the sacrosanct decretals; and then, the second course being served up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, called to one of the butlers, and one of the girls promptly brought him a great cup of extravagant wine. He took fast hold of it, and,

fetching a deep sigh, said to Pantagruel, "My lord, and you fair friends; I drink to you with all my heart; you are all very welcome." When he had tipped that off, and given the cup to the pretty serving-maid, he lifted up his voice and said, "O divine decretals, how good is good wine found through you!"

"This," said Panurge, "is not the worst thing in the pannier."

"But it would still be a better," said Pantagruel, "if they could turn bad wine into good."

"O seraphic Sextum!" continued Homenas, "how necessary are you to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic Clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect institution of a true Christian is contained and described in you! O angelical Extravagants! how poor souls which wander in mortal bodies, here below in this vale of misery, would perish without you! When, ah! when shall this special gift of grace be bestowed on mankind, as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to peruse you, to understand you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incentre you in the deepest ventricles of their brains, in the inmost marrow of their bones, and intricate labyrinth of their arteries? Oh, then and not otherwise shall the world be happy! Then, ah then! no hail, frost, ice, snow, or accidents; then plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then

uninterrupted and eternal peace through the universe, an end of all wars, plunderings, drudgeries, robbing, assassinations, except against the cursed and rebellious heretics. Oh, then, rejoicing, cheerfulness, jollity, solace, sports, and delicious pleasures, over the face of the earth. Oh! what great learning, inestimable erudition, and godlike precepts, are knit together in the divine chapters of these eternal decretals!

"Oh! how, if you read but one demy canon, one short paragraph, or single observation of these sacrosanct decretals, you perceive to kindle in your hearts a furnace of divine love, charity towards your neighbour (provided he be no heretic), assured contempt of all casual and sublunary things, firm content in all your affections and ecstatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven."

"Here is talking of organs!" quoth Panurge; "for my part, I believe as little of it as I can."

Saith Ponocrates: "At Montpelier, one John Choüart bought of the monks of St Olary a fair set of decretals, written on fine large parchment of Lamballe, to beat gold between the leaves. A strange chance happened, for not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoiled."

"Mark this," cried Homenas; "divine punishment and vengeance."

"At Mans," said Eudemon, "Francis Cornu,

apothecary, had turned an old set of Extravagants into paper screws: I renounce the devil if whatever was wrapped up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten, and spoiled — incense, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, saffron, wax, cassia, rhubarb, tamarinds, all drugs, medicines, and purgatives."

"Vengeance," quoth Homenas, "and divine justice! Thus to put the sacred Scriptures to profane uses."

"At Paris," said Carpalim, "one Groignet, a tailor, had turned an old Clementinæ into patterns and measures. O strange chance! all the clothes that were cut on them were spoiled and lost; gowns, hoods, cloaks, cassocks, jerkins, jackets, waistcoats, capes, doublets, petticoats, and farthingales. Groignet, thinking to cut a hood, would cut out a high-crowned hat; for a cloak, he would shape you a rochet; on the pattern of a doublet, he would make you a cloak; then his journeymen having stitched it up, did pink it at the bottom, and so it looked liked a pan to fry chestnuts. Instead of a cape, he made a boot; on the pattern of a farthingale, he shaped a mask; and thinking to make a mantle, he cut a Swiss tabour. Insomuch that the poor man was condemned to make good the stuff to all his customers; and is now a bankrupt by reason thereof."

"Punishment," said Homenas, "and vengeance divine!"

"At Cahusac," said Gymnast, "a match was made by the lord of Estissac and Viscount Lauzun to shoot at a mark. Perotou had taken to pieces half a set of decretals on good Canonge paper, and from the leaves had cut the white for the butt. I give myself, I sell myself, I give myself crossways to all the devils, if ever any archer in the country (though they are very good in Guienne) could hit the white. All shot wide. Nothing of the holy white sacrosanct was contaminated or touched: nay, and Sansornin the elder, who held stakes, swore to us, "Figue d'Hyeres!" (his great oath) that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the bolt of Carquelin going straight to the round circle in the middle of the white; on the point of hitting, it had gone aside above seven feet and four inches wide of it towards the bakehouse."

"Miracle!" cried Homenas, "miracle! miracle! I drink to you all, gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians." While he said this, the maidens began to giggle among themselves.

"Methinks," said Pantagruel, "upon such whites one would be in greater safety against the arrows than was formerly Diogenes."

"How is that?" asked Homenas. "Was he a decretalist?"

"Diogenes," said Pantagruel, "one day, for pastime, went to see some archers who were shooting at the butt. Among them was one so poor, mal-

adroit, and unskilful that, when it was his turn to shoot, all the bystanders got out of the way for fear of being hit by him. Diogenes had seen him shoot; so when he was taking aim a second time, and the people were getting to the right and left, he ran and placed himself at the foot of the white, holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an archer would certainly hit any other, and that the white alone was in safety from the arrow."

"One of the Seigneur d'Estissac's pages at last found out the charm," pursued Gymnast. "By his advice, Perotou changed the white, and used some papers of Pouillac's lawsuit. Then every one shot cleverly."

"At Landerousse," said Rhizotomus, "at the wedding of Jean Delif, the nuptial rejoicings were notable and sumptuous, as was then the custom of the country. After supper, farces, interludes, and pleasant nonsense were acted: they had also morris-dancers, with bells and tabours, and divers sorts of masks and mummers were let in. My schoolfellows and I, to grace the festival to the best of our power (for in the morning we all of us had fair favours in white and violet), contrived a merry mask with store of cockle-shells, shells of snails, and suchlike. Then for want of cuckoo pintle, burdock, and paper, we made ourselves false faces with the leaves of an old Sextum, that had been thrown by, cutting out holes for the

eyes, the nose, and the mouth. Marvels! When we had played our little antic tricks, and came to take off our sham faces, we appeared more hideous and ugly than the little devils at the 'Passion' of Doué, so much were our faces spoiled at the places touched by those leaves: one had there the smallpox; another the rot; another the measles; another, boils and carbuncles; in short, he came off the least hurt who only lost his teeth by the bargain."

"Miracle!" cried out Homenas, "miracle!"

"Hold," cried Rhizotomus; "it is not yet time to laugh. My sisters, Catherine and Renée, had put their hoods, their ruffles, and neck-ruffs, new washed, starched, and ironed, into that very book of decretals; for it was bound with thick boards, and had strong clasps. Now, by the virtue of God——"

"Hold," interrupted Homenas; "what God do you mean?"

"There is but one," answered Rhizotomus.

"In heaven, I grant," replied Homenas; "but we have another here on earth."

"Ay, marry have we," said Rhizotomus; "but on my soul, I had quite forgotten it. Well then, by the virtue of god the pope on earth, their hoods, ruffles, bibs, coifs, and other linen, turned as black as a charcoal-man's sack."

"Miracle!" cried Homenas.

"I wish," said Epistemon; "that I had paid a pint of tripe, so we had but compared with the original the dreadful chapters, *Execrabilis*, *De multa*, *Si plures*, *De annatis per totum*, *Nisi essent*, *Cum ad monasterium*, *Quod dilectio*, *Mandatum*, and certain others, which draw every year out of France to Rome four hundred thousand ducats and more. Is that nothing?"

"That," said Homenas, "seems to me but little, seeing that France, the most Christian, is the only nurse of the see of Rome. However, find me in the whole world a book, whether of philosophy, physic, law, mathematics, or other human learning, even the Holy Scripture itself, which will draw as much money thence? None. Nargues! nargues! none can. You will nowhere else find this aurifluent energy, I assure you.

"Yet these devils of heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn them, tear them, nip them with hot pincers, drown them, hang them, impale them, cripple them, dismember them, bowel them, cut them up, mince them, grill them, hack them, crucify them, boil them, carve them, quarter them, smash their limbs, break them, carbonade their wicked decretalifuges, these heretics, worse than homicides, worse than parricides, murderers of the decretals.

"As for you, good people, if you wish to be called and reputed true Christians, I most earnest-

.ly pray you to believe no other thing, to think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing, except only what is contained in our sacred decretals, and their corollaries, this fine Sextum, these fine Clementinæ, these fine Extravagants. O deific books! So shall you enjoy glory, honour, exaltation, wealth, dignities, and preferments, in this world.

'De tous reverez
D'ung chascun redoublez
A tous préférez.'

"What was it that founded, underpropped, and fixed, and now maintains, nourishes, and feeds the devout monks, in convents, monasteries, and abbeys, without the daily, nightly, continual prayers of whom would the world be in evident danger of returning to its primitive chaos? The sacred decretals.

"What makes and daily increases the famous and celebrated patrimony of St Peter in plenty of all temporal, corporeal, and spiritual blessings? The holy decretals.

"What makes the holy apostolic see of Rome, in all times, and at this present, so dreadful in the universe, that all kings, emperors, potentates, and lords, willy, nilly, must depend upon him, hold of him, be crowned, confirmed, and authorised by him, come thither to kiss and fall down before his holy slipper, whose picture you have seen? The mighty decretals of God.

"I will discover to you a great secret. The universities of your world have commonly a book, either open or shut, in their arms and devices: what book do you think it is?"

"Truly, I do not know," answered Pantagruel; "I never read in it."

"It is the decretals," said Homenas, "without which would perish privileges of all universities. You owe this knowledge to me; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Here Homenas began to laugh; and then he gave his great fat four-cornered cap to one of the lasses, who clapped it on her pretty head with a great deal of joy, after she had amorously kissed it, as a sure token that she should be first married.

"*Vivat*," cried Epistemon, "*fifat, bibat, pipat.*"

"O apocalyptic secret!" continued Homenas. "Now for the fruit, maids. I was saying, then, that giving yourselves thus to the study of the holy decretals, you will gain wealth and honour in this world. I add, that in the next, you will infallibly be saved in the blessed kingdom of heaven, whose keys are given to our good decretaliarch god. O my good God, whom I adore and never saw, by special grace open unto us, at the point of death at least, this most sacred treasure of our holy mother church, whose protector, preserver, steward, administrator, and dispenser thou art;

and take care that the precious works of supererogation, the goodly pardons, do not fail us in time of need; so that the devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious souls, and the dreadful jaws of hell may not swallow us. If we must pass through purgatory, patience. It is in thy power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest." Here Homenas began to shed huge, hot, briny tears, to beat his breast, and kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.

Dinner being over, we took our leave of the right reverend Homenas, and of all the good people, humbly giving thanks; and, to make them amends for their kind entertainment, promised them that, at our coming to Rome, we would make our applications so effectually to the Pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to visit them in person. After this we went on board.

Pantagruel, by an act of generosity, and as an acknowledgment of the sight of the Pope's picture, gave Homenas nine pieces of double frized cloth of gold, to be set before the grates of the window. He also caused the church-box, for its repairs and fabric, to be quite filled with double crowns of gold, and ordered nine hundred and fourteen angels to be delivered to each of the girls who had waited at table, for marriage portions when their time should come.

When we were at sea, junketing, tippling, discoursing fair and short discourses, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out, then asked us, "Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark!" According to his command, we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, like fair oysters in the shell, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky,—and to lose none of it, after the example of the Emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears; but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last it seemed either that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish whole words. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause, since we could see no one, yet heard such various sounds and voices of men, women, children, and horses, insomuch that Panurge cried out, "*Ventre bieu!* Is this mockery? We are lost. Let us fly. There is some ambuscade hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my friend? I pray thee, stay by me. Hast thou got thy tool? See that it do not stick in thy scabbard; you never scour it half. We are undone. Hark! They are

guns; let us fly,' I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the battle of Pharsalia; I say, with sails and oars. Let us fly; I never have courage at sea: in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let us fly. Let us save ourselves. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I do not. I always say that. The free archer of Baignolet said as much. Let us hazard nothing else, therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Let us fly. Turn front. Would I were now well in Quinquenois, though I were never to marry. Boutship. Let us fly; we are not for them; they are ten to one, I will warrant you; nay, and they are on their own dunghill, while we do not know the country. They will kill us. We will lose no honour by flying. Demosthenes saith, that the man that runs away may fight another day. At least, let us retreat. Helm a-lee; bring the main tack aboard, haul the bowlins, hoist the topgallants; we are all dead men. Let us fly, in the name of all the devils; let us fly."

Pantagruel hearing the outcry which Panurge made, said, "Who is this coward? Let us first see what people they are; perhaps they may be friends: I can discover nobody yet, though I can see a hundred miles round me. But let us consider a little: I have read that a philosopher, named Petron, was of opinion that there were

several worlds that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose centre, he said, was the dwelling of truth; and that the words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the Age; and in certain years, at long intervals, part of them fall on mankind like catarrhs, just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, part remaining reserved for the future and the fulfilment of the Age."

"I also remember," continued he, "that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter, are immediately congealed and frozen by the cold of the air, and are not heard; for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now," continued he, "we should philosophise and search whether this be not the place where those words are thawed.

"We should wonder very much if this were the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; and from the head there issued perpetually a doleful song, as if lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, wind's impulse moving

its strings, harmoniously accompanied the voice. Let us see if we can discover them hereabouts."

The pilot made answer: "Be not afraid, my lord; we are on the confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates. Then froze in the air the words and cries of men and women, the hewing of battle-axes, the hurtling of armour and harness, the neighing of horses, and all other din of battle; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, the serenity and warmth of the good season having come, they melt and are heard."

"*Pardieu!*" said Panurge, "I believe it; but could not we see some of them? I think I have read that, along the mountain on which Moses received the Judaic law, the people saw the voices sensibly."

"Here, here," said Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed." He then threw on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like the sugar plums of many colours used in heraldry: some words gules, some vert, some azure, some sable, some or; and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands,

gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire, without being first cut, which made us all start. "This was the report of a field-piece in its time," cried Friar John.

Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more; but Pantagruel told him that to give words was the part of a lover.

"Sell me some, then," cried Panurge.

"That is the part of a lawyer," returned Pantagruel. "I would sooner sell you silence at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his *argentangina*, or silver quinsey."

However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the deck; among which I perceived some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, used sometimes to go back and recoil to the place whence they came, but it was with a slit weasand: terrible words, and others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, torche, forgne, brededin, frr, frrr, frrr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, tracc, tracc, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, goc, magoc, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were words of the snorting and neighing of horses at the charge.

Then we heard some large ones, and they sounded when they melted like drums and fifes,

and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have saved some merry words, and have preserved them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that it is a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand; merry words never being scarce among all good and joyous Pantagruelists.

THE KINGDOM OF GASTER.

That day Pantagruel went ashore on an island, admirable among all others for its situation and its sovereign. On all sides at first landing it was rugged, craggy, and mountainous, barren, unpleasant to the eye, difficult to the foot, and almost as inaccessible as the mountain of Dauphiné, which is somewhat like a pumpkin, and in the memory of man was never climbed by any but Doyac, the conductor of King Charles VIII.'s train of artillery.

He, with strange engines, gained the top, and there he found an old ram. It was a wonder who had brought it thither. Some said that an eagle or screech-owl, having carried it thither while it was yet a lamb, it had got away, and saved itself among the bushes.

Having with much toil and trouble overcome the difficulty of the entrance, we found the top of the mountain so pleasant, so fertile, so healthful and delicious, that I thought it was the true garden or earthly paradise, about whose situation our good theologians so much dispute and labour.

But Pantagruel affirmed that here was the seat of Areté—that is, Virtue—described by Hesiod, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of the place was Messer Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great Master of Arts, as Cicero writes, you err and are wrong; for Cicero never believed this. If you think that Mercury was the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed, you are greatly out of the right way. The satirist's sentence, that affirms Master Gaster to be the master of all arts, is true.[1] With him peacefully resided the good dame Penia, otherwise called Want, the mother of the nine Muses, on whom Porus, the lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms *in Symposio.*

We were all obliged to pay our homage and swear allegiance to this chivalrous sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible: you cannot make him believe anything, represent anything to him, or persuade him anything.

[1] Persius.

He does not hear; and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, named Sigalion in Greek, was without a mouth, so Gaster was created without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs; but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one than the statutes of senates or commands of monarchs. Neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say that, when a lion roars, all the beasts round about, as far as his roar can be heard, tremble. This is written, it is true; I have seen it. I assure you that, at Messer Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes. His command is called, "Do this without delay, or die."

The pilot was telling us how, on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutinied against the belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole kingdom of the human body conspired against him, and swore to withdraw from his yoke; but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted, for otherwise they had all been famished.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope were there. At the council of Basle he was first; though some will tell you that the council

was tumultuous, by the contention and ambition of many for priority.

In order to serve him, every one is busied, every one labours. Indeed, for recompense, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature —making poets of ravens, jackdaws, jays, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the paunch. Eagles, falcons, goshawks, sparrowhawks, merlins, and other wild birds he domesticates and trains; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering, and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them come down to earth from heaven; and all for the paunch.

Elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the paunch.

Salt and fresh water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings them up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the paunch.

In short, he is so enormous, that in his rage he

devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans; and among six hundred more; and all for the paunch. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders vain; to no law is she subject, from all is she exempt. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwreck at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, and precipices, than to be seized by her.

You know that, by the institution of nature, bread has been assigned for provision and food; with the addition of this heavenly blessing, that nothing should be wanting to procure and keep this bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the smith's art, and husbandry to cultivate the ground, that it might yield him corn; he invented arms, and the art of war, to defend corn; physic and astronomy, with other parts of mathematics, which might be useful to keep corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the air, beasts, robbers, and purloiners; he invented water, wind, and handmills, and a thousand other engines to grind corn, and to turn it into meal; leaven to make the dough ferment, salt to give it a savour

(for he knew that nothing makes men more subject to diseases than bread unfermented and without salt).

Fire to bake it; hour-glasses, dials, and clocks to mark the time of its baking. It has happened that corn failed in one country; he contrived means to convey it from another country.

He, by great invention, mixed two species of animals, asses and mares, for the generation of a third, which we call mules, more strong, less delicate, and more lasting for hard service than the other two. He invented carts and waggons, to draw him along with greater ease. If seas and rivers hindered his progress, he devised boats, galleys, and ships (to the astonishment of the elements) to waft him over seas, to sail by rivers, to barbarous, unknown, and far distant nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry corn.

It has happened, in some years, that when he had tilled the ground there was no rain in due season, for want of which the corn remained in it dead and lost. In other years, the rain has been excessive, the hail spoiled it, the winds shook out the grain, the tempests blew it down. He long before our coming had found out a way to conjure the rain down from heaven only with cutting certain grass, common enough in the field, yet known to very few, some of which he showed us. I took it to be the same as the plant, one of whose boughs

being dipped by Jupiter's priest in the Agrian fountain, on the Lycian mountain in Arcadia, in time of drought, raised vapours which gathered into clouds, and then dissolved into rain, so that the whole country was kindly moistened.

He also found a way to keep the rain up in the air, and make it to fall into the sea. He found out a way and means to annihilate the hail, suppress the winds, and turn aside storms. Another misfortune happened when thieves and plunderers sometimes stole the corn and bread. He invented the art of building towns, forts, and castles to hoard it and secure it. It has also happened that, finding no bread in the fields, he heard that it was hoarded up in the cities, castles, and fortresses, and, more carefully guarded and defended by the people than were the golden apples of the Hesperides by the dragons. He found out the way to beat and demolish forts and castles, with machines and warlike thunderbolts, battering-rams, ballistas, and catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by the ingenious architects, disciples of Vitruvius,—as master Philebert de l'Orme, grand architect of the greatest king, has owned to us.

And seeing that these tools of destruction were baffled by the cunning subtilty or the subtle cunning of fortifiers, he lately invented cannons, field-pieces, culverins, mortar-pieces, bombs, instru-

ments that dart balls of iron, lead, and bronze, some of them outweighing huge anvils, by the means of a horrific powder, at which nature stands astonished and owns herself outdone by art, holding in contempt the usage of the Oxydracians, who by force of thunders, hails, storms, lightnings, vanquished their enemies and put them to sudden death. For one discharge of our great guns is more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays more men, destroys more walls, than a hundred thunderbolts.

[After leaving the island of Maitre Gaster, they were becalmed off an island called Chaneph, or Hypocrisy, where dwell all those who live by shams, such as hermits, holy mountebanks, and so forth: next by the land of Thieves, where they do not land, an omission ever to be regretted.

The Fourth Book ends, and the Fifth, published after the death of the author, carries on the voyage, but wants the last touches and corrections of the author. We first touch at the *Ile Sonnante*, or Isle of Ringing.]

Pursuing our voyage, we sailed three days, without discovering anything; on the fourth, we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the Ile Sonnante, and we heard afar off a kind of a confused and often repeated noise, that seemed to us not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as is done at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that ringing.

Some of us doubted that it was Dodona with the cauldrons, or the portico called Heptaphone, in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the Colossus raised on Memnon's tomb, in Thebes of Egypt, or the din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the Æolian Islands. But geography did not agree with this.

"I do not know," said Pantagruel, "but that some company of bees hereabouts may have begun to swarm, and so the neighbourhood make this banging of pans, kettles, basins, the corybantic cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods. Let us hearken." When we were nearer, we heard among the continual ringing of these indefatigable bells, the singing, as we thought, of men. For this reason, before we landed on the island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the pinnace to a small rock, near which we discovered a hermitage and a little garden. There we found an honest little fellow, a hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at Glenay, who gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of fashion. Four days in succession did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the island otherwise, because it was then the Fast of the Four Seasons. "I do not," said Panurge, "understand this riddle: this should rather be the time of the Four Winds; for while we fast we are only stuffed with wind. What!

have not you here some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks it is a meagre sport; we could do without so many palace holidays."

"In my Donatus," quoth Friar John, "I find but three times, the preterit, the present, and the future."

"That time or tense," said Epistemon, "is aorist, derived from the preterimperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in variable and uncertain times. Patience, say the lepers."

"It is," said the hermit, "inevitable; therefore as I have told you, whoever contradicts it is a heretic, and wants nothing but fire."

"Certainly, Father," said Panurge, "being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burned. Well, however, let us fast in God's name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am afraid of vexing you in fasting; for I understand nothing of it, and it becomes me badly, as several people have told me, and I believe them. For my part I do not much mind fasting. There is nothing so easy and ready to hand. I am much more inclined not to fast for the future; for then one must have wherewith to send to mill. Let us fast, since we are come to these holidays of hunger. I had quite put them out of my head long ago."

"If we must fast," said Pantagruel, "I see no other remedy but to get rid of it, as we would out of a bad road. Also I want to look over my papers, and see whether study at sea be as good as at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to those that are bred on shipboard, as we would do one bred up in a barrel, who never saw anything but through the bung-hole."

Our fastings were most hideous and terrible; for the first day we fasted at broken sticks, the second at swords beaten down, the third at iron-grinding, the fourth at blood and fire: such was the order of the fairies.

Our fastings finished, the hermit gave us a letter from one whom he called Albian Camar, Master Ædituus of the Ile Sonnante: but Panurge greeting him, called him Master Antitus. He was a little old fellow, bald-pated, with a rosy nose and a crimson face. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well banqueted, he informed us of the singularities of the island, affirming that it had been first inhabited by the Siticines, or singers at funerals; but that, according to the course of nature, as all things are subject to change, they were become birds.

Then I had a full understanding of what Atteius Capito, Pollux, Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus,

Suidas, Ammonius, and others had written of the Siticines; and no longer did it seem difficult to believe the transmutations of Nyctimene, Progne, Itys, Alcmene, Antigone, Tereus, and other birds. Little doubt also did we entertain of the Macrobian children turned into swans, or of the men of Pallene in Thrace, as soon as they had bathed themselves nine times in the Tritonic lake, were transformed into birds. After this nothing could we get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly, looking like the men in my country; for they ate and drank like men, digested like men, slept like men: in short, at first sight you would have said that they were men. However, they were nothing less, as Master Ædituus said, assuring us that they were neither secular nor laic.

Also their feathers put us into meditation, for some were quite white, other quite black, others quite grey, other parti-coloured of white and black; others all red, other white and blue: it was a beautiful thing to see them. He called the males clergaux, monagaux, pretregaux, abbegaux, evesgaux, cardingaux, et Papegaut, who is unique of his kind. He called the females clergesses, monagesses, pretregesses, abbegesses, evesguesses, cardingesses, papegesses.

However, he said, as among bees get the drones, who do nothing but eat and sport everything, so for three hundred years there have flocked, I know not how, every fifth moon among these joyous birds a great number of bigots who have defiled the whole island,—so hideous and monstrous that they are avoided by all. For all had their necks twisted, their paws hairy, the claws and belly of harpies, and the tails of the Stymphalides.

We then asked Master Ædituus why, considering the multiplication of these venerable birds, in all the species there was but one popehawk? He answered, that such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars: that the clergaux begot the pretregaux and monagaux, but not after the manner of the flesh, as bees may be born of a young bull, according to the art and method of Aristeus: the pretregaux begot the evesgaux, who begot the stately cardingaux, and the stately cardingaux, if they live long enough, at last come to be papegaut. Of this last kind there never is more than one at a time; as in a bee-hive there is but one king, and in the world but one sun.

This one dead, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of cardingaux. So that there is in that species individual unity, with perpetuity of succession, neither more or less than in the Arabian phœnix.

It is true, that about two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago, two papegaux were seen upon the face of the earth; but then it was the greatest calamity ever seen upon this island. "For," said Ædituus, "all these birds did so clapperclaw and maul one another during that time, that the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this pope-hawk, some for the other. Some remained as mute as fishes, and never sang; part of these bells, as if interdicted, rang not a note.

During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on the continent and *terra firma*. Nor was this schism and sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to a unity.

We then asked, what moved those birds to be continually chanting and singing? Ædituus answered, that it was the bells hanging on the top of their cages. Then he said to us, "Will you have me make these monagaux, whom you see bardocuculated with a Hypocras bag, sing like any woodlarks?"

"Pray do," said we. He then rang a bell six times only, and presently monagaux began to run, and monagaux began to sing.

"And if," cried Panurge, "I rang this bell, could

I in the same way make those other birds yonder, with herring-coloured feathers, sing?"

"Just in the same way," returned Æduus. With this Panurge rang, when suddenly these birds ran and sang together, but their voices were hoarse and displeasing. Æduus indeed told us that they fed on nothing but fish, like the herons and cormorants of the world, and that they were a fifth kind of bigots newly stamped.

He added that he had had intelligence of a great navigator who lately passed that way on his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither shortly, which he called capucingaux, more sad, more mad, and more tedious, than any kind whatsoever in the whole island.

"Africa," said Pantagruel, "still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing."

"But," said Pantagruel, "since you have shown us how the papegaut is begot by the cardingaux, the cardingaux by the evesgaux, and the evesgaux by the pretregaux, I would gladly know how these same clergaux are born."

"They are all birds of passage," returned Æduus, "and come to us from the other world; part out of a marvellously great country, called 'Day-lack-bread,' the rest out of another towards the west, which they style 'Too-many-of-us.' From these two countries flock hither, every year, whole

legions of these clergaux, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends, and relations.

"The manner is this. When there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country, insomuch that the house would come to nothing, if the paternal estate were shared among them all (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands). For this cause parents send them off to this Hunchback Isle. I call it Hunchback, because ordinarily they are hunchbacks, blinkards, cripples, deformed, diseased, ill-made, ill-favoured, a burden in the earth."

"It was quite otherwise among the heathens," said Pantagruel, "in the reception of a Vestal Virgin: for Labeo Antistius affirms that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a virgin into that order, if she had any vice in her soul, or failing in her senses, or defect in her body, however secret and small."

"I wonder," continued Ædituus, "if their mothers ever there bear them nine months, seeing that they cannot endure them nor keep them nine years, oftenest not seven, in the house; but by putting only a shirt over the frock, and lopping off I do not know how many hairs from their crowns, with certain magical and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorean metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transform

them into such birds as you now see. However, I do not know, fair friends, but that these females, whether clergesses, monagesses, or abbegesses, instead of singing pleasant motets and hymns of praise, such as used to be sung to Oromasis by institution of Zoroaster, may be singing catarates and scythropys, as were offered to the Arimanian demon; and thus continually curse their parents and friends, who transformed them into birds—I say, both old and young.

"But the greatest numbers of our birds come out of the country of Day-lack-bread, which is excessively long. For hither fly the inhabitants of that land when they are in danger of suffering *malesuada fames* through not having enough to eat, being unable or unwilling to do anything, or to work at any honest trade or art, or to serve good people faithfully. Those also who have failed in their loves, who have not succeeded in their enterprises and are desperate; those also who have wickedly committed some crime and are pursued to be put to death, all fly hither: here they have their life provided for, suddenly become as fat as dormice, who before were as lean as pies; here they have perfect safety, indemnity, and freedom."

"But," asked Pantagruel, "these fair birds here, once flown hither, do they never return to the world where they were hatched?"

"Some do," answered Æditiuus; "formerly very

few, but late and unwillingly; however, since certain eclipses, by virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them have flown back to the world. Nor do we vex ourselves a jot about it; for those that stay have the better cheer, and all, before flying away, cast off their feathers among these nettles and briars."

These words were scarce out of his mouth when some five-and-twenty or thirty birds flew towards us; they were of a plumage such as I had not yet seen in the island. Their feathers changed from hour to hour, like the skin of the chameleon and the flower of tripolion or teucrion. They had all under the left wing a mark like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts—or, if you had rather have it so, like a perpendicular line falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, some green, some red, and some blue.

"Who are those," asked Panurge, "and how do you call them?"

"They are mongrels," quoth Ædituus. "We call them gourmandeurs, and they have a great number of rich gourmanderies in your world."

"I pray you," said I, "make them give us a song, that we may hear their voices."

"They never sing," said Ædituus; "but, to make amends, they eat double."

"Pray, where are their hens?" said I.

"They have none," answered Ædituus.

He then said: "The reason of their coming near you is to see if among you they may recognise a magnificent kind of *gaut*, which are terrible birds of prey, never coming to the lure nor perching on the glove, which they say are in your country. And of these some wear straps tied beneath the knee, very fair and precious, with an inscription on a ring, by which he who thinks evil is condemned to be immediately disgraced; others, before their plumage, bear the image of a devil; and others, the skin of a ram."

"All that is true, master Ædituus," quoth Panurge; "but we have not the honour to be acquainted with them."

"Now," cried Ædituus, "we have had enough of talking! let us go drink."

"And eat," quoth Panurge.

"Eat," replied Ædituus, "and drink; nothing is so dear and precious as time,—let us employ it in good works."

He wished us first to bathe in the baths of the cardingaux, fair and delicious; then, on coming out, to be anointed with precious balm. But Pantagruel told him that he should drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious and delightful refectory-room, and said: "Braguibus the hermit made you fast four days together; four

days shall you be here without ceasing to eat and drink."

"But," cried Panurge, "may not we sleep in the meantime?"

"As you please," answered Ædituus; "for he that sleeps, drinks."

Vray Dieu! what cheer we made! O the good and excellent man!

On the third day of the feasting, Pantagruel earnestly desired to see the Papegaut, but Ædituus told him it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him.

"How?" asked Pantagruel. "Has he Pluto's helmet on his crown, the ring of Gyges on his finger, or a chameleon on his breast, to make him invisible when he pleases?"

"No," returned Ædituus; "but he is naturally of difficult access: however, I will take care that you may see him, if possible."

With this he left us. A quarter of an hour afterwards he came back and told us that Papegaut was to be seen at that hour; so he led us, without the least noise, to the cage wherein he sat crouched up, attended by a brace of little cardingaux and six fat evesgaux.

Panurge curiously considered his figure, his size, and his mien. Then with a loud voice he said: "Curse the beast! he looks like a hoopoe."

"Speak softly," said Ædituus; "*Pardieu!* he has ears."

"Yet he is a hoopoe," returned Panurge.

"If once," said Ædituus, "he hear you thus blaspheming, you are lost, good people. Do you see that basin in his cage? Out of it shall sally thunderbolts, thunder and lightning, devils, storms, by which you shall be sunk in a moment a hundred feet below ground!"

"Better," said Friar John, "to drink and be merry."

Panurge remained in steady contemplation of Papegaut and his attendants, when under his cage he perceived a she-owl. With this he cried out: "*Par la vertus Dieu!* we are here tricked with fine trickery. *Pardieu!* here are trickery, treachery, and cheatery more than enough in this house. Look at that owl; we are, *pardieu*, murdered men!"

"Speak softly," said Ædituus; "speak softly, in the name of God: it is not an owl at all, nor a she; but a male, and a noble keeper of the altar."

"But make Papegaut sing a little," said Pantagruel, "so that we may hear his harmony."

"He only sings," returned Ædituus, "and only eats at his own hours."

"So do not I," quoth Panurge; "all the hours are mine. Come, let us go drink."

"Now you speak to the purpose," said Ædituus.

"If you go on speaking so, you will never be a heretic. Come on, I am of your mind."

As we went back to the drinking, we spied an old green-headed evesgaut, who sat moping with his suffragan and three joyous onocrotalists, all snoring under an arbour. Near him was a buxom abbegesse singing most sweetly; and we took such great pleasure in it that we could have wished every member of our bodies to be ears, so as to lose nothing of her song and to be wholly enwrapped with it. Said Panurge, "This pretty abbegesse is breaking her head with singing, and the fat churl of an evesgaut snores all the while: I will make him sing, *de par le diable!*" Then he rang a bell hanging in his cage; but whatever ringing he made, the louder snored evesgaut, without singing at all. "*Pardieu!*" said Panurge, "old drone, I will make you sing another way." Then he took up a great stone, meaning to strike him in the middle.

But Ædituus cried out, "Honest friend! strike, wound, kill, and murder all the kings and princes in the world by treachery, by poison, or how thou wilt; unnestle the angels from the skies,—Papegaut will pardon thee all this: but meddle not with these sacred birds, if thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life of thyself and thy friends and relations alive or dead; even those who may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation will be made unfortunate by it. Do but look upon that basin."

"Much better let us drink," quoth Panurge.

"He says well," said Friar John. "While we are looking on these devilish birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are draining the bottles, we do nothing but praise God. Come, then, let us go drink. Oh the sweet word!"

The third day (after we had drank, as you may understand), Ædituus dismissed us. We made him a present of a pretty little Pergoys knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the cup of cold water that was given him by a clown. He most courteously thanked us, and sent all sorts of provisions aboard our ships, wished us a prosperous voyage and success in our undertakings, and made us promise and swear by Jupiter Lapis to come back by his territories.

[And so they take leave of L'Ile Sonnante. Had there been by this time left a shadow of doubt of the hatred in which Rabelais held ecclesiastical institutions, this chapter would be enough to dissipate that doubt. The chief office of the Church is to console, fortify, and encourage the dying, and to say masses for the dead. Therefore Rabelais represents the birds to have originally been singers at funerals. Certainly in the next page he forgets this statement and assigns another origin, but that is his way. The birds in the cages, the monks and nuns, priests, bishops, cardinals, and the great Pope himself, recruited from all the world, kept well fed and fat by all the world, armed with thunder and lightning (kept in a basin), held sacred from all violence, leading lives of pure gluttony and selfish indulgence, without a hint of religion, morality, learning, or work of any kind, are the Church as Rabelais conceived it, knew it, and

drew it after an experience of seventy years. Not one redeeming feature, no possibility in his mind that this dead and rotten superstition ever had or would again put forth green shoots and umbrageous branches. The world is crushed, cries the old man bitterly, by the Church. Humanity is enslaved by priests.]

We then pursued our voyage, and the next day stood in for the island of Cassade, the true image of Fontainebleau; for the land is so very lean that the bones—that is, the rocks—shoot through its skin. Besides, it is sandy, barren, unhealthy, and unpleasant. Our pilot showed us there two little square rocks, which had eight equal points in the shape of a cube. They were so white that I might have mistaken them for alabaster or snow, had he not assured us they were made of bone.

In them he said that there was the house, in six storeys, of the twenty-one devils of hazard, so formidable in our country, of which the greatest pair are called sixes, and the smallest ambesace; the rest cinques, quatres, treys, and deuces. The others were called sice-cinque, sice-quatre, sice-trey, sice-deuce, and sice-ace; or cinque-quatre, cinque-trey, and so forth. Then I noted that there are very few gamesters in the world who are not invokers of devils. For, throwing the dice on the table, when they cry out in devotion, "Sixes, my friend!"—that is the Great Devil; "Ambesace, my darling!"—that is the Little Devil; "Quatre deuce, my children!" and so on with the rest, they invoke the

devils by their names and surnames. And not only do they invoke them, but they call them their friends and familiars. True it is that the devils do not always come at will, and at the moment; but in this they are excusable. They were somewhere else, according to the date and priority of the invokers; so that we must not say they have no sense or ears. They have both, I assure you, and very fine.

He then told us that more wrecks had happened about those square rocks, and a greater loss of body and goods, than about all the Syrtes, Scyllas, and Charybdes, Sirens, Strophades, and gulfs in the whole ocean. I had not much ado to believe it, remembering that formerly, among the wise Egyptians, Neptune was described in hieroglyphics for the first cube, Apollo by an ace, Diana by a deuce, Minerva by seven, and so forth.

[The twenty-one devils are the numbers on the dice (1+2+3+4+5+6=21). We next came to the island of Criminal Justice and the *Chats Fourrés*. The chapter seems to me only the first rough draft, uncorrected, and without any of the gaiety with which the author loved to light up his pages.]

After this we passed Condemnation, another desert island, whereat none for the world cared to touch. We also passed by the Wicket,[1] in which place Pantagruel would not land; and he did well,

[1] The Conciergerie of Paris.

for we were made prisoners, and arrested, by order of Grippeminaud, Archduke of the Furred Cats, because one of our company would have sold a sergeant some hats of Cassade Island.

The Furred Cats are very terrible and dreadful monsters; they devour little children, and feed upon marble stones. Tell me, drinkers, should they not have flat noses? The hair of their skin does not lie outwards, but is hidden within; and they all bear for their symbol and device a gaping pouch, but not all in the same manner,—for some wear it tied to their neck scarf-wise, others behind, some on the paunch, others on the side, and all by reason and mystery. They have claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their clutches. And some of them cover their heads with caps, wrong side before, others with mortar caps, others with mortar-like caparisons.

> "Entrans en leur tapinaudière,
> Ce nous dit ung gueux de l'hostière,"

to whom we gave a half teston, "Good people, God give you to come out in good health! Consider well the mien of these valiant pillars, props of grippeminauding justice. And note that if you live six olympiads and the age of two dogs more you shall see these *Chats Fourré* lords of all Europe, and peaceful possessors of all the goods and do-

mains therein, unless in their heirs, by divine punishment, does not suddenly perish the goods and revenues by them unjustly acquired. Take this from an honest beggar.

"Among them reigns the sixth essence, by means of which they gripe all, devour all, burn all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without distinction of right or wrong. Among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason has the name of loyalty; robbery is called liberality; plunder is their motto, and when acted by them is approved by all men, except the heretics; and all this they do by authority sovereign and irrefragable. For a sign of the truth of my information, you will find that there the mangers are above the racks. Remember this hereafter; and if ever plague, famine, war, storms, earthquakes, conflagrations, or other disasters befall the world, do not attribute them nor refer them to the conjunctions of malevolent planets, to the abuses of the court of the Roman, or the tyranny of secular kings and princes; to the impostures of hypocrites, heretics, and false prophets; to the villainy of griping usurers, false coiners, and clippers; nor to the ignorance, impudence, and imprudence of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; nor to the perversity of adulteresses, and poisoners, and infanticides; but charge them all to the unspeakable ruin, the incredible and inestimable

wickedness, which is continually hatched and practised in the workshop of these Furred Cats. Yet it is no more known in the world than the Cabala of the Jews; and therefore it is not detested, chastised, and punished, as it rightly should be. But if it were once displayed, and exposed to the people, there never was, is, nor will be any spokesman so sweet-mouthed who by his art could save them; nor any law so rigorous and draconic which could punish them as they deserve; nor yet any magistrate so powerful as to hinder their being burnt alive without mercy. Even their own Furred Kittens and relations would hold them in abomination and horror.

"For this reason, as Hannibal had of his father Amilcar commandment, under solemn and religious oath, to pursue the Romans with hatred as long as he lived, so my late father has enjoined me to remain here without till the thunder of heaven fall upon them and reduce them to ashes, like other Titans, profane, and opposers of God; since mankind is so inured to their oppressions that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the woes and miseries which they have caused,—or if they have, either will not, dare not, or cannot root them out."

"What is that?" said Panurge. "Ha! No, no; I cannot see clearly. *Pardieu!* Let us go back; let us go back, say I.

'Ce noble gueux m'ha plus fort estonné
Que si du ciel en automne eust tonné.'"

Turning back, we found the door shut, and it was told us that one got in as easily as into Avernus, but the getting out was the difficulty, and that we should not get out without a warrant from the Bench. This for no other reason than because folks go easier out of a market than out of a fair.

The worst was when we got through the wicket, for we were presented, to get our pass or discharge, before a more dreadful monster than ever was told of. They called him Grippeminaud. I cannot compare him better than to Chimæra, Sphynx, and Cerberus, or to the image of Osiris, as the Egyptians represented him, with three heads joined,—namely, one of a roaring lion, the other of a fawning cur, and the last of a wide-mouthed wolf, twisted about with a dragon biting his tail, surrounded with fiery rays. His hands were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout like a raven's bill, his fangs like those of a four-year-old wild boar, his eyes flaming like the jaws of hell, and he was covered with mortars interlaced with caps, and nothing of his arms was to be seen but his clutches. His seat, and that of the Warren-Cats his collaterals, was a long new rack, on top of which large and stately mangers were fixed upside down, as the beggar had told us. Over the chief seat was the picture of an old woman, holding the

scabbard of a sickle in her right hand, a pair of scales in her left, with spectacles on her nose: the scales of the balance were a pair of velvet pouches, —the one full of bullion, which overpoised the other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the beam. I am of opinion it was the true effigies of Grippeminauding justice,—far different from the institution of the ancient Thebans, who set up the statues of their dicasts and judges after death, all without hands, in marble, silver, or gold, according to their merit.

When we were presented to him, some kind of people, all clothed with bags and pouches, with long scrolls of inscriptions, made us sit down upon a stool. Quoth Panurge, "Good, my lords, I am very well upright. Besides, it is somewhat low for a man with new breeches and a short doublet."

"Sit you down," they replied. "Look that you do not make the court bid you twice. The earth shall presently open its jaws, and swallow you up alive, if you do not truly answer."

When we were seated, Grippeminaud, in the middle of his Furred Cats, called to us in a hoarse dreadful voice, "Now then, now then, now then."

("Now then," murmured Panurge, between his teeth, "now then, now then, drink then.")

"Une bien jeune et toute blondelette
Conceut ung filz Ethiopien sans père;

Puys l'enfanta sans douleur la tendrette,
Quoyqu'il sortist comme faict la vipère,
L'ayant rongé, en moult grand vitupère,
Tout l'ung des flancz, pour son impatience;
Depuys passa montz et vaulx en fiance,
Par l'aer volant en terre cheminant,
Tout qu'estonna l'amy de sapience,
Qui l'estimoyt estre humain animant."

"Now then, reply," said Grippeminaud, "to this riddle, and resolve it presently. Now then."

"Now, *de pardieu*," I replied. "If I had a sphynx in my house—now, *de pardieu*—as Verres, one of your predecessors, had—now, *de pardieu*—I could solve this enigma—now, *de pardieu*—but as I was never there, and am—now, *de pardieu*—innocent of the fact."

"Now then," cried Grippeminaud. "By Styx, since I will say nothing more—now then—I will show you—now then—that it would be better for you to fall into the claws of Lucifer—now then—and of all the devils—now then—than between my claws—now then. Dost thou see them well? Now then, villain, dost thou allege thy innocence—now then—as something worthy to escape our tortures? Now then, our laws are like cobwebs—now then: simple flies and little butterflies are taken in them—now then—great malefactor beetles break them—now then—and pass through—now then. In like manner we seek not the great robbers and tyrants—now then: they are too hard of digestion

—now then—and would terrify us—now then. You gentle innocents—now then—you shall be finely Innocented—now then—the great devil—now then—shall sing your mass for you—now then."

Friar John, impatient of what Grippeminaud said, cried out, "Ho! Monsieur the Devil in a coif, wouldest thou have a man tell thee more than he knows? Art thou not contented with the truth?"

"Now then," cried Grippeminaud, "is it not part of my reign here—now then—that no one, unless first questioned, should speak—now then? Who let loose this mad fool here?"

"You lie," said Friar John, without moving his lips.

"Now then—when your turn shall come to reply—now then—you will have your own affairs to look after—now then."

"You lie," said Friar John, in silence.

"Do you think you are in the Groves of the Academy?—now then—with the lazy hunters and inquisitors after truth? Now then, we have something else to do—now then—here you must reply, I say—now then—categorically about what you do not know. Now then, here you confess to have done—now then—what you never did. Here you protest to know what you never learned—now then—here you are obliged to have patience—now then—here they pluck the goose without letting her cry—now

then. You speak without procuration—now then. I see well—now then—your quartan fevers—now then—which may marry you——"

"Now then," interrupted Friar John. "Devils! archdevils! proto-devils! pan-devils! would you then marry a monk? Ho! hu! Ho! hu! You must be a heretic."

Grippeminaud, as if he had not heard what Friar John said, directed his discourse to Panurge, saying to him: "Now then, now then, now then! You rascal, do you want to say nothing?"

Panurge replied: "Now, *de par le diable là!* I see clearly that the pestilence is here for us—now, *de par le diable là!* seeing that innocence is no longer in safety here, and the devil sings the mass—now, *de par le diable là!* I pray you let me pay for all—*de par le diable là!* and let us go. I cannot pay more. Now then, *de par le diable là!*"

"Go?" said Grippeminaud. "Now then, did it ever happen, for three hundred years—then, now then—that anybody escaped from here without leaving his hair—now then—or oftener his skin—now then? Why? That would be to say that you were unjustly brought before us—now then—and by us unjustly treated—now then. Unhappy art thou, truly—now then—but still more shalt thou be—now then—if thou dost not reply to the proposed enigma—now then. What does it mean? now then."

"Now, *de par le diable là!*" replied Panurge, "it is a black weevil, born of a white bean—now, *de par le diable là!* by the hole which he makes gnawing it—now, *de par le diable là!* which sometimes walks and sometimes flies—now, *de par le diable là!* Whence was it thought by Pythagoras, the first lover of wisdom—now, *de par le diable là!* to have formerly received a human soul — now, *de par le diable là!* Now, were you men, after your evil death, according to his opinion, your souls would enter into the body of weevils—now, *de par le diable là!* for as in this life you gnaw and devour all things, so in the next you shall gnaw—

"Et mangerez comme vipères,
Les coustez propres de vos mères.

Now, *de par le diable là!*" Panurge threw into the middle of the court a fat leather purse, stuffed with gold crowns.

The Furred Cats no sooner heard the jingling of the purse, than they all began to play with their claws, like violins with the handles off. And all said aloud, "It was a very good trial, a dainty trial, a spiced trial. These are noble clients."

"It is gold," quoth Panurge, "good golden crowns."

"The court," saith Grippeminaud, "understands so much, very good, very good, very good. Go, children, very good; pass out, very good; we are

not such devils—very good—as we seem by our colour—very good."

As we came out at the wicket, we were conducted to the port by certain highland griffins, who advised us, before we went on board our ships, not to set sail until we had made the usual seigneurial presents, first to the Lady Grippeminaud, then to all the She Furred Cats; otherwise we must return to the wicket. "And gentlemen," added they, "do not forget the drink of the poor devils."

"By poor devils," answered Friar John, "never is wine forgotten, but is remembered in all countries and in all seasons."

Friar John had hardly said these words ere he perceived seventy-eight galleys and frigates arriving at the port. So he hied him thither to learn the news, and to see what goods they had on board. He found that they were all laden with venison, hares, capons, turkeys, pigs, kids, hens, ducks, teal, geese, and other game.

He also spied among these certain pieces of velvet, satin, and damask. This made him ask the voyagers, "Whither, and to whom, they were going to carry those dainty goods?" They answered that they were for Grippeminaud and the Furred Cats.

"How," asked he, "do you call those drugs there?"

"Corruption," they replied.

"Then, they live on corruption," said the Friar; "in a generation will they perish. *Par la vertus Dieu!* It is that; their fathers devoured the good gentlemen, who, according to their state of life, used to go a-hunting and hawking, to be the better expert in war and hardened to labour; for hunting is an image of a martial life, and Xenophon did not lie when he affirmed that out of hunting, as well as out of the Trojan horse, had issued all good and excellent captains. For my part, I am no scholar, but I have it by hearsay; I believe it. Their souls, according to the opinion of Grippeminaud, after their decease, enter into wild boars, stags, roebucks, herons, and such other creatures which they loved, and in quest of which they went while they were men; and these Furred Cats, having first destroyed and devoured their castles, lands, demesnes, possessions, rents, and revenues, are still seeking to have their blood and soul in another life. Oh the good beggar, who forewarned us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the manger above the rack!"

"Yea, but," said Panurge to the voyagers, "they have proclaimed by order of the great king that no one, on pain of the rope, should take stag or doe, boar or buck."

"It is true," answered one for the rest, "but the great king is so good and gracious, and these

Furred Cats so mad, and thirsting after Christian blood, that we have less fear in offending the great king than hope in continually stopping the mouths of these Furred Cats with such corruption."

[They next reach the island of Matæotechny (Vain Art), ruled over by Queen Entelecheia (Perfection) or Quintessence (abbreviated into Quinté). She is represented as 1800 years old, having been born in the time of Aristotle. Her officers and disciples are the scholastic philosophers, those who waste their time over fruitless investigations and idle experiments.]

Having prudently coasted the whirlwind for about half a day, on the third day the sky seemed to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arrived at the port of Matæotechny, not far distant from the palace of Quintessence.

We met full-face on the quay a great number of archers and men at arms who garrisoned the arsenal; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our arms, and roughly asked us, saying, "Comrades, from what country are you come?"

"Cousins," quoth Panurge, "we are of Touraine, and come from France, being anxious to pay our respect to the Lady Quintessence, and to visit this famous realm of Entelecheia."

"What do you say?" cried they: "do you call it Entelecheia or Endelecheia?"

"Fair cousins," replied Panurge, "we are a simple

folk, excuse the rusticity of our language, for as to the rest our hearts are frank and loyal."

"We have not questioned you as to this difference without a cause," said they; "for a great number who have passed this way from your country of Touraine, to us seemed plain country folk, yet spoke correctly. But from other countries have come we know not what arrogant people, proud as Spaniards, who must needs contest with us at the beginning. They were well rubbed down in spite of their impudent face.

"Aristotle, that first of men, and paragon of all philosophy, was our sovereign lady's godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the name of Entelecheia. Her true name then is Entelecheia. He who calls her otherwise is wrong by all the heavens. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen." Here they embraced us, whereat were we much rejoiced.

Panurge then whispered me, "Comrade, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this bout?"

"A little," said I.

"To tell you the truth of it," quoth he, "never were the Ephraimites in a greater fear, when by the Gileadites they were killed and drowned for saying Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth."

The captain afterwards took us to the queen's palace, leading us silently with great formality. Pantagruel would have said something to him;

but the other, not being able to come up to his height, wished for a ladder, or a very long pair of stilts; then said, "Patience, if it were our sovereign lady's will, we would be as tall as you; well, we shall, when she pleases."

In the first galleries we saw great numbers of sick persons, differently placed according to their maladies.

In the second gallery was shown to us by the captain, the lady—young, though she was eighteen hundred years at least—fair, delicate, gorgeously dressed, in the midst of her gentlewomen and gentlemen. The captain said to us, "It is not yet the time to speak to the queen; be you only attentive spectators of what she does.

"You have kings in your world who fantastically cure certain diseases, as scrofula, the king's evil, and quartan agues, by laying on of hands; now our queen cures all manner of diseases without so much as touching the sick, but only with a song, according to the nature of the distemper." He then showed us the organ with which those miraculous cures were performed. The organ was indeed of strange workmanship: for the pipes were of cassia; the sounding-board of guiacum; the bellows of rhubarb; the pedals of turbith; and the keys of scammony.

While we were examining this new and wonderful structure, the lepers were brought in by her

abstractors, spodizators, mace-bearers, tasters, cooks, chachanims, nee-manus, and other officers, for whom I want names; she played them I do not know what sort of a song, and they were all immediately cured.

Then those who were poisoned were had in, she sang them another song, and up they got. Then came on the deaf, the blind, and the dumb, and she applied to them the same remedy; which did so strangely amaze us (and not without reason) that down we fell on our faces, remaining prostrate, like men in ecstasy, and ravished in excessive contemplation and admiration of the virtue which we had seen proceed from the lady, and it was not in our power to say a word: thus we remained upon the ground until she, touching Pantagruel with a nosegay of fresh roses, which she held in her hand, made us recover our senses and get up. Then she made us the following speech, in words sweet as silk, such as Parisatis desired should be spoken to her son Cyrus, or at least of crimson taffetas.

"The probity that scintillises in the circumference, gives me a certain judgment of the virtue latent in the centre of your spirits, and seeing the mellifluous suavity of your eloquent reverences, I easily persuade myself that your hearts entertain no vice, nor any sterility of liberal and lofty knowledge, but abound in many peregrine and rare disciplines; the which it is at present more easy by the

common usages of the imperite vulgar, to desire than to find. That is the reason why I, dominating by the past over all private affection, cannot now contain myself from saying the trivial word of the world, which is, be welcome, more welcome, yea, thrice welcome."

"I am no clerk," quoth Panurge to me privately; "will you answer?" Nevertheless I did not answer; nor did Pantagruel, and we remained in silence: then said the queen, "By this your taciturnity, I perceive not only that you are descended from the school of Pythagoras, from which took root, in successive propagation, the antiquity of my progenitors; but also that in Egypt, famous workshop of high philosophy, full many a moon ago, you once bit your nails and scratched your head with one finger. In the school of Pythagoras, taciturnity was the symbol of knowledge; and silence by the Egyptians was recognised by divine adoration: the pontiffs of Hierapolis sacrificed to the great deity in silence, without making any noise or uttering any word. My design is not to enter into a privation of gratitude towards you; but by vivacious formality, though matter wished to abstract itself from me, to excentricate to you my thoughts."

Having spoken this, she addressed her officers, and said only, "Tabachins, to the panacea;" and straight they desired us not to take it amiss, if the queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she

never ate anything at dinner but categories, abstractions, species, appearances, thoughts, dreams, second intentions, difficulties, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendentals, and prolepses.

Then they took us into a little closet, quilted with alarums, where we were treated God knows how. It is said that Jupiter, on the skin of the goat which suckled him in Crete, which skin served him instead of a shield against the Titans, whence he is nicknamed Ægiochos, writes every thing that is done in the world. By my faith, brother topers, on eighteen goat-skins it would not be possible to describe the meats and the good cheer that they gave us; yea, though it were in characters as small as those in which were penned Homer's Iliads, which Cicero tells us he saw enclosed in a nutshell.

For my part, had I one hundred mouths, as many tongues, a voice of iron, the mellifluous abundance of Plato, I could not in four books describe a third part of a second.

Pantagruel told me, that according to his belief, the lady, in saying to her tabachins, "To the panacea," gave them the word symbolic between them of sovereign good cheer; just as Lucullus used to say, "In Apollo," when he designed to give his friends a singular treat; though sometimes they took him at unawares, as, among the rest, Cicero and Hortensius sometimes used to do.

When we had dined, a chachanin led us into the queen's hall, and we saw how, according to her custom after dinner, with the ladies and princes of her court, she sifted, bolted, arranged, and passed time with a fine large sieve of white and blue silk. We also perceived how they revived ancient sports, diverting themselves together at—.

Cordax.	Phrygian.	Corybantian.
Emmeleia.	Thracian.	Thermastris.
Sicinnis.	Calabris.	Floralia.
Iambics.	Molossian.	Pyrrhic.
Persian.		

And a thousand other dances.

Afterwards by her orders we visited her palace, and saw there things so new, strange, and wonderful, that I am still ravished in spirit when I think of them. However, nothing surprised us more than the exercises of the gentlemen of her household, abstractors, parazons, nedibins, spodizators, and others, who freely, and without the least dissembling, told us, that the queen their mistress did everything impossible, and cured the incurable; and only that they, her officers, did and cured the rest.

One did thoroughly cure folks of every kind of dropsy, striking them on the stomach nine times with a double hatchet, without solution of continuity.

Another cured all manner of fevers on the spot,

only by hanging a fox tail on the left side of the patient's girdle.

One removed the toothache by only washing thrice the root of the aching tooth with vinegar of elder tree, and letting it dry half an hour in the sun.

Another cured every kind of gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, only making the gouty person shut his mouth and open his eyes.

I saw another cure nine honest gentlemen of St Francis's evil, in a very short space of time, by taking away all their debts, and placing a cord round every man's neck, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand gold crowns in it.

One, by a wonderful engine, threw houses out of the windows, by which means they were purged of pestilential air.

Another cured all the three kinds of hectic fevers, without baths, without milk, dropax, or any other medicines: he only made the patients monks for three months; and he assured me that if in the monastic estate they did not grow plump, they never could be fattened in this world, either by nature or by art.

I saw another surrounded by a crowd of women in two companies. The one was composed of young girls, attractive, tender, fair, graceful, and of good will, as seemed to me. The other consisted of old women, toothless, blear-eyed, tawny, cadaverous, and wrinkled.

It was told to Pantagruel that he recast the old women, making them grow young again, and by his art become like the young girls present, whom he had that same day recast and entirely restored to the same beauty, form, elegance, height, and form of limbs, as when they were fifteen or sixteen years of age; only excepting their heels, which were somewhat shorter than in their first youth.

The company of old women waited for the last batch in very great devotion, and importuned the officer with much insistance. He indeed had continual practice in his art, and profit more than a little. Pantagruel asked him whether he could also make old men young again? He said he could not. But the way to make them thus grow young was to dwell with a new-cast female; for thus they caught what in Greek is called ὀφίασις. This makes them change their hair and skin, just as the serpents do annually; and in them their youth is renewed like that of the Arabian phœnix. This is the true fountain of youth; for there the old and decrepit become young, active, and lusty.

Just so, as Euripides tells us, happened to Iolaus; thus it happened to Phaon, so much loved by Sappho, by the benevolence of Venus; thus to Tithonus, by help of Aurora; so to Æson, by Medea, and to Jason also, who, if you will believe Pherecides and Simonides, thus renewed his youth

by her; and so to the nurses of the good Bacchus, and to their husbands, as Æschylus relates.

I then saw a great number of the above-named officers, who made Ethiopians white as fast as hops, just rubbing their stomachs with the bottom of a pannier.

Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed.

Others washed burnt tiles, and made them lose their colour.

Others extracted water out of pumice-stones, braying them a good while in a mortar, and changed their substance.

Others sheared asses, and thus got very good wool.

Others gathered grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

Others washed asses' heads, and did not lose their soap.

Others hunted in the wind with nets, and caught decuman lobsters.

Others flayed eels at the tail; and the eels did not cry out before they were flayed, like those of Melun.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.

Others cut fire with a knife, and drew up water with a net.

Others made lanterns out of bladders, and iron pails out of clouds.

We saw twelve others under an arbour drinking out of fair and ample jars four sorts of wine, fresh and delicious to all, and we were told that they raised the time according to the manner of the place, and that in this manner Hercules formerly raised the time with Atlas.

Others made a virtue of necessity, which seemed to me a very good and useful work.

Others, in a large grass plot, exactly measured the leaps of fleas, and told us that this was exceedingly useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first drew philosophy down from heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half his time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes the quintessential affirms.

I saw two keeping watch on the top of a tower, and we were told that they guarded the moon from the wolves.

In a corner of the garden I met four others vigorously disputing, and ready to take each other by the hair. I asked what was the cause of their difference. And I heard that they had already passed four days, had been at it ding-dong, disputing on three high, more than physical propositions, promising themselves mountains of gold by

solving them: the first was concerning the shadow of an ass; the second, of the smoke of a lantern; and the third, of goat's hair, whether it were wool? We heard that they did not think it strange that two contradictions in mode, form, figure, and time should be true,—a thing for which the sophists of Paris would rather be unchristened than confess it.

While we were admiring the admirable operations of these men, clear Hesperus already shining, the queen appeared attended with her court. At her coming we were again amazed in our senses and dazzled in our sight. She immediately perceived our affright, and said—

"What occasions the aberrations of human cogitations through the abysses of admiration, is not the sovereignty of the effects which they openly prove to be the consequential result of natural causes, by means of the industry of wise artisans; it is the novelty of the experiment which makes impression on their faculties; not foreseeing the facility of the operation with a sedate judgment, associated with diligent study. Wherefore, be in your right minds, and put away all fear, if you are seized with any in the consideration of what you see done by my officers. See, hear, contemplate, at your free will all that my house contains; little by little emancipating yourselves from the yoke of ignorance. I am very well disposed towards your case. For which, and to give you instruction not

feigned, the contemplation of the studious desires of which you seem to me to have made in your hearts a singular monument and sufficient proof, I retain you presently in the condition and office of my abstractors. By Geber, my first tabachin, shall you be described at departure from this place."

We humbly thanked her queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the noble office she conferred on us.

[After the port of Matæotechny they made the island of Roads, where all the paths are moving, by which Rabelais means that men are carried along by the ideas and movements of their time. After this island they reach the Ile des Esclots, the island of Clogs, where is the Monastery of Mumbling Friars, who are governed by every rule that is most useless, most absurd, and most extravagant.]

Thence we went to the island of Sandals, whose inhabitants live on nothing but soup of salt cod. However, we were very kindly received, and entertained by Benius the Third, king of the island, who, after drinking, took us with him to show us a new monastery, erected and built by his invention for the Mumbling Friars: so he called the religious men whom he had there. For he said that, on *terra firma*, lived friars who styled themselves the Little Servants and Friends of Our Gracious Lady; item, the goodly and fair Friar-minors; the Minim Friars, herring eaters; also the Minim Crutched Friars. So that the name could be no more

diminished except by Semiquavers or by Mumbling. By their statutes patent obtained, they were all dressed like so many house-burners, except that, just as in Anjou roofers quilt their knees, so these holy friars have their paunches paved or tiled, and paunch-pavers are among them in much repute.

They wear shoes as round as basins, in imitation of those who inhabit the sandy sea. Their chins are close shaved, and their feet iron-shod; and to show they do not value fortune, they shave the hind part of their heads from the crown to the shoulder-blades; their hair before, from the bregmatic bones, grows at liberty.

Thus do they counter fortune, as folk caring no whit for worldly goods. Moreover, defying Fortune the various, they bear, not in their hands like her, but at the belt, instead of paternosters, every man a sharp razor, which they grind twice a-day, and set three times every night.

Each of them has a round ball on his feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The flaps of their cowls are tied in front, and not behind. In this fashion they have the face hidden, and they freely laugh as much at fortune as at the fortunate,—neither more nor less than our ladies laugh when they have their *cachelaid* or mask, which was formerly called charity, because it covers a multitude of sins.

The hind part of their heads is always uncovered, as are our faces, which makes them either go forward or backward, which they please. Now, if they go forward, you would then think they were playing at blindman's buff. It is a fair sight to see.

Their way of living is thus: At the first appearance of dawn they boot and spur one another out of charity; thus booted and spurred, they sleep, or at least snore; and in their sleeping have spectacles on nose, or eye-glasses at the least.

We found this fashion strange; but they contented us in their reply, pointing out to us that, at the day of judgment, whenever it will be, men will be taking repose and slumber: therefore, to prove clearly that they do not refuse to appear, as the Fortunate will, they hold themselves booted, spurred, and ready to mount a horseback whenever the trumpet should sound.

At stroke of noon they wake, and pull off their boots: those who want to sneeze, sneeze; but all, by law and statute rigorous, amply and copiously yawn, taking their breakfast off yawns. The spectacle seemed to me pleasant. Then, their boots and spurs put upon a rack, they descend to the cloisters. There they curiously wash their hands and mouths, then sit upon a long stool and pick their teeth until the provost makes a sign by whistling through his fingers: then they open their

jaws as wide as they can, and yawn sometimes half an hour, sometimes more, and sometimes less, according as the prior judges the breakfast to be proportionate to the festival of the day; and after that they make a very fine procession, in which they bear two banners, in one of which is represented in fair painting a portrait of Virtue, in the other of Fortune. First comes a Mumbler, bearing the banner of Fortune; after him another with that of Virtue, holding in his hand an *aspersoir*, dipped in mercurial water, described by Ovid in his Fasti, with which he doth continually bethwack the Mumbler bearing Fortune. "This order," said Panurge, "is contrary to the opinion of Cicero and the Academics, who will have Virtue to precede, not to follow, Fortune." It was, however, pointed out to me that thus it was fitting for them to march, because their intention was to fustigate Fortune.

During the procession they hum between their teeth melodiously some kind of antiphones. I could not make out their patter; and, on listening attentively, I perceived that they were singing with their ears. Oh, the fair harmony, and harmonious with the sound of their bells! Never will you hear them out of tune.

The procession ended, as a promenade and salubrious exercise, they retire within their refectory, and place themselves on their knees under the

table, every man resting his chest upon a lantern. Their diet is as follows:—

On Sundays they eat puddings, chitterlings, sausages, fricandeaus, liver with parsley, and young quails; always excepted the cheese at first and the mustard to finish.

On Mondays, pease and lard, with ample commentary and interlinear gloss.

On Tuesdays, store of holy bread, cakes, buns, gateaux, galettes, and biscuits.

On Wednesdays, country fashion, fine sheep's-heads, calves'-heads, and badgers'-heads, of which there is no want in that country.

On Thursdays, seven sorts of soup, and everlasting mustard with them.

On Fridays, nothing but sorb-apples; neither are these too ripe, so far as I could judge by their colour.

On Saturdays they gnaw the bones; not that they are poor or needy, for every mother's son of them is plump and fat.

As for their drink, it is wine Antifortunal; thus they call I do not know what sort of a liquor of the place.

When they want to eat or drink, they pull down the flaps of their cowls in front, and that serves them for a bib.

Dinner despatched, they pray God very well, and all by humming; the rest of the day, waiting

for the day of judgment, they are taken up with acts of charity.

On Sundays they cuff each other.

On Mondays they fillip each other.

On Tuesdays they clapperclaw one another.

On Wednesdays they pull each others' noses.

On Thursdays they pinch each other.

On Fridays they tickle each other.

On Saturdays they flog each other.

Such is their diet when they reside in the convent; if by order of the prior they go abroad, then they are strictly enjoined, on pains horrific, neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish, as long as they are on sea or rivers, and to abstain from all manner of flesh whenever they are on land; that every one might be convinced that, while they enjoyed the object, they did not enjoy the power and the desire, and were no more moved with it than the Marpesian rock. All being done with proper antiphones, sung and chanted by the ears, as we have already said.

When the sun goes to bed, they boot and spur each other as before, and, spectacles on nose, they compose themselves to sleep. At midnight every one rises: then they grind and set their razors, and the procession made, they clap the tables over themselves, and feed as aforesaid.

[Next is the island of Satin, a most charming country, where there exists everything found in fable, fiction, and

poetry: after this comes the country of Tapestry, where are most remarkable things; and there a tribe of people who sit round an old man called Hearsay. Thence they sail straight for Lantern Land, the land of light and truth. Before we arrive there and learn the oracle of the Bottle, let us briefly recapitulate the principal events of this remarkable voyage. We must remember, first, what it was they were in search of. An idle doubt, the vagary of a busy, restless mind, suggests the first inquiry, "Shall Panurge be married?" What answer is given by the oracles, the astrologers, the wise men, the witches, whom he consults? None. Is there, then, no voice from the unseen world which directs the course of men? No narrower issue than this is present to the mind of Pantagruel. In search of an answer, he leads his followers on this long voyage among undiscovered islands. We see the island of Pretence and Ostentation; the island of Lip-service and Hollow Politeness; the island of Confusion and Desolation, where war has lately been; the island of the Long-lived, where in dark forests, among the ruins of the ancient temples, dwell the great men of old; the island of Tapinois, where Quaresme-prenant is described, with the follies of Lent; the island of the Chitterlings; that of Smoke and Windy Doctrine; that of Pope-fig-land; that of Papimanie; the country of great King Gaster, the Ile Sonnante, the islands of Tools, of Gambling, of the Furred Cats, of the Tax-farmers, of Queen Entelecheia, of Roads, of Sabots, of Mumbling Friars, and of Legendary Animals and Things. We have made the acquaintance of certain persons whom we shall not easily forget — Quaresme-prenant, Bishop Homenas, Gaster, Ædituus, Grippeminaud, and Queen Entelecheia. We have seen the development of the principal characters in the book—Pantagruel, Panurge, and Friar John—and we have learned a great deal. We are prepared for the oracle, whatever it may be, by the warnings we have received and the lessons which our adventurers have taught us. It is a vain thing to look for advice, aid, or information from magic, divination, sorcery, or astrology. If we want to find truth, we must ourselves search for it. Armed with

store of the herb Pantagruelion, which means courage, patience, and hope, we must aim at simplicity, avoiding pretence, conceit, affectation. The justice of the world is generally chicanery; its wars are due to ambition; vain and idolatrous are the superstitions of the Roman Catholics, who ignorantly adore the Pope; stupid, useless, and mischievous are the religious orders, with their rules which mean nothing, their ignorance, their gluttony, and their licentious lives. The justice of the world is often administered by cruel and rapacious judges, scholastic subtilties, men childish, and lead to no result. If, then, there is in the world no religion, no justice, no truth, no honesty, nothing real, nothing what it pretends to be, what remains for men? So far, there is nothing but to lay in good store of Pantagruelion, that potent herb, and to hope for the oracle of the Divine Bottle.]

Thereupon we arrived at the port of Lanternland: there Pantagruel discovered, on a high tower, the lantern of Rochelle, which cast a great light. We also saw the lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of the Acropolis at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the port is a little hamlet inhabited by the Lychnobians, who are a people living on lanterns, honest and studious. Demosthenes formerly lanternised there.

We were conducted from that place to the palace by three Obeliscolichnys, military guards of the port, with high hats like Albanians, whom we acquainted with the causes of our voyage, and our design,—which was to desire the queen of the country to grant us a Lantern to light and con-

duct us, during our voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

This they promised to do, willingly; adding that we had come at an excellent opportunity, and should have a good choice of Lanterns, because they were then holding their Provincial Chapter.

When we came to the royal palace we were presented to the queen by two Lanterns of honour, namely, that of Aristophanes, and that of Cleanthes. Panurge, in Lantern language, explained briefly the causes of our voyage. We had from her a good reception, and commandment to assist at her supper, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide, which pleased us extremely; and we did not fail to observe and to note every thing, as much in their garbs, motions, and deportments as in the manner after which she was served.

The queen was dressed in virgin crystal, wrought damaskwise, and set with large diamonds.

The Lanterns of the Royal blood were clad partly with paste diamonds, partly with diaphanous stones, and partly with horn, paper, and oiled cloth.

The Cresset-lights took place according to the antiquity and lustre of their families.

An earthern dark-Lantern, shaped like a pot, took place of some of the first quality; at which I wondered much, till I was told it was that of Epictetus, for which three thousand drachmas had been formerly refused.

I then diligently considered the mode and accoutrement of the many-wicked Lantern of Martial; still more that of the twenty-wicked lamp, once consecrated by Canopa, daughter of Tisias.

I noted carefully the pensile Lantern, formerly taken out of the temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, and afterwards by Alexander the Conqueror carried to the town of Cymos in Æolia.

I saw another remarkable by a tuft of crimson silk on its head. I was told it was that of Bartolus, the Lantern of Law.

When it was supper-time, the queen first sat down, and then the rest, according to their rank and dignity. For the first course, they were all served with large mould candles, except the queen, who was served with a flaming taper of white wax; and the Lanterns of royal blood, as also the Provincial Lantern of Mirebalais, who were served with a candle of nuts; and the Provincial of Lower Poitou, whom I saw served with an armed candle.

And God wot, what a light they gave with their wicks,—all, except a number of junior Lanterns under the government of a great Lantern. These did not cast a light like the rest, but seemed to me to burn with rascally colours.

After supper we withdrew to take some rest, and the next day the queen made us choose one of the most illustrious Lanterns to guide us; after which we took our leave.

Our glorious Lantern lighting and directing us in all joyousness, we arrived at the desired island in which was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as friend Panurge landed, he actively cut a caper with one leg, and cried to Pantagruel, "This day we have what we seek with fatigue and toils so diverse." He then made a compliment to our Lantern, who desired us to be of good cheer, and not be daunted or dismayed, whatever we might chance to see.

On our way to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large vineyard, in which were all sorts of vines, as the Falernian, Malvoisian, the Muscadine, those of Tagus, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This vineyard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a blessing, that it yields leaves, flowers, and fruit all the year round, like the orange trees at San Remo.

Our magnificent Lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes, and take a vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the vineyard we went under an ancient arch, on which was the trophy of a toper very curiously carved.

First, on one side was to be seen a long train of flagons, leathern bottles, flasks, cans, vials, barrels,

kegs, pint-pots, quart-pots, pewter-pots, hanging in a shady arbour.

On another side was store of garlic, onions, shallots, hams, botargos, round cheeses, smoked tongues, such-like comfits, interwoven with vine-leaves.

On another were a hundred sorts of drinking glasses, cups, cisterns, ewers, tumblers, bowls, mugs, jugs, goblets, talboys, and such other bacchic artillery.

On the frontispiece of the triumphal arch, under the zoophore, was the following couplet:—

> "Passant icy ceste poterne,
> Garny toy de bonne lanterne."

"We took special care of that," cried Pantagruel, when he read them; "for there is not a better or a more divine Lantern than ours in all Lantern-land."

This arch ended at a fair and ample alley, covered over with vine branches, adorned with clusters of five hundred different colours, and of as many various shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of agriculture—being golden, blue, tawny, azure, white, black, green, violet-spotted, streaked with many colours, long, round, triangular, oval-bearded, great-headed, and grassy. That pleasant alley ended at three old ivy-trees, verdant, and all laden with berries. Our most illustrious Lantern

directed us to make ourselves Albanian hats with their leaves, and cover our heads wholly with them, which was immediately done.

"The priestess of Jupiter," said Pantagruel, "in former days, would not, like us, have walked beneath this arbour."

"The reason," answered our most perspicuous Lantern, "was mystical. For had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which it is made, would have been over her head, and then she would have seemed mastered and dominated by wine. Which implies that priests, and all persons who devote themselves to the contemplation of divine things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, without any perturbation of their senses—which is more manifested in drunkenness than in any other passion whatever."

"You also," continued our Lantern, "could not be received by the Holy Bottle, after you have gone through this arch, did not that noble priestess Bacbuc first see your shoes full of vine-leaves; which action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise wine, and having mastered it, tread it under foot."

"I am no scholar," quoth Friar John, "for which I am sorry; yet I find, in my breviary, that in the Revelation was, as a wonderful thing, seen a woman with the moon under her feet. Now, as has been explained to me, this was to signify

that she was not of the race and nature of other women, who have on the other hand the moon in their heads, and, consequently, their brains always troubled with lunacy: this makes me willing to believe what you said, Madame Lantern, my friend."

Thence we went underground through a plastered vault, on which was coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, following old Silenus, who was laughing on his ass. Then I said to Pantagruel, "This entry puts me in mind of the Painted Cave in the oldest city in the world. There are similar paintings, and in as cool a place."

"Which is the oldest city in the world?" asked Pantagruel.

"Chinon," I said, "or Cainon in Touraine."

"I know," returned Pantagruel, "where Chinon lies, and the Painted Cave also, having myself drunk there many a glass of cool wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient town—witness its blazon. I own it is said twice or thrice,—

"'Chinon,
Petite ville grand renom,
Assise dessus pierre ancienne:
Au hault le boys, au pied la Vienne.'

"But how do you make it out that it is the oldest city in the world? Where did you find this written? What makes you conjecture it?"

"I have found it in the sacred Scriptures," said

I, "that Cain was the first builder of towns; we may then reasonably conjecture, that from his name he gave it that of Cainon. Thus, after his example, all other founders of towns have given them their names: Athena, that is Minerva in Greek, to Athens; Alexander to Alexandria; Constantine to Constantinople; Pompey to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian to Adrianople; Cana to the Canaanites; Saba to the Sabæans; Assur to the Assyrians; Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judæa."

While we were thus talking, there came out the Great Flask, whom our Lantern called the Philosopher, Governor of the Dive Bouteille, attended by a troop of the temple-guards, all French bottles. He, seeing us carrying the thyrsus, as I have said, and crowned with ivy, recognising also our illustrious Lantern, desired us to enter in safety, and ordered we should be immediately conducted to the Princess Bacbuc, Lady of Honour to the Bouteille, and priestess of all the mysteries; which was done.

We went down one marble step underground where there was a landing-place; turning to the left, we went down two other steps, where there was another landing-place; after that we came to three other steps, turning about, and met a third; and the like at four steps, which we met afterwards.

Then asked Panurge, "Is it here?"

"How many steps have you told?" asked our magnificent Lantern.

"One, two, three, four," answered Pantagruel.

"How much is that?" asked she.

"Ten," returned he.

"Multiply that," said she, "according to the same Pythagorean tetrad."

"That is, ten, twenty, thirty, forty," cried Pantagruel.

"How much is the whole?" said she.

"One hundred," answered Pantagruel.

"Add," continued she, "the first cube—that is eight: at the end of that fatal number you will find the temple gate; and pray, observe, this is the true Psychogony of Plato, so celebrated by the academics, yet so little understood; one moiety of which consists of unity, of the two first numbers full, of two square, and of two cubic numbers. We then went down those stairs, all underground; and I can assure you, in the first place, that our legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for them, we should have rolled about like hogs-heads in a vault. Secondly, our radiant Lantern helped us, for in this descent there appeared to us no other light than if we had been in St Patrick's hole in Ireland, or the cave of Trophonius in Bœotia: but Panurge cried out to our Lantern, after we had got down some seventy-eight steps—

"Lady of Wonder, with a contrite heart, I be-

seech you let us turn back. *Par la mort beuf*, I die with fear. I consent never to marry. You have given yourself too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in His great rewarding-place; neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this cave of Troglodytes. Let us go back, I pray you. I suspect this is Tænarus, by which one gets to hell, and methinks I hear Cerberus barking. Hark! it is he, or my ears tingle; I have no manner of kindness for the dog, for there is no toothache so great as when dogs bite us by the legs. If this be the cave of Trophonius, the lemures and goblins will certainly swallow us alive: just as they devoured formerly one of Demetrius's halbardiers, for want of bread. Art thou here, Friar John? Pr'ythee, stay near me; I die of fear. Hast thou got thy bilbo? I have no arms at all, neither offensive nor defensive; let us go back."

"I am here," cried Friar John, "I am here; have no fear: I have thee fast by the collar; eighteen devils shall not get thee out of my clutches, though I were unarmed. Never did a man yet want weapons who had a good arm with a stout heart; heaven would rather send down a shower of arms, even as in Provence, in the fields of la Crau, near the Moat of Mariannes, there rained stones (they are there to this day) to help Hercules, who had nothing wherewith to fight Neptune's two sons.

But whither are we bound? Are we going to the limbo of little children? Or are we going to hell to all the devils? *Cordieu!* I will bethwack and belabour them, now I have some vine-leaves in my shoes. Thou shalt see me lay about. Which way? where are they? I fear nothing but their horns."

Here was the talk interrupted by our splendid Lantern, letting us know this was the place where we were to observe silence and taciturnity of tongues: for the rest there was peremptory response that we must have no hope of returning without the word of the Bottle, now that we had once stuffed our shoes with vine-leaves.

"Come on, then," cried Panurge, "let us charge head first through all the devils; we can but perish once: however, I was reserving my life for some battle. Push on, push on, pass forwards; I have plenty of courage and more: my heart trembles a little, I own, but that is only an effect of the coldness and dampness of this vault; it is neither fear nor ague. Push on, pass on, move on. I am called William Lackfear."

After we were got down the steps, we came to a portal of fine jasper, compassed and built in Doric form and work, on whose front we read this sentence in the finest gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ: that is, "In Wine, Truth." The two doors were of Corinthian brass, massy, wrought with little vine-branches, finely embossed and distinctly engraven

according to the requirements of the sculpture, and were equally joined and closed together in their mortise without any padlock, key-chain, or tie whatsoever. Where they joined, there hung an Indian diamond as big as an Egyptian bean, set in gold, having two points, hexagonal, in a right line; and on each side, towards the wall, hung a handful of garlic.

There our noble Lantern desired us not to take it amiss that she went no further with us—only that we must obey the instructions of the priestess Bacbuc: for she herself was not allowed to go in, for certain causes rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised us to be resolute, to have no fear, and to trust to her for our return. She then pulled the diamond that hung at the folding of the gates, and threw it into a silver box fixed for that purpose; she also drew from the threshold of each gate a twine of crimson silk, about nine feet long, by which the garlic hung, fastened it to two gold buckles that hung at the sides, and withdrew.

Immediately the gates flew open without being touched; and in opening made not a creaking or loud harsh noise, like that made commonly by gates of bronze rough and heavy, but with a soft pleasing murmur that resounded through the vaults of the temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the cause of it, discover-

ing a small cylinder under the extremity of both doors, which on the threshold joined the door and turning with it towards the wall, on a hard ophite stone, well turned, and equally polished by this rubbing, caused this sweet and harmonious murmur.

I wondered how the gates thus opened of themselves. The better to understand this marvel, after we were all got in, I cast my eye between the gates and the wall, desirous of knowing by what force and what instrument they were thus closed, suspecting that our amiable Lantern had brought the herb Ethiopis which opens everything; but I perceived that the part at which the gates closed in the inner mortise was a blade of fine steel enclosed with Corinthian bronze. I perceived, moreover, two tables of Indian loadstone, broad and half a palm thick, of blue colour, well polished; with them all the thickness within the temple-wall was engraved in the place at which the doors, when entirely open, touched the wall. Now, by the strong attraction of the loadstones, the steel plates were put into motion, and consequently the gates were slowly drawn; however, not always, but when the said loadstone was removed, after which the steel was freed from its power, the two bunches of garlic, which our joyous Lantern had removed by the crimson cord, being at the same time taken away, because it deadens the magnet, and robs it of its attractive virtue.

On one of the tables above-named, to the right, the following iambic verse was curiously engraven in ancient Roman characters—

"Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt."

On the other I saw, to the left, in great letters, elegantly engraved, this sentence—

TOUTES CHOSES SE MEUVENT EN LEUR FIN.

When I had read those inscriptions, I admired the beauty of the temple, and considered the incredible disposition of its pavement, with which no work that is now, or has been under the cope of heaven, can justly be compared,—not if it were that of the Temple of Fortune at Prænestè in the time of Sylla; or the pavement of the Greeks, called Asarotum, laid by Sosistratus in Pergamus. For it was tesserated work, in form of little squares, of fine and polished stones, each in its natural colour. One of red jasper, charmingly spotted. Another of ophite. Another of porphyry. Another of lycophthalmy, powdered with sparks of gold, as small as atoms. Another of agate, streaked here and there with small milk-coloured waves. Another of very costly chalcedony. Another of green jasper, with certain red and yellow veins. And all these were disposed in their places in a diagonal line

Above the portico, the structure of the pave-

ment was an emblemature inlaid with small stones in their native colours, to embellish the design of the figures; and they were ordered in such a manner that you would have thought some vine-leaves had been carelessly strewed on the pavement, for in some places they were thick, and thin in others. This infoliature was wonderful in all places: here were seen, as it were in the shade, snails in one place crawling on the grapes; there, little lizards running on the branches; here, grapes that seemed yet greenish; there, clusters that seemed full ripe, by such art and device of the architect composed and formed, that they could as easily have deceived the starlings and other birds, as did the painting of Zeuxis. Anyhow, we ourselves were deceived; for where the artist seemed to have strewn the vine-branches thickest, for fear of striking our feet against them, we walked with great strides, just as people go over an unequal and stony place.

I then cast my eyes on the vault of the temple, with the walls, which were all inlaid with marble, porphyry, and mosaic work; from one end to the other, beginning on the left of the entry, representing the battle in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians.

While we were considering in ecstasy the wonderful temple and memorable lamps, the venerable Pontiff Bacbuc presented herself to us, with her

attendants, joyous and smiling of face; and seeing us duly accoutred, without difficulty, took us into the middle of the temple, where, under the aforesaid lamp, was the fair fantastic fountain. Then she ordered cups, goblets, and glasses to be presented to us, of gold, silver, and crystal, and we were kindly invited to drink of the liquor springing from the fountain. This we very willingly did; for it was a fountain fantastic, of stuff and work more precious, more rare, and wonderful than ever was dreamed of in the limbo of Plato.

Its groundwork was of very pure and limpid alabaster, and its height somewhat more than three spans, being a regular heptagon equally measured on the outside, with its stylobates, mouldings, contours, and doric undulations about it. Within it was exactly round. On the middle point of each angle stood a hollow pillar in form of a circle of ivory or alabaster. These were seven in number, according to the number of the angles.

She then ordered her attendants to make us drink; for, clearly to let you know, we are not like a heap of calves who, as the sparrows only drink when their tails are tapped, so only eat and drink when they are beaten with ropes: never do we refuse anybody who courteously invites us to drink. Then Bacbuc asked us what the drink appeared to us. We replied that it seemed good and fresh spring water, limpid and silvery, more than Argy-

rondes in Ætolia, Peneus in Thessaly, Axius in Mygdonia, Cydnus in Cilicia, which Alexander of Macedon seeing so fair, so clear, and so cold in the midst of summer, conceived the desire of bathing in it, though he foresaw the evil which would happen to him of this transitory pleasure.

"Ha!" said Bacbuc, "see what it is not to consider with ourselves, nor to understand the motions of the muscular tongue, when the drink glides on it in its way to the stomach. Tell me, noble pilgrims, are your throats lined, paved, or enamelled, as formerly was that of Pithyllus, named Theutes, that you can have not recognised the taste and flavour of this divine liquor? Here," said she, "turning towards her gentlewoman, "bring my scrubbing-brushes, you know which, to scrape, rake, and clear their palates."

They brought immediately fair, fat, and joyous hams, fair, fat, and joyous tongues, fair and good hung-beef, botargos, good and fair sausages of venison, and such other throat-sweepers. And, to comply with her invitation, we ate till we confessed our palates well scoured, and ourselves grievously tormented with thirst. Then she said, "Once a Jewish captain, learned and chivalrous, leading his people through the deserts, where they were in danger of being famished, obtained of God some manna, whose taste was to them, by imagination, such as that of meat was to them before in

reality. Thus drinking of this miraculous liquor, you will find its taste like any wine that you shall fancy to drink. Come, then, imagine and drink." We did so; then Panurge cried out, saying, "*Par-dieu!* it is vin de Beaune, better than ever I drank, or may ninety and sixteen devils swallow me. Oh! to keep its taste the longer, if we had had but necks three cubits long, as Philoxenus desired, or, at least, like a crane's, as Melanthius wished."

"*Foy de Lanternier!*" said Friar John, "it is gallant and sparkling Greek wine. Oh, *pour Dieu!* sweetheart, do but teach me how you make it."

"To me," said Pantagruel, "it seems wine of Mirevaulx; for, before I drank, I supposed it to be such. Nothing is wrong in it, but that it is cold, —colder, I say, than the very ice; colder than the water of Nonacris and Dirce, or the fountain of Contoporia in Corinth, which froze up the stomach and nutritive parts of those who drank of it.

"Drink once, twice, thrice more," said Bacbuc, "still changing your imagination, and you shall find its taste and flavour to be exactly that which you have imagined. And henceforth say that to God is nothing impossible."

"We never offered to say such a thing," said I; "we maintain that He is omnipotent."

This talk and drinking finished, Bacbuc asked, "Who of you here would have the word of the Dive Bouteille?"

"I," said Panurge, "your humble little funnel."

"Friend," said she, "I have but one thing to tell you, which is, that when you come to the Oracle, you take care to hear the word only with one ear."

She then wrapped him up in a gaberdine, bound his head with a fair white biggin, clapped over it a filter, such as those through which hypocras is distilled, at the bottom of which, instead of a cowl, she put three obelisks, girded him with three bagpipes bound together, bathed his face thrice in the fountain; then threw a handful of meal upon him, fixed three cock's feathers on the right side of the hypocratic filter, made him walk nine times round the fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to sit seven times on the ground, repeating I know not what conjurations all the while in the Etruscan tongue, and ever and anon reading in a ritual, carried after her by one of her mystagogues.

Thus accoutred, she separated him from our company, and led him by the right hand out of the temple, through a golden gate, into a round chapel made of transparent speculary stones, without window or other opening, in which is received the light of the sun, shining there through the precipice of the rock, covering the temple so easily and in such abundance that the light seemed to spring from, not to enter into, the temple.

In the middle of it was a fountain of fine ala-

baster, of heptagonal figure, most artfully wrought, full of water, so clear that it might have passed for element in its simplicity. Within it was placed, to the middle, the sacred Bottle, all covered with pure and fair crystal, of an oval shape, except its mouth, which was somewhat wider than is consistent with that figure.

There the noble priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the fountain; then bade him rise and dance round it three Bacchic dances. Which done, she ordered him to sit upon the ground, between two stools placed there for that purpose. Then she opened her ritual book, and, whispering in his left ear, made him sing an epilencia, as follows:—

"Bottle divine,
O'ercharged and full
With fate and fear:
I here incline
One ear too dull
Thy voice to hear.
My heart hangs now on thee:
Thy heavenly liquor, fair to see,
By the great victor-God's decree
The fates and future holds contained.
O wine divine, far, far from thee enchained
Are falsehoods, lies, pretence, and fond deceits;
Blessed has the soul of Noah since remained,
Because he made us sinners know thy sweets.
The answer give whereat all doubt retreats.
So may no drop, or white or red,
Of thee be wasted, lost, or shed.

Bottle divine
O'ercharged and full
With fate and fear:
I here incline
One ear too dull
Thy voice to hear."

This song finished, Bacbuc threw I do not know what into the fountain, and straight its water began to boil violently, like the great pot at Bourgueil, when it is high holiday. Panurge was listening in silence with one ear, and Bacbuc was beside him on her knees, when from the Holy Bottle issued a noise like that made by bees at their birth in the flesh of a young bull, killed and dressed according to the art of Aristeus, or such as is made when a bolt flies out of a cross-bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in summer. Immediately after this was heard the word TRINCQ. "*Par la vertus Dieu!*" cried Panurge, "it is most certainly broken, or cracked at least, not to tell a lie for the matter; for even so do crystal bottles speak in our country when they burst near the fire."

Bacbuc arose, and gently took Panurge under the arms, saying to him, "Friend, render thanks to heaven, as reason requires,—you have promptly the word of the Holy Bottle; I say the word more joyous, more divine, more certain than any I have ever heard, since I officiated here at her most sacred oracle: rise, let us go to the chapter, in whose gloss is that fair word explained."

When philosophers shall give their labour[illegible] study to search out, with prayer to the sove[illegible] God (whom the Egyptians named the Hidden, Concealed, and invoking him by that name, b[illegible] sought him to manifest and discover Himself to them), He will grant to them, partly guided by good Lanterns, knowledge of Himself and His creatures. For all philosophers and ancient sages have considered two things necessary for the sure and pleasant pursuit of the way of divine knowledge and choice of wisdom,—the goodness of God, and the company of man.

"So among the philosophers, Zoroaster took Arimaspes for the companion of his travels; Æsculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, Aglaophemus; and among princes and warriors, Hercules, in his most difficult achievements, had his singular friend Theseus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates: you have done the like, taking for your guide your illustrious Lady Lantern. Now go, in the name of God, and may He guide you!"

[The meaning of the oracle, as expounded by the priestess, seems plain. In it we see the creed of Rabelais. He differed from the theologians and the speculative scholars of his time in two most important respects. He did not, like Calvin, Luther, and Roussel, take his stand upon the New Testament. He did not, like Dolet and Desperiers, take Cicero for an evangel. He was, in the first place and before all, a student of Nature, a man of science; and, in the second, a scholar. The Gospel was associated in his

with the degradation of the cloister; it belonged to ery. When he emerged, he left it behind him in the religious light of the monastery chapel, and never ed to look at it again. He built up his own religion r himself. GOD is everywhere: this man's mind was filled with the omnipresence, the perfection, the order, the benevolence of God. Not only in times of danger, but as an act of daily duty, does his wise prince supplicate and revere God the Creator; while in the harmony of the stars, and in the admirable mechanism of the body, Rabelais, astronomer, physicist, and anatomist, saw not only a physical order of which human intellect can grasp only portions, but he deduced also, by analogy, the laws which should govern societies and individuals. The conduct of life should be ruled, had we the knowledge, in strict accordance with the laws of nature. It is man's first duty to acquire knowledge, to give and impart knowledge, like the inhabitants of Lantern Land: there is nothing in all the world worth having but knowledge, and especially physical science. Let every man possess his soul with cheerfulness; let him eat; let him drink; let him enjoy the golden sunshine and the purple wine; let him sing, laugh, and talk with his fellows; let him exhort and be exhorted continually to study, to the practice of research, to patience, and to charity; let him have faith in the Divine Creator. Live according to the laws of the world. Nature laughs. God rules in sunshine.

And about the soul? and about a future world? Go ask your oracles, says Rabelais, and see what answer they will give. But the good God, who has created this wondrous cosmos, who gives us His continual grace to make us love learning and each other, reigns. Let us trust Him, because there is none other that fighteth for us.]

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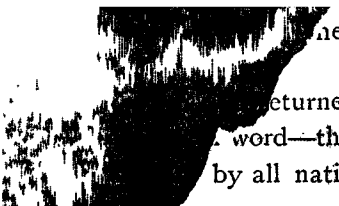
"Let us go," said Panurg
as wise as last year. Explai
Turn to the place where is t
see this joyous gloss."

Bacbuc having thrown I do not k
the fountain, straight the water ceased
then she took Panurge into the greate in
the central place, where there was the g
fountain.

There taking a great silver book, in t shape of a half-hogshead, she filled it at the fountain and said to him: "The philosophers, preachers, and doctors of your world feed you with fair words at the ears; now here we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I do not say to you, read this chapter, see this gloss; no, I say to you, taste this chapter, swallow this gloss. Formerly an ancient prophet of the Jewish nation ate a book, and became a clerk even to the teeth! you shall now drink one, and shall become a clerk to the liver. Here, open your mandibules."

Panurge having his mouth open, Bacbuc took the silver book, at least we took it for a real book, by reason of its form, which was that of a breviary; but, in truth, it was a breviary: a true and natural flagon, full of Falernian wine, which she made Panurge swallow.

"Here is," said Panurge, "a notable chapter, a most authentic gloss. Is this all that the word of



neans? In troth, I like it

eturned Bacbuc; "for *Trinçq* word—that is, a word understood by all nations, and signifies to us in your world that *sac* is a word com- very tongue, and justly admitted in the san among all nations; for, as Æsop's fable hath it, a men are born with a sack at the neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; the most powerful king under heaven cannot be without the help of other men, nor is there any poor man so arrogant as to be able to get on without the rich—yea, were he Hippias the philosopher, who did everything. Much less can any one make shift without drink than without a sack. And here we hold not that laughing, but that drinking, is proper to man. I do not say drinking simply and absolutely, for beasts drink; I mean drinking wine good and fresh. Note, my friends, that by wine we become divine; and there is no argument more sure and no act of divination less fallacious. Your academics assert the same, when they make the etymology of wine, which the Greeks call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be, like *vis*, strength and power; for it hath in its power to fill the soul with all truth, all knowledge, and philosophy.

"If you have observed what is written in Ionic

letters above the temple gate, you may have u[nder]stood that truth is hidden in wine. The H[oly] Bottle therefore directs you thither; be yourself t[he] expounder of your undertaking."

"It is impossible," said Pantagruel, "to speak more to the purpose than does this venerable priestess. I said the same to you when you first spoke to me about it. Drink then: what says your soul, carried away with Bacchic enthusiasm?"

"Here below," said the priestess, "in these circumcentral regions, we place the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; and we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the sects of teachers do in your world, but rather if we are always imparting to others and giving much. All I have to beg of you is, that you leave us here your names in writing, in this ritual." She then opened a fair and large book, and as we gave our names, one of her mystagogues, with a gold stylus, drew some lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any characters.

This done, she filled three small leather vessels with fantastic water, and giving them to us with her own hands, said: "Go, friends, in the protection of that intellectual sphere, the centre of which is in all places, and the circumference in no place, which we call GOD. And being returned to your world, bear testimony that underground are great

res and admirable things. And not wrongly Ceres, once venerated over all the world, because she showed and taught the art of agriculture, and by invention of wheat abolished among men the brutal nourishment of acorns, so much lament when her daughter was ravished into these subterranean regions, as certainly foreseeing that her daughter would find more good things and excellencies here below than she herself could ever get above.

"What has become of the art of calling down from heaven thunder and celestial fire, once invented by the wise Prometheus? You have certainly lost it,—it has departed from your hemisphere; but here underground it is in use. And without a cause you are astonished seeing cities burned by thunder and ethereal fire, and are ignorant of whom, and by whom, and to what end, came this disturbance, horrible to your sight, but familiar and useful to us. You philosophers who complain that all things were written by the ancients, and that nothing is left for them to invent, are evidently wrong. That which appears to you from heaven and you call phenomena, that which the earth exhibits to you, that which the sea and the rivers contain, is no way comparable with what is hidden underground.

"Nevertheless, the subterranean sovereign is in nearly every tongue named by an epithet of wealth.

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